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A very faint, large watermark-like image of a classical building with four columns and a pediment is visible in the background.

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MONTHLY CONCERT.

MARCH.

1877

The section for special consideration and prayer at the Monthly Concert for March is New Mexico and Arizona—a province as large as the German Empire, combined with Holland, Belgium and Switzerland. It is at the same time the oldest and the newest section of our country—on the highway of the first overland express and yet the least known.

It is largely peopled by a Spanish-speaking people, especially New Mexico, and these people are the representatives of thirty millions of the same class, extending from Colorado down to the Isthmus.

If there is any section of our land where the religious condition is such as to drive God's people to the throne of grace in earnest, importunate pleading, and arouse the slumbering energies of the Christian Church to energetic and prompt action, this is that section. Amid its people are those who bow down to idols of wood and stone—those who are pure sun-worshippers, with all its mystic rites—those who offer sacrifices to many gods of their own creation—those who are followers of the cruel rites of a baptized heathenism—believers in the "man of sin," ignorant and priest-ridden papists. In this section during the past year one man was shot and another burned for witchcraft—two were crucified to death, and scores of others sacrificed their lives in the vain attempt to expiate their sins by the sufferings of the body, and all this in a section of Christian land.

And while we strive to send the gospel to other lands, let us also pray and work to relieve the pagan darkness of our own land—to cultivate our own vineyard, as well as to attempt to assist our neighbor, and especially now as God is going before us. The long years of almost fruitless labor are over. The seed long dormant is springing up. The Spirit of God is at work in advance of the Church. Neighborhoods as yet unvisited by the missionary are asking for a church organization. And even some of the ancient people, who for three hundred years have resisted the blan-

dishes of Catholic priests, are now prepared to welcome the gospel missionary.

Then let earnest prayer be made in all the churches for these people. Especially let our Christian women, who have not only the heart qualifications needed for religious work, but also the ability and time needed for its prosecution, organize themselves into Home Mission Societies to raise the money to send the gospel to their heathen and Catholic sisters in New Mexico.

PRESBYTERIANISM IN NEW MEXICO.

1877

SANTA FE.

This is the oldest city in the United States. When the Spaniards first visited it, in 1540-42, it was the populous Pueblo of Cicuye. And its old, historic "palace" building on the Plaza has been occupied successively as the official residence of the haughty, war-loving Captain-General under the power of Spain, by the power exercising civil and military Governor under Mexico, and by the statute-restricted Governor under the United States. It is the headquarters of the Roman Catholic Church for a large section of country; the residence of an Archbishop, Captain-General, and the various orders of Papist priesthood. The Presbyterians have a plain adobe church-building, and a valuable mission property. Rev. G. G. Smith, minister in charge, is making his influence felt throughout the whole Territory. The mission school is in charge of Rev. Mr. Riggles, and is exerting a molding influence far beyond that exerted upon its pupils.

Mrs. M. E. Griffith, Bible reader, is rapidly acquiring the language, and already has a large class of heathen women under instruction.

The success of missionary operations, both in Santa Fe and throughout the Territory, is greatly increased by the efficient co-operation of Elder B. M. Thomas, Agent of the Pueblos.

LAS VEGAS.

This place is the headquarters of the order of Jesuits for the Southwestern Territories; and, standing in

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the center of the village, is to be seen a large wooden cross, twenty feet high, upon which is nailed a full-sized statue of a man, representing a crucified Savior.

At this point we have a valuable mission property, consisting of church, school-house and residence, built largely by the Ladies' Society of New York. The mission is in charge of Rev. J. A. Annin, and the school of the Misses Annin.

TAOS.

Here is a flourishing organization, composed wholly of converted Mexicans, some of whom belonged to the order of Penitentes. Rev. James M. Roberts and his efficient wife, commencing the mission under the most discouraging circumstances, have been permitted to see it established upon permanent foundations. There is a fine property, secured by the Ladies' Board of New York.

A school has been kept at El Ranches, a few miles distant, and Mr. Roberts has had a number of out-preaching stations; the preaching here, as at Las Vegas, being in the Spanish language.

The spread of Protestantism in that section is largely through the labors of the Mexicans themselves, under the direction of Mr. Roberts, who is about yielding the control of the mission school into other hands, so that he may give himself more fully to evangelical labors.

OCATE.

This place is about midway between Las Vegas and Taos. The church recently organized by Rev. James M. Roberts, among the Mexicans at this point, now numbers thirty-three members. Without any suggestions from, or consultation with, Mr. Roberts, the native church, among others, adopted the following rules:

1. Every member must attend to all the services of the church, if at home and in health.
2. No member shall drink anything that will intoxicate.
3. No member shall dance.

There is no church-building at this point.

ALBUQUERQUE.

This mission station is vacant. It is greatly to be desired that the mission school should be opened this season.

LAGUNA.

This is our first mission among the Pueblo (Aztecs) Indians. There is a church-building and missionary residence. The mission school is well attended, and the Sabbath preaching services crowded. The mission is in charge of Rev. John Menaul, of whom whom a correspondent writes: "He can preach, teach, practice medicine, build a house, weave a carpet or a blanket, build a mill, alter a Springfield rifle to a breech-loader, and all other such mechanical work; so that he makes a most valuable missionary to a community that is taking its first step in civilization."

LAS CRUCES AND MESILLA.

These towns, three miles apart, are the largest villages in the celebrated Mesilla Valley, in Southern New Mexico. We regret to say that, so far, no one has been found to occupy this station.

SILVER CITY.

This is a mining village in Southwestern New Mexico, composed almost wholly of American people. They have been without preaching since Rev. Mr. Curtis left them last summer.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM NEW MEXICO.

"We receive your kind and cheering letters with something of the feelings of the Israelites, when they received manna from heaven, for they are food and encouragement to our sometimes almost famishing spirits. And that being the case, we turn almost unconsciously to you for sympathy and encouragement. I believe I said nothing to you in my former letter to you, concerning the little circular you sent us, for which we are very thankful. It gives us an insight into some of the work that is being done for our great Master. Our day and Sabbath schools are moving along encouragingly. The pupils continue to manifest the same eager desire to learn.

"We are beginning to understand the language better. I hope soon to be able to start a woman's prayer-meeting, and to commence teaching a class of girls to cut, fit and sew (for they do wear some dreadful-looking

garments), and, if possible, to beautify their homes. They do not have any improvements of any kind on their farms; no fences, no yards, no gardens—nothing but their little adobe houses, and the ground around them is as hard and dusty as the public highway. They are surrounded with everything that is beautiful in nature to ornament their homes with. These mountains are covered with beautiful flowers, and rocks, and timber. There is nothing save the lack of knowledge and enterprise to hinder them from having the most beautiful homes. But they say, 'We are so ignorant. Generation after generation has lived and died just so, and we did not know but that we must do the same. We do not know how to do anything. We have had no one to teach us.' They scarcely realize that there is any world beyond these mountains.

"The church is progressing finely, and is well attended. We have at present a native Mexican evangelist, from Taos, preaching for us. He seems to be a very earnest Christian, and the people seem to have implicit confidence in him.

"It is a very difficult matter for us to determine what one year's board for one scholar would cost, as there are no Americans here, and the people receive in payment for board, cow-skins, goat-skins, sheep pelts, any and all kinds of fur, and as they have no fixed price for board, or any article they sell, we can have no idea what it would cost to board a scholar among them for one year."

"Your letter arrived during our vacation, and found us with every moment occupied. Mr. H. was trying to repair our house, while I was in the school-room, and had my kitchen duties to attend to at the same time. Sometimes I had three or four men to cook for; I also had my lessons to study and translate, besides a number of letters to answer that arrived before yours. We have been visiting among the natives, talking, singing and praying, as well as taking meals with them. Our rides and walks in this pure mountain air give us ravenous appetites sometimes, that even a cold "tortilla" and a cup of black coffee is an inviting repast, provided you do not see the *baby washed in the pan* the cakes were mixed in!

Sad it is to see the destitute condition of these poor, ignorant people. In many of their houses we find nothing but a few dirty blankets and mattresses, laid down in one corner, and a little pot, made by the natives to do their cooking in, all eating with their fingers out of the same pot. But thanks be to the Most High, they are beginning

to look up. I can go into their houses and teach them anything I choose. They will come and ask me to teach them how to bake, and watch me while I am cooking. Our school bids fair to be larger this winter than last, but, alas! our school-room is a miserable place. There is no blackboard, table or desk, nothing in it but three low benches and an old home-made chair. When it rains, the water seems to pour down through the roof. I have stood in it and taught when the water was pouring down all around me, and the floor was a pool of mud and water. Last winter there were some of our pupils indisposed much of the time owing to the condition of the room, but they continued coming, and made great proficiency in their studies, notwithstanding their miserable surroundings. As long as they manifest such eager interest we will try to teach them, if we have to stand out of-doors to do it. Dr. Jackson promised to send us means last spring to finish our church and school-room. We have waited all summer, hoping this would be done before the time for the fall rains. As yet no help has come.

"About eighteen months ago Rev. Mr. Roberts visited a family who had come to the church, and, of course, had to dine with them. Their dinner consisted of pea soup, set on a little bench, some corn-bread laid by the side of it, no knives, forks or plates, spoons or dishes; they made spoons of the corn-bread, and all ate out of the same dish. A few days ago we visited the same family. We were shown into a room. In the center stood a *walnut extension table*, around it a set of nice cane-seat chairs. A large dish of delicious watermelon was put on the table, of which we partook and enjoyed. Then a dish of 'tortillas' was put on, eaten with molasses, then boiled eggs, and a dish of mutton, nicely cooked. They had cups and saucers, knives and forks, plates and a tablecloth. After dinner we had a social experience meeting, in which each one seemed willing to take part. A young man of the family said up to the time of coming into the church his life had been a blank. He had no thoughts of heaven or hell. It never entered his mind there were such places, but now, said he, my mind and understanding are enlightened by the gospel. I feel like praising and thanking the Giver of all good gifts for rescuing my feet from the paths of sin, and setting them on the rock Christ Jesus."

The above came from an auxiliary society, with the following note. We are much obliged:

"I have written you enough to show you the style of the letter. It does seem to me as if their surroundings in their school ought to be improved, but how is it to be done? I know not. All her thoughts are upon her work. She only says, our means are too limited to do anything ourselves. I hope I have not wearied you in this extract, It interested me so much I thought the ladies of the 'W. E. C.' would also be interested.

Yours, etc.,
"E. F. G."

The tertio-millenial celebration now in progress in the old city of Santa Fe, New Mexico, carries the mind back over a period of time the history of which recounts by far the larger half of the progress which the human race has made since the beginning of the Christian era. We refer to this period the most of what has been grand in achievement, whether in literature, in commerce, in science, in the development of the practical arts, in mechanical inventions, in the social and political enfranchisement and advancement of the race, and in Christian missions. When the Spanish entered New Mexico, and founded the oldest city of our country, England was then, and for eight years afterwards, a chief jewel in the papal tiara; Germany did not, until two years later, even tolerate Protestants; the rule of Spain over Italy and over other large portions of Europe was as absolute as within its own proper dominions; and the fires of Romish persecution burned fiercely over almost the whole of Europe. De Soto made his expedition to Florida and discovered the Mississippi River nine years before Santa Fe was founded, and thirty-two years before Marquette and Joliet descended it from the north, passing from Green Bay across to and down the Wisconsin River; but Santa Fe is fifteen years older than Saint Augustine, Florida, fifty-seven years older than Jamestown, and seventy years older than Plymouth. The exact date at which the Spanish settled here is not known, but the year 1550 has been fixed upon as the time when they entered Santa Fe County, of which the city is and has been for about 333 years the capital—one-third of a thousand years. The grand impulse to the search for and occupation of this country was the cruel greed for gold. In the early stages of his career of conquest in Mexico, Cortez and his companions heard from the Mexicans stories of such marvelous wealth of mines in the countries to the north of them, that their imaginations were excited, and "the sacred passion" inflamed. They were told of an island where beautiful and warlike women lived amid vast wealth, and of seven cities of Cibola in the north, where the streets were paved with gold, and gold was used for ornaments upon and in the dwellings, and where riches were so abundant that the whole world might be supplied. Such stories were too much for the cupidity of the Spaniards. Exploring expeditions were sent out, and, after several failures, the cities of Cibola were, it was said, discovered in the region of what is now known as Santa Fe. The discovering party was the surviving remnant of an ex-

pedition which was wrecked on the coast of Texas, and which, after long wanderings, reached this section. They took back such accounts of the wealth of the country to Coronado, the Governor of New Galicia, that he resolved upon conquest. He organized an expedition for this purpose in 1540, consisting of 300 cavaliers and about 800 Indians. His march was long, toilsome and exhausting. He constantly heard of the rich cities, but, like the Fairy Islands, they continually receded from him. At last they came to the region of Santa Fe. They found a partially civilized people, of pure morals, of thrifty habits, but not wealthy, and not living in a country of any such wealth as could satisfy their cupidity. But they, with other expeditions which followed, colonized the country, and, as it was the nature of the gold-hunting Spaniards to be, were exceedingly cruel to the people who had first welcomed them with generous hospitality. The natives had heard traditions of Montezuma, and of a prophecy of his to the effect that they should be enslaved for centuries, and then be freed by a deliverer. The first part of this prophecy they saw fulfilled by the Spaniards. The second part had its fulfillment, when, in 1846, Gen. Kearney captured Santa Fe at the beginning of the Mexican war. The political dominion of the Spaniards over this whole province, was then overthrown, but the domination of the low Spanish civilization has hardly yet ceased. It is, however, fast disappearing. Ten years' occupancy by American settlers has wrought wonders, and the transformation of the face of the country and the elevation of the people will doubtless go on with increasing rapidity. The celebration now in progress, and which is to last for thirty-three days, is participated in by three races—Indians, Spaniards and Americans, but its characteristic features—such as horse-races, bacchanalian revels, roulette tables and Punchinello—better represent the dying, than the incoming civilization. Let them "ring out the old, ring in the new."

NEW MEXICO.—The Presbytery of Santa Fe had an interesting meeting in December last. Rev. G. S. Daniels, who has so successfully labored in the mission school at Santa Fe has resigned, to take charge of the church at Humboldt, Kan. The mission work is to be greatly extended in the spring. 1876

In the evening Calvary Presbyterian church united with this in listening to Sheldon Jackson, D. D., that oracle for Home Missions. The pastor, in introducing him to the audience, said it was now admitted there could hardly be any Presbyterian church, without this apostle (the hero of Denver) to the Indians, the Mexicans and the western outcasts generally; and he engaged and confounded us with the startling disclosure that in two or three days' ride in the Pullman car, we could be taken to as gross heathenism as in the heart of Africa.

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MEXICAN WORK.
NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA.

Although the school work of the Board was officially begun first among the Mormons, a part of the work now being done in New Mexico was in operation long before. The Ladies' Board of Missions had successful missions at various points for several years before the board assumed their control.

Santa Fe, the capital, has had one of these schools, which has been more or less successful. A large and valuable property has been acquired in the best part of the city. A church building and organization have been secured, and ministered to by Rev. J. McGaughey. The Santa Fe University and the mission school are in charge of Prof. J. S. Eastman, and ably supported by the other teachers, Misses Harris and Allison, with Mrs. Carpenter, teaching the kindergarten. The outlook was never so bright for this mission. Money is needed to repair and enlarge the buildings.

Las Vegas, where there has long been a mission and school, is just now vacant. Rev. J. C. Eastman, the late minister, having left because of ill health. The school was broken up by the smallpox scourge of last winter. It is hoped that by early fall the work will be again in active operation. There is a good church and school property.

Taos is another of the old points. Here Rev. J. M. Roberts and his wife labored for many years in church and school with marked success. Mr. Roberts also left because of ill health, and is now laboring in California. The church is ministered to by the Mexican Bible readers, V. F. Romero and L. Vargas, while Miss Proud maintains the school.

At El Ranche, a few miles away, the school is still in operation, and taught by Miss C. A. Brown.

Across the Rocky Mountains, to the east, is the Mora mission, in charge of Rev. Maxwell Philips, who has also oversight of the churches and schools at Ocoté, El Rito and Agua Negra. Bible readers Andrew Maes, J. P. Ortego, and J. D. Mondragon, are assisting him in his ministerial labors, while the schools are taught by Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Hall and Miss Fleming.

At Glorieta, Miss Winsor, and at Wallace, Miss Blake have schools under Mr. Philips care for the present. One or two more teachers should be put into these fields.

The Mexicans of Corales are supplied with preaching by Rev. J. Y. Perea. Miss Elizabeth Smith has taught the school at her own expense.

Along the southern border of Colorado we have several missions. One at Trinidad, under the care of Rev. A. M. Darley, with Miss L. Barlow as Teacher. Both church and school are doing a good work among these poor people.

On the other side the range are the missions at Cenecero, La Jara, San Rafael, Conejos, and La Castello, where, during the year, Misses Ross, Miller, Young, Grimstead and Gilchrist have labored. Some of these missions were given up during the past year, because public schools were established, and the necessity for the missions has been taken away.

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At Socorro we have a church and a building awaiting a minister.
At Mesilla and Los Cruces we have lately reorganized our mission, under Rev. M. Mattheson.

At Albuquerque we have a grand work established. The church under Rev. J. A. Menaul has just built a new edifice.

New Mexico.

AGUA NEGRA, January 13.

I came here in September, but could not commence school till October 1st because the school-room was not in fit condition. I spent the time in calling on my neighbors. I commenced school with six scholars, but soon ran up to eighteen, and have had that number ever since. They are all studying English, and are learning very fast. I organized a night-school for Tuesdays and Thursdays last November. Sabbath-school was organized the first Sabbath of November, and I have thirty-six enrolled, and we have a prayer-meeting each Wednesday evening. All take a great deal of interest in everything. There are no American people here except Mr. Holman, with whom I am boarding. He is a member of the church here and so is his wife—she is Mexican. They have one son, who is about fourteen years old. He is studying arithmetic, grammar, geography and spelling. Mr. Phillips is very kind in sending for me frequently. I spent Thanksgiving and the Christmas holidays there. I would have liked to be with my sister, but we are too far apart to see each other this year; but I hope it will be our lot to be nearer together in our mission work some time. Mr. and Mrs. Hall, teachers at Mora, and I united our schools and had a Christmas tree for them. The Mexicans had never seen one before, and their curiosity was unbounded; they seemed to enjoy it very much. We had some remarks from Mr. and Mrs. Hall, and Spanish and English singing.

MAGGIE FLEMING.

And so we were brought to the Sunland of New Mexico, even to the oldest city in European settlement on this continent. Hither came the bold Coronado in 1540, searching for the seven cities of Cibolo. Here to-day the Mexican and Pueblo Indian, with now and then a Navajo, meet face to face with the Yankee. The Hamas range of mountains on the west and the Santa Fe range on the east, keep off all severe winds from this old *adobe* town. "R. B. H." will doubtless tell you the particulars of the old churches and famous rendezvous of the citizen-Mexicans during the last 300 years.

Here we work at eventide while the sun goes down above us. The rock-pines toss their evergreen plumes in the still, clear mountain air. The full-foliaged pinions touch leaves and so wrap their dark arms about the base of the old "Baldy." Sucked from between the passes beyond the river a light breeze trembles through the trees along the Rio Del Norte and fans the face of Santa Fe. We tread on holy ground. For thrice a hundred years the peaceful Pueblo has tilled the soil. Before him, for ages not reckoned, the Foltecs, Chimmemechs and Aztecs had walked these streets and tapped the mountain stream to water the ash-like earth and so made it blossom as the rose. Here, perhaps, as Humboldt suggests, a people dwelt long since, skilled in arts and sciences, when our forefathers were barbarians in the woods of Germany. Here plenty walked among the growing maize, and joy leaped, red-lipped, from the spirited vat of crushed, sweet grapes. The furrow-cloven-field

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laughed in a rich harvest, while the Pilgrims were praying for bread on a rock-bound coast; and here the dusky children of a climate which knows no extremes of heat or cold, were glad all the red summer through, and under the silver horns of each new moon danced out their heartfelt thanksgiving. Unvexed of man the gentle dove shook her warm breast and cooed love to her mate all day. No famine came or mildew's blight, and no gaunt winter, lean and hungry, ever stalked that way.

But the vision is gone. A great people were crushed by Spanish rule, and the blight of ignorance, fostered by Romish power, is over all the people.

Such men as Mr. Ladd, whose Academy is well under way in Santa Fe, are building wiser than they know. A period of transition is often one of danger, and such it is in New Mexico to-day. The American people never faced a greater problem than now confronts them in the Wonderland of the Southwest. In another letter I shall speak more particularly of these things.

ROBERT WEST.

ANTIQUITY IN NEW MEXICO.

BY REV. C. R. BLISS.

When the Spaniards overran New Mexico they conquered a semi-civilized race who had for centuries occupied the land, and who exist here to-day in the full practice of many of their ancient customs. A portion of the great Aztec people subdued by Cortez, they have preserved with greater purity than their brethren farther South, the traditions and ceremonies of the sun-worshipers and devil-worshipers that once inhabited the entire southwestern part of the continent. They are called Pueblo Indians, or Village Indians, to distinguish them from the wandering tribes whom they resemble in but few points, and to whom they are decidedly superior. By a recent census they number 10,613, inhabiting 26 pueblos, the most populous of which are the Moqui in Arizona, numbering 1,600, and the Zuni in New Mexico numbering 1,500.

It was the ancient practice of these people to build very large and high houses for greater security against the predatory bands about them. The main building of the Taos pueblo is five stories high, built in the form of a parallelogram, having each story smaller than the one below it, entered by ladders on the outside, and capable of accommodating three hundred people. In other pueblos the main building was semi-circular, in others square, sometimes perched upon almost inaccessible cliffs, and again hidden in secluded valleys, always built of adobe, sun-dried brick, and always designed not for a single family, but for a considerable portion of the tribe. After their submission to the Spaniards some of them were forced to come down from their mountain homes and build houses of smaller dimensions in the valleys.

From the researches of the present laborious and reliable Indian Agent for these people, Hon. B. M. Thomas of Santa Fe, several interesting facts about their government may be stated. Each pueblo is independent. The chief officer is the Cacique, who is the first officer of church and state, priest of Montezuma, and director of all the temporal affairs of the pueblo. He holds his office for life, and soon after his accession appoints his successor. Aided by four principals, whom he himself selects, he appoints the other officers, viz.: the governor, who is the chief executive officer, the alguacil, or sheriff who keeps the peace, the fiscal mayor, who has care of ~~the~~ ordinary religious ceremonies, and the Capitan de la Guma, and his lieutenants who look after the public welfare in various particulars. Dr. Thomas has found ~~no~~ evidence to sustain the assertion that the right of suffrage is exercised by the people. All officers, save the cacique, retire after a year's service, but they may be reap-

pointed. Crime among the people is rare. Their long subjugation has given them the aspect of a broken-spirited race. They are industrious, independent of government aid for their support, possessed of moderate property, and somewhat skillful in agriculture and the arts of pottery and weaving.

It is very difficult to ascertain their religious belief regarding sacred fire, sun-worship, devil-worship, and the adoration of Montezuma, whose second coming some of them are said to await with great faith and patience. Rev. John Menaul, the faithful Presbyterian missionary at the pueblo of Laguna, says that though the Spaniards compelled the people to build large

churches, and were accustomed, till very recent years, to whip them to make them attend mass, yet they conceded so much to them as to ornament the churches with their heathen symbols. "In the church at Laguna," he says, "the canopy above the altar consists of a painting of the sun, represented as an old man, with the rainbow and the moon and stars about him. These are the chief, or the heavenly Indian gods. On each side of the church through its whole length, are paintings of objects of Indian worship, as mountains, trees, plants, flowers, animals, representing the lower, or earthly Indian gods. Only the back of the altar is occupied with Catholic symbols, as the Virgin, saints, angels, and the infant Savior." In accordance with the general policy and effort of Catholic missionaries throughout the world, they sought by baptizing the heathenism of these people to make them Christians; but the heathenism remains in very repulsive and debasing forms. Mr. Menaul says further, "These people are pantheists in every sense of the word. They worship the sun, moon, and stars, the rainbow, fire, water, rivers, mountains, trees, stones, snakes, bears, and animals generally. For all these there are priests, and they summon whom they please to their assistance. Children are dedicated in infancy to this service and others dedicate themselves later in life. Men and women have to leave their families night and day for weeks at a time, closed up in dark rooms, practicing the infernal incantations of their faith, and doing things which even the heathen eye may not be permitted to look upon." The law of ancient custom binds the people, both in the letter and the spirit, with great exactness and tyranny. They plow, reap, sow and dance just as and because their fathers did. To the extent of their power they have rejected everything Spanish and Mexican out of regard to their ancestors, and this has served to prevent intermixture with the tribes about them, and preserve the remnants of their ancient faith. It will no doubt hinder educational and Christian work among them, but there are many signs that when they ascertain who their real friends are, it will disappear. During the past year some of them have obtained fine freight wagons and even buggies, and they are willing that schools should be established among them.

Through the efforts of the agent, Dr. Thomas, four schools, with seven teachers, three of whom are physicians, have been within three years established in different pueblos, and some of these schools have averages of forty scholars. Last summer the teachers of the Catholic school in this city, gained considerable credit by the excellent manner in which certain boys from Indian pueblos acquitted themselves. It was soon ascertained that orders had been given by the priests that some of the brightest pupils in Mr. Thomas's schools should be sent to Santa Fe for further education, and it had been done. It is better to build upon another's foundation than not to build at all; but as the Catholics have had these people in hand three hundred years without instructing them, it seems right to suspect the true character of their new-born zeal for their improvement. Our friends of that church, when, in reading the signs of the times, see that education must come, are quite ready to build school-houses and control the movement they cannot defeat.

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The great want now in the education of the children of the Indian pueblos is a boarding-school. While the daily life of a pupil is amid scenes of heathenism, he cannot advance very fast or far. The success at Hampton is secured because the pupils are away from their savage surroundings and have the opportunity to see how civilized man orders his home and performs his daily employment. A boarding-school constructed on a broad plan, one which should make a place for trades as well as books, which should impart all useful knowledge and set good examples, be conducted economically, wisely, and enthusiastically, could do a world of good for these people. Is there not some benevolent man who will think about it, adopt a plan for it, and signalize the new era coming to the Territory by making such a movement in behalf of this, the most ancient race on the continent?

Santa Fe, New Mexico.

We have this year pledged part of the salary of a lady as Assistant Teacher, under Rev. Mr. Roberts, who goes as missionary to the Pueblo Indians at Taos, named from an Indian tribe now extinct. In order that our readers may have some information in regard to this place, and what it needs of missionary labor, we give on extract from a letter of the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, who has recently visited there, while on a missionary tour:—

“These vast regions were nominally converted to the Romish faith in the sixteenth century by the Franciscan Fathers. The present priest has charge of twelve villages, with an aggregate population of 6,000.

“The Cathedral at Taos is a large and curiously-formed adobe building. All their churches in that section have mud floors and are without pews, the worshipers being obliged to kneel or squat upon the floor. To the right of the altar was a cross, bearing an image representing the Saviour; one arm was broken off at the shoulder, and hanging by the hand from the bar of the cross the attending priest apparently without sufficient interest

COMMISSIONED.—Miss Gates, to Lincoln,
New Mexico. *1878*

Robert W. Hall and wife, Nevada, O.,
to the Mexican Mission at Ocate.

Miss Anna M. Ross, Delaware, O., to
San Luis, New Mexico.

Miss Susie E. Pitts, Knoxville, Ia., to
Costilla, New Mexico.

Miss Maggie J. Dunbar, Steubenville,
O., to Ft. Wrangel, Alaska.

Mrs. M. W. Coyner, Miss M. L. Benny
and Miss Lucy Anderson, to Salt Lake,
Utah.

Some of the above ladies can not be
sent out except as ladies' societies pledge
their support to the secretaries of the Home
Board.

Miss Gates has since been driven from
her field, and will be assigned to another.
Miss Benny has felt compelled to de-
cline her commission, on account of ill
health. Other parties are corresponding
for the places made vacant.

Elegant Edifice.

The stained glass windows for the
Presbyterian church arrived yesterday;
this morning one of them was placed
in position. The church has ten side
windows and one very large one near
the entrance. When these are fitted
with the stained glass, a very hand-
some and attractive appearance will
be presented. The glass was furnish-
ed by A. H. Andrews & Co., of Chicago.
The church will be nicely carpeted
and supplied with comfortable opera
chairs. The structure both in the in-
side and exterior will be one of the
handsomest church edifices in the
town. The cost will be about seven
thousand dollars. Opening services
will take place some time in May.

Much credit is due the pastor, Rev.
J. McGauhey, for his indefatigable
efforts in securing so handsome a build-
ing for his congregation.

LOS CORRALES, NEW MEXICO.

BY REV. JOSE INES PEREA.

1879

My Dear Brother:—Your kind letter of the 13th inst. came duly to hand. I had to use Mrs. Perea's money when it came, for I was so embarrassed with debts that it all went to pay. I bought a few provisions, hoping they would last us until we received my quarterly; but I had to get more on credit, and, of course, pay more for them than if I had bought them for cash. The repairing of the house, which has continued, and other incidental expenses, found me a little over \$80 in debt, when I received my quarterly.

Mrs. Perea opened her school last Monday, the 26th of May, with seven very nice little girls, of the well-to-do people of the town, and another girl was brought us yesterday, a girl of between eight and nine years of age. She reads very well. I think we will have more children than we can attend to.

I expect to leave next week for the Rio Puerco and Janez. I will endeavor to go to those villages along the river as often as I can. I will go to the villages surrounding Corrales when I am home. The house I am occupying was an empty one, and it required considerable repairing to make it fit to live in; but as it is in the very center of Corrales, and surrounded by good neighbors, we preferred it. The rooms are small and only have one window each. The room we will use for the school has a broken window, and we can not afford to fix it, or put any more windows in them.

We have no school-books, and have told the parents to send books for their children. They have promised to do it, but they can't find them except in Santa Fe. If we could get evangelical school-books I think we could use them. We have the children learning their first letters on tracts, and the girls that can read are reading the gospel. Please let me know where I can get good Christian school-books, a paper black-board, and a cheap map of the United States. I think we can make it a nice school with the proper books and school material. Pray for us, brother, for without the Lord we can do nothing.

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO.

1879

[We clip the following appeal from a private letter of Rev. T. F. Ealy. If any of our readers are disposed to help, they can send the funds to Mrs. J. L. Graham, 48 West Tenth Street, New York City.—ED.]

"On my way down I had the pleasure of spending a few hours with Bro. Shields, and in Santa Fe met Mrs. Sharon. She has a school numbering eight pupils. A little money placed at her disposal, I am sure, would be wisely apportioned among her little family of boarders. One is an Apache Indian girl, about fifteen, who would be ready to teach in a couple of years more. Will not some one help her through. I think her name is 'Nellie.' Another of the boarders at her table is a young man (Mexican), who is *very anxious* to learn. His name is Pedro. Mrs. S. will very gladly accept aid for these scholars, and from time to time will give full reports of their progress to any society aiding her in preparing them for teachers."

Attention is called to the appeal of Rev. James M. Roberts, of Taos, in behalf of the church in El Rancho, New Mexico.

Those who have read the several articles on the religious cruelties practiced by the Penitentes will rejoice to read that the grace of God has gathered a few of them into the Presbyterian Church. These reclaimed heathen need help for their church and school-house. We trust some of our readers will find it in their hearts and power to send \$300 to the Board of Church Erection as a special contribution for El Rancho. 1876

ARRIVAL OF MISSIONARIES.—Mrs. J. W. Sharon has taken charge of the mission school at Santa Fe; Mr. and Mrs. Hall, at Ocate, N. M.; Miss Anna M. Ross and Miss Susie Pitts, at San Luis and Costilla; Miss R. H. Annin, at Anton Chico. They are commended to the prayers of the Church. 1878

AN APPEAL FOR OCATE, NEW
MEXICO. **1878**
BY REV. J. M. ROBERTS.

"*Gracias a Dios*" (thanks to God) is the earnest salutation of the members of the Ocate Church, as I visited them after an absence of two months. They live in the beautiful and fertile valley of Ocate. On Sabbath they meet for the exercise of their "new religion" at the house of Elder Felix Maes, and really seem to hunger and thirst for more knowledge of Christ and his gospel.

They are a hospitable people, even to a fault. When a stranger approaches the house of a Mexican, whether his clothes be torn and dirty, whether he be Mexican, Indian or American, he is invited into the best room, and receives the best the house affords. He is shown a seat on a mattress used to sleep on at night, but is folded and placed on the floor at the wall for a seat during the day. This seat is neatly covered with blankets, and these covered with a white sheet or tidy, made for the purpose, and extends round the entire room, which is usually much the largest room in the house. If the stranger seems weary from his long journey, water is furnished him to drink, and a pillow upon which to recline, or he can lie down and take his rest in sleep without offending any law of etiquette or propriety. But should it be the stranger's favored lot to enjoy the hospitality of his Mexican friend for the night, doubtless this same room would be allotted him as his sleeping apartment, together with the whole family, servants, children, and all. These mattresses would constitute the beds covering the ground floor, and the blankets the covering. You will learn from this how easily they can entertain a dozen, twenty or thirty persons with less labor, less house-room, and at less cost than it is possible for an American to do. In a purely Mexican house you will not find either chair, bench, or table. It is among those who have had to do with Americans we find these things, and as yet comparatively few of them use them. They are kept for the use of strangers, foreigners. Knives, forks and spoons

are an innovation upon the natural rights of the common Mexican to use his fingers while supplying the body with food.

They are a contented and happy people. They have been taught, and most of them believe, that sin committed in ignorance needs no pardon, and has no penalty attached. The first meal I ate among the Ocate people was in October of 1876. A little party of three of us reached the valley after nightfall. It was very dark. We arrived at the house of a relative of one of our number. Supper was awaiting us, for they had been apprised of our coming. We sat down on the bed, and on the floor, about a little bench, two feet long, as our table, with neither knife, fork nor spoon to help us with. We were hungry to be sure, for we had traveled forty miles that day over mountains, walking much of the time, leading our horses over steepy rocky Indian trails, and we ate heartily, and cheerfully made our supper on tantillas, beef soup and coffee. Coffee constitutes a principal feature in Mexican diet.

CHURCH ORGANIZED.

This was Friday. On the following Sabbath I organized a church of twenty-five members. But all who have thrown off the yoke and become Protestants are poor, and very poor. There is now a membership of from thirty to forty. In the main, they are busy, earnest Christian workers. They are despised as the vile of the earth by their Catholic neighbors. Yet their number is constantly increasing. In August last we celebrated the communion of the Lord's Supper, and one old man was baptized, who had come twenty miles to unite with those who were free to read the Bible. This man is here to-day again, and has rented a room, or log cabin, into which he expects to take his family, that they be taught from the Bible, and that his children may enjoy the privileges of the school we have just opened here. This is not an isolated case; others have done likewise.

Now that we have a good American teacher and his wife stationed in the congregation, we may expect others to come with their families. There are

ten or twelve among them able to do a full day's work. These, during last summer, built the walls of a good chapel and school-room. Their work is well done. These walls are well built of adobes. They put a good earth-roof on it. They have done all they can. There it stands close to the elder's house, a monument of their industry and confidence. There it stands without windows, or doors, or floors, of no available use, for want of a few hundred dollars with which to finish it, and furnish it with seats and proper furniture. It has been suggested by a friend that the children of our Church in the East will be glad to furnish the needed funds. It will take not less than \$800 to put this building into a condition to be dedicated to the worship of the Master. I therefore write to the children, and all others who can lend a helping hand to this good work. Where, now, are they who will put their heads and hands and hearts together, and raise the money. They can thereby make these people glad, furnish their children a school-room, and enable us to dedicate a church to the worship of God, where it will be a light and a source of strength to a large community of people. One school of one hundred pupils at ten cents each can raise \$10 in one day; in four days, or one month, \$40. Twenty such schools of enterprising children can raise the whole amount in one month. Where is the school to be one of twenty to raise \$40 each during the month of December, and thus be able to present to Jesus on Christmas Day a church dedicated forever to God's service? Any contributing twenty-five cents or upward for the Ocate Church can receive certificates of stock for the same by sending to J. M. Reigart, Esq., Box 2813, Denver, Colorado. Send the money at once to Rev. H. R. Wilson, D. D., 23 Center Street, New York City, as special for Ocate Church.

JESUITISM.—Hon. W. G. Ritch, Secretary of New Mexico, has done valiant work for Protestantism in that Territory, and should have the moral and political support of every one who desires to perpetuate our free institutions. 1879.

A PLEA FOR NEW MEXICO.

[Extract from a Paper read by Mrs. J. W. Partridge, and read before the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Presbytery of Colorado.]

1879

When Cortez landed at Vera Cruz, the real value of his discovery was not at first apparent. The rich gifts sent by Montezuma first lured him up to the capital of the great kingdom, and there the greater riches of his vassal captive led him to cross the desert to discover the source of his wealth among the mines of New Mexico and Colorado. It is to him that we owe the earliest accounts of the Provincial Mexicans. They became the slaves of their conquerors, and notwithstanding Isabella of Spain, upon her death-bed, begged her colonists to deal kindly with her Indian subjects, the civil and religious power fell heavily upon the neck of the Aztecs. The number of victims who died in the inquisitorial chambers of Mexico has never been known. But the memory of the sufferings of that time has lived from sire to son, so that even at this late day the Indian who shows the sites of a buried mine to a white man pays the penalty with his life. But in 1850 New Mexico became a factor in the Republic of the United States. She was then as much of a mystery to us as Alaska is to-day, and her people were but little better acquainted with our political and social economy than are the Alaskans. They simply swore loyalty to the United States rather than Spain.

The Government sent United States soldiers to protect them from the red man, but there was no power to prevent the white men from killing one another. In a little Mexican town, not long ago, there were fourteen shot in cold blood in one year. The murderers still go unpunished. We don't half realize that New Mexico belongs to us as surely as Nebraska, or any other Territory of the Union. Perhaps the isolation of her people explains this fact. Twenty-five years ago Santa Fe was a thousand miles from a seaport, over eight hundred miles from Fort Leavenworth, the nearest white settlement on the East, four hundred miles from the nearest frontier town of old Mexico, and a vast trackless waste between it and Salt Lake City on the west. But the traders, the tourist, the Hayden Expedition, somehow got through these portholes into New Mexico, in the interest of business and science. Like the men of Israel, they brought out great "clusters of grapes," and many sad stories of the inhabitants thereof, especially of the Mexicans. The blood of the Spaniard flowed in their veins as hot lava in the bowels of a volcano, and the life of a

man was held as cheap among them as the life of a prairie dog. We were loth to touch her. The Saxon always has hesitated about having any dealings with the Spaniard. The old story of Judah and Samaria might fairly illustrate our position in regard to New Mexico. But what are the facts in regard to the resources of this Territory of the United States. It has an area of 100,000 square miles, rich in mines and grazing lands, and deserts that can be redeemed by irrigation to yield fine crops of superior wheat and the most luscious fruits, with a climate that will vie with that of Colorado. These facts are enough to tempt the emigrant and consumptive to settle in her borders.

The mines are already interesting certain classes, while the Pueblos, the Roman Catholic Mexicans, and the Indians will furnish enough work for scores of missionaries. The Pueblos will welcome the missionary with open

arms. Their glad cry of welcome to the missionary at Zuni was, "Come at last, at last!" Montezuma was to them greater than any saint; their old altar of fires, kindled centuries ago, were not to be smothered for wax tapers; bits of wood crosses, wreathed in flowers; an infant, in the arms of a woman, could not usurp the great God of the sun. They still watch at sunrise for the coming of the lost God and their King Montezuma. The Church of Rome did not bring him, and has the Christian Church done any better? It is time that we went down on our knees for New Mexico! To pray? Yes, and to do a faithful cleansing work among the people.

The conflict is already upon us. Let not our mission, feeble and persecuted, die in its first struggle with the "dying man." If, as a Roman journal recently said, "Papacy is dying," it will die hard.

Don't let New Mexico crouch in the dusky corners of our missionary enterprise. Let Sante Fe, Taos, Zuni, Las Vegas be as familiar at our firesides as the noble missions of Canton and Lodi ana, Gaboon and Laos and Yokohama. And what of Zuni and Laguna where the ancient Aztees live in houses that date back sometimes 200 years, and have ruins which were washed by the flood? Rome never impressed their souls very deeply, and their present ignorant and filthy condition prove that there was no mighty effort in the direction of their *temporal* estate. The *Pueblo* needs a Bible in his mother tongue, as yet unwritten; instruction in the useful arts; to learn how to live easily, for, unlike the Mexican, they are industrious, but they are unacquainted with

modern improvements, as the interminable ladders, rude stones, mills, clumsy looms and plows too well prove. He needs practical Americans to teach the rudiments of domestic economy, and an importation of soap and fine-tooth combs with missionaries to give them the truth.

HOME MISSION LETTER TO CHILDREN.

New Mexico, the Palestine of America.

BY MRS. M. E. GRIFFETH.

Dear Boys and Girls:

Have any of you been in Palestine? No. Well, I'm going to tell you about a place that is as much like the land where Jesus was born and lived, as any other, perhaps, in the world. The people here speak a foreign language as they do in that country of which Paul speaks in Romans xv. 24-28. They have dusky skins, black eyes and hair, and beautiful white teeth. I wish I could tell you that they all read and write, but I can't, for there are hundreds, yes, thousands who can not. The houses have flat roofs made of earth, a foot or more in thickness. The walls are made of sun-dried brick called "adobe" (like those which the Israelites made for the Egyptians in the days of Moses), and are sometimes three or four feet thick. A great many houses have no windows, and only a small door. They all, however, have the queerest, funniest little fire-places in the corner of the room that you could imagine. The fire-places are mostly painted yellow with a kind of earth called *Tierra Amarilla* (yellow earth). I go very often to some of these dark houses where I find plenty of half-clothed boys and girls sitting around the fire-place trying to keep warm. Sometimes I find the mother grinding meal on a great flat stone which is used for the purpose, and making it into *tortillas* (cakes) for the family. We do not have much rain here to make the grass and flowers, and grain grow as it does in the eastern sections of our country, but the water is brought from the streams in little ditches to run over the land and water it by irrigation. These little ditches are called *acequias*, and each man pays so much to have his field or garden watered, beautifully illustrating that

passage of Prov. xxi. 1: "He turneth it withersoever he will." Dozens of *burros* or donkeys are driven to the city every day loaded with pinon wood. The wood is tied on the back of the *burro* with a rope. When the driver wishes to unload, he unties the rope and the wood tumbles around Mr. Burro's feet, but the patient little fellow does not seem to mind it. I pity them, but not as much as I do the people here, for the *burros* have no souls, but the people have—souls that must live through all eternity, and that so far have never heard of Jesus, the Savior. I want you to pray for them, and perhaps at another time I may be able to tell you more about them. There are also thousands of poor Indians in this country who have never been told that Jesus died for them as he did for us. If they should become Christians, then, as the children of God, they would be greater than any earthly kings. But

how can they become Christians if nobody goes to tell them about Christ? To-day I shook hands with some of them that visited my school, and they said, "Quatse? (how do you do). Try and get up a Home Mission Band in your Sabbath-school to raise money to send missionaries to these people.

PRESBYTERY OF SANTA FE.

The Presbytery of Santa Fe held its annual meeting at Taos, New Mexico, November 9-11, and was opened with a sermon by Rev. Alex. M. Darley.

Rev. J. M. Roberts was made Moderator, and Rev. G. G. Smith, Temporary Clerk. The ruling elders were all Mexicans: Jose Inez Perea, Jose Domingo Mondragon, Casinero Espinosa and Jose Pablo Ortega. Corresponding member, Rev. Sheldon Jackson. Visitors: Elders A. Russell, Des Moines, Iowa; Mrs. and Miss Smith, Allegheny, Pennsylvania, and Mrs. Thompson, of Santa Fe.

Rev. Alex. M. Darley was received from the Presbytery of Colorado, and recommended to the Board of Home Missions, for work among the Navajo Indians.

Rev. J. M. Roberts reported the organization of a church among the Mexicans at Sivisero. Rev. Sheldon Jackson reported the organization of churches at Tucson and Freseott.

A paper was passed, placing all the work among the Indians, within the bounds of the Presbytery, under the

care of the Board of Home Missions. Papers were also passed, looking to increased educational and evangelistic work among the Indians.

Rev. Sheldon Jackson was unanimously recommended to the Board of Home Missions for reappointment.

Jose Inez Perea, Jose D. Mondragon, Vicente Romero, and Rafael Gallegos, native Mexicans, were examined for licensure. The examination being sustained, they were subsequently licensed during the morning service of the Sabbath.

The following persons were recommended to the Board of Home Missions for commissions: Rev. G. G. Smith, Santa Fe, to the Americans; Rev. John Meaaul, Dr. H. K. Palmer and Rev. Alex. M. Darley to the Indians; Rev. J. A. Annin, Rev. J. M. Roberts, Rev. Sylvanus Sayre, Jose I. Perea, Jose D. Mondragon, Vicente Romero, and Rafael Gallegos.

The following persons were recommended as missionary teachers and Bible readers: Mrs. J. M. Roberts, Mrs. M. E. Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. James Anderson, Miss Mary Burnham, Miss Laura Annin, Miss Lizzie Pitts, and Miss C. Brown.

Aid was requested for the erection of churches at Santa Fe, Ocate, El Rancho, Laguna and Zuni.

Rev. J. M. Roberts and Elder V. Romero were elected Principals, and Rev. G. G. Smith and Elder J. Pablo Ortega, Alternate Commissioners to the General Assembly.

Rev. G. G. Smith, Rev. J. M. Roberts, and Elder B. M. Thomas, Standing Committee on Home Missions. Rev. J. A. Annin and Rev. J. M. Roberts Standing Committee on Church Organization.

Rev. G. G. Smith, Rev. J. A. Annin and Elder B. M. Thomas were appointed a committee to incorporate the Presbytery.

Overture No. 2, on Representation, was adopted. The business was largely conducted in the Spanish language, although the records are kept in English.

Presbytery adjourned to meet at Los Vegas, for the ordination of Jose Inez Perea as an evangelist. **1877**

DURING the border troubles at Lincoln New Mexico, it is said that a man leveled his gun and blazed away at our missionary, Rev. Mr. Ealy, sending a ball whizzing past his head. As Ealy turned around, the man observing who he was, remarked, "Gracious! if I had known that was the preacher I wouldn't have shot at him for the world!" **1878**

Glory to God in the Highest.

ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN.

Written Expressly for THIRTY-FOUR.

ORIENTAL RESEMBLANCES.

Influence of the Arabic Civilization
and the Physical Character-
istics of the Region on
New Mexican Civ-
ilization.

BY C. N. HOLFORD.

I have often been somewhat amused at the absurd claims to antiquity made for Santa Fe, both by citizens and tourists, in writing for the eastern papers. We are told that its churches are the oldest in America, notwithstanding that churches yet stand in Cuba, built during the governorship of Velasquez, years before a white man ever set foot on the mainland of North America. I have seen it stated that the Spaniards located in Santa Fe in 1510, which was nine years before Cortez landed at Vera Cruz, the oldest established Spanish post on the mainland. Would you believe these writers, the first view of the New World which Columbus got must have been, not of the low shores of San Salvador, but of the lofty brow of "Old Baldy," or he must have landed from a balloon in front of the old Palace. Of the antiquity of this old Palace, too—the government house of the Pueblo, the Castilian, the Mexican and the Gringo—we see remarkable accounts. Its antiquity seems to me like that of the famous jack-knife that had served three generations and had had two new handles and three new blades.

But there is to be seen here in New Mexico the impress of a civilization (the Arabic) older than that of Europe, older than that of ancient Rome. And there are some grounds for believing that the ancient Pueblo civilization which the Spanish conquerors found here and to a great extent displaced is, if not the direct offspring, at least the kindred of the civilization of the Egypt of four thousand years ago. The character of many of the ancient ruins from Zufi to Palenque and Copan, the type of heads and features sculptured thereon, the pottery of the Pueblos and Navajos—all, if not ex-

actly resembling those of ancient Egypt, resemble nothing else in the world so much. The wooden plow used by the Indians of this Territory to-day is of the exact type found sculptured upon monuments that were old before the walls of Troy were built. The character of the country and climate considerably heightens these resemblances. Standing near one of these Indian pueblos and reading a page of Bayard Taylor's journey up the Nile, you might easily fancy as you looked around that the great traveler was describing the scene before you. The rude houses of sun-baked mud with occasional bits of vineyard about them; in the background the barren flats or the low yellow sandhills; in front the broad river, its turbid waters changed to gleaming silver by the slanting rays of the blazing sun; and over all the pale, hot, quiet, cloudless sky. The dusky inhabitants in their scanty white cotton garments moving languidly about, the asses plodding afield or standing with mournfully drooping heads, and the rude, antique-looking implements seen here and there, harmonize well with the rest of this picture of ancient Egypt, as it were.

I have said that Spanish New Mexico bears tokens of the influence of the Arabian civilization, and it may not be clear at first sight how it can be so. It will be remembered that the immediate successors of the great Arab prophet carried their conquering arms and fanatic faith, not only to the walls of Vienna on the north, but along the whole southern coast of the Mediterranean, then swarmed up into Spain, crossed the Pyrenees and overran half of France. Though the mace of Charles Martel crushed their front at Poitiers and the swords of the Paladins scourged them back across the mountains, they held possession of more or less of Spain for nearly eight hundred years. Not only did this long dominion of so energetic a race deeply impress Spanish customs and architecture, and mingle, no doubt, much of its blood with the Spanish race, but when the last king of the

Spanish Moors yielded the keys of his capital to the consort sovereigns of Aragon and Castile and bade adieu forever to the Alhambra's marble halls, many thousands of the Moors remained behind to still further impress their characteristics upon Spain. When they were finally expelled eighty years later by the foolish bigotry of Philip II Spain lost in them her most substantial citizens—her most skillful mechanics and enterprising traders. But, even thus, it is estimated that there are 60,000 *Morescos*, or persons of Moorish descent, in Spain. It is highly probable that so fine an opportunity for adventure as was opened by the discovery of the New World was embraced by thousands of an adventurous race whose ancestors carried their banners over two thousand leagues of conquest in Europe and Africa, and it is not unlikely that many of these *Morescos* were in the vanguard of the *Conquistadores*.

Santa Fe, except in its new American features, is a type of the remote, half-Moorish towns of Estramadura three hundred years ago. The influence of the rest of Europe has greatly changed Spain since the days of Charles V, but that influence fell far short of New Mexico. In a few nooks of Spain a hundred years ago were remnants of these things which had already vanished from the more accessible localities. Cadalso, in his *Cartas Marruecas*, writing from one of these nooks, says, "The somber costumes, the women secluded in the houses or appearing on the streets only with faces muffled in black shawls, the houses with their blank street walls jealously hiding the inner courts * * * and many other things, have made me look into the almanac to see if it was really the year 1765, or the year 1500." Many of these things, to be seen only in the nooks of Spain a hundred years ago, can be seen in some New Mexican towns in the year 1880.

The ancient architecture of New Mexico is decidedly Moorish—though in the mat-

palmy days of the Moors in Spain, the Moors built of marble where the Mexicans have built of mud, yet in their less pretentious buildings adobe formed the principal building material of both people.

Lately I met a Frenchman who had spent twelve years in northern Africa and Arabia, and he said that for appearance of country, buildings, people, animals, climate, etc., the Rio Grande valley might seem to be a slice taken out of Algiers or Arabia—at least if the Gringo were taken out and the camel put in.

Had I space and access to books, to illustrate the resemblance of this country to orient lands I might quote from the writings of many observers, from the wonderful narrative of Moses, read by more than a hundred generations, to the pages of Bayard Taylor which, fresh from the writer's hand, charmed me when a boy. The soil, the sky, the animals, the implements, the pursuits and the manufactures—what a wonderful resemblance in those of the two regions. The rude Mexican cart with its ponderous wooden wheels and wicker boxes of cane or willow rods, drawn by oxen whose yoke is a straight stick lashed to their horns with rawhide thongs—just such carts are pictured in the most ancient bas-reliefs of the Orient—just such carts bore Jacob and his very numerous family from famine-stricken Canaan to meet his long-lost son, the viceroy of Egypt—just such carts bore the plunder of the Israelites on their long journey from the pastures of Goshen to the fords of Jordan—just such carts bore the baggage of Mohammed's lieutenants, toiling and creaking through three thousand miles of desert sands, from the Red Sea coast of Arabia to the Atlantic coast of Morocco.

The manner of threshing, cleaning and grinding grain, (and, it may be said, of growing and gathering it) in this region is the same as is described in the earliest records of the oriental nations. Moses wrote concerning "the ox that treadeth out the corn," and the ox is yet used, along with

the ass and the goat, for treading out the grain of New Mexico. The Mexican threshing-floor is of the same description as that which David bought of Araunah the Jebusite, and the Mexican now winnows out his wheat in exactly the same manner as Boaz the Moabite was winnowing out barley the breezy evening that Ruth came a courting him. "Two women shall be grinding at the mill," says the Hebrew prophecy, and it is said that in some parts of this Territory to-day two women together grind wheat between flat stones—the one partly grinding it and the other completing the operation.

The "bottles" for wine mentioned in ancient records are known to have been goat-skin flasks, and such are in use to-day in this country; and so are the rawhide wine vats, such as were used by the wine makers of Syria ages ago, and perhaps even by the sons of Noah. Our native adobe-makers would probably find making "bricks without straw" as unsatisfactory as did the Hebrew slaves of the Egyptians thirty-four hundred years ago.

The ass and the goat, the "flocks and herds" of sheep and the "cattle upon a thousand hills," are features upon almost every page of the literature of "the children of Shem dwelling in tents," from the days of Abraham to this day, as they would be in a literature descriptive of every-day life in the Mexican "plaza" or on the lonely ranch. In fact, the American tourist who is unable to visit Syria, Arabia, Egypt and Barbary, but who wishes to realize in the sight of living forms and actual landscapes what he has read of these "eradical lands," should come to New Mexico before the Gringo with his steam and electricity shall have swept away all these oriental resemblances except the landscape and the climate.

SOUTHERN NEW MEXICO.

Its Climate, Scenery and Resources.

Southern New Mexico, as generally understood, embraces all that portion of the Territory lying south of the *Jornada del Muerto* (Dead Man's Journey); but as the *Jornada* does not extend across the Territory from Texas to Arizona, but only across that portion of it which lies between the Rio Grande and the mountains to the east

(a distance of from twenty to thirty miles), the term has by custom become a common designation for all that portion of the Territory lying south of an imaginary line drawn along the southern limit of the *Jornada* and extended east and west to the boundaries of the Territory. South of this line lie Grant and Doña Ana counties and a portion of Lincoln.

Shut off in former years, to a great extent, from communication with other portions of the Territory, there was a community of interest which bound the people of Southern New Mexico together, and this community of interest has bred a community of sentiment which has been fostered by the action of the legislature in joining the three counties together into one judicial and legislative district; so that any question affecting the prosperity of either of these three counties is generally viewed by the others as directly affecting themselves.

Bound together in their political and judicial interests and having been compelled for years to make common cause in opposing the aggressions of the political schemers who have controlled affairs in the north, the citizens of Southern New Mexico have come to consider themselves almost as entirely a separate people as though they belonged to another State or Territory. Whether or not this is a desirable state of affairs, it is not our province at present to discuss. We simply state the fact, as explanatory of what is meant by Southern New Mexico, before passing on to that branch of our subject of which it is the object of this article to treat, namely,

ITS RESOURCES AND ATTRACTIONS.

The general altitude of the valleys and plains of this region is from 3,800 to 6,000 feet, while the water-sheds rise to an elevation of 7,000 or 8,000 and the mountain chains as high as 12,000 feet above the sea level. The extreme heat, which in this latitude at the level of the sea would be debilitating, is here counteracted by the wonderful dryness and purity of the atmosphere; and a temperature of a hundred degrees Fahrenheit is as easily withstood as one of eighty in the Mississippi Valley. Only, however, in the lower valleys of such streams as the Pecos, Rio Grande and Gila is such a temperature ever experienced. On the higher plains and in the mountains,

the temperature seldom rises to ninety in the summer; and in the winter, even in those high altitudes, zero is seldom reached. In the valleys before mentioned it is considered cold weather when water freezes in the ditches. Christmas day last year was the coldest day experienced in the Mesilla Valley for years, the thermometer at the U. S. Signal Office in Mesilla registering sixteen degrees above zero.

NO SNOW.

Snow falls during the winter in the mountains, and on the highest peaks of the White Mountains, in Lincoln county, it remains the year round; but in the Rio Grande and Pecos valleys snow is rare and, when it does fall, remains on the ground but a few hours. Entire winters sometimes pass by without a sign of snow.

In the Mesilla Valley now, near the close of December, the weather is very much like that of Missouri in April. On Thursday morning last, people here in Las Cruces awaked to find that the mist-clouds which had begun to gather towards nightfall the day before, and which were thought to threaten snow, had brought up a regular April shower during the night; and on the following day quiet little showers at intervals during the day suggested to the strangers in town the propriety of looking at the almanac to satisfy themselves as to whether they were really in April or December. At the same time the snow-clad crests of the Organ mountains, which rise like the teeth of a saw, jagged and clear-cut against the blue sky, twenty miles off to the east, show that the shower here was a snow storm there; and, as we write, the last rays of the setting sun light up those snowy peaks with a sparkling brilliancy which reminds us of the accounts we have read of sunsets among the glaciers and icebergs of the polar sea. As a winter resort, the Mesilla Valley is destined soon to become famous; and the eastern people whom the railroad has brought here this winter are all hurrying up the time by advertising the climate in their letters home.

SCENERY.

The whole Rocky Mountain region is renowned for its scenery; and the White, Guadalupe and Sacramento mountains in the eastern portion of Southern New Mexico, the Organs in the middle, the Floridas in the south, the Black Range in the north and the Gila mountains in the west all present to the tourist attrac-

tions unsurpassed in any part of the great Sierra Madre chain.

MEDICINAL SPRINGS

are found scattered through this country. Many of them have heretofore been inaccessible on account of the danger from Indians; but the death of that chief of chiefs, Victorio, and the extension of the lines of railroad into the country have about settled the Indian problem, and many of these fountains of youth will soon assume an importance equal to that of the famous Hot Springs of Arkansas.

Hudson's Hot Spring, or *Ojo Caliente*, twenty-five miles east of Silver City, in Grant county is already attracting attention, and hundreds of invalids have experienced the benefits derived from bathing in its water.

The spring is in itself a curiosity, apart from the curative properties of the water. On an almost level plain, a round grassy knoll a hundred yards in diameter rises to a height of probably fifty feet; and on its very top, or rather in its very top, is the spring. This consists of a circular hole some twenty feet in diameter and as many deep, opening like the crater of a volcano, its nearly perpendicular walls evidently formed from the deposit, through countless ages, of the chemicals which are held in solution by the boiling water. Indeed it is probable that the entire knoll has thus been gradually formed and risen, age after age, above the surrounding plain. The water is clear as crystal and boils up from the bottom in continual bubbles, emitting a little cloud of vapor which in winter resembles the steam arising from an engine. The water escapes through natural underground channels, which have been washed through the sides of the knoll or left there during its gradual accretion through centuries, and, babbling down toward the plain, is led off in troughs to the bath rooms. It enters the tubs at a temperature of about 120 degrees and in this state is drank in large quantities by the bathers, who, owing to the mineral, and probably also to the electricity, in the water, feel none of the nausea produced by drinking ordinary warm water.

MINES.

The great mineral belt of the continent runs through Southern New Mexico. The Rocky Mountain Chain here breaks into several distinct parallel ranges, in each of which are found rich deposits of precious metals. These ranges comprise

one principal range in each county; and in that of Grant county are found the Silver City, Georgetown and Lone Mountain silver mines, the Pinos Altos gold mines and the Santa Rita copper mines; all of which are already more or less well known in the East, and the first two of which are the richest silver mines in New Mexico and equally rich with any yet discovered in the United States.

In the principal range in Lincoln county, the White Oaks gold mines are already attracting the attention of capitalists; while the Nogal and Golondrina silver districts and the Tularosa copper and silver districts promise as well as any mining camps in the country.

Dona Ana has its rich gold lodes and placers in the Hillsboro district, where a fine quartz mill has been erected; its silver camp at Lake Valley, which is destined to eclipse even those of Georgetown and Silver City; and in the Organ mountains its silver and lead mines, which were profitably worked thirty years ago, when mining was much less of a science than now. The ores of the latter district are low grade, but abundant, and capitalists have already cast their eyes upon them with covetousness.

Throughout many of these districts are found indications of former systematic developments, such as shafts, tunnels, ditches and furnaces; and there is no doubt that the Spaniards have carried millions of treasure out of this land to their homes beyond the sea.

AGRICULTURE.

The valleys of the streams throughout Southern New Mexico are remarkably productive. The valley of the Pecos and our own world-renowned Mesilla Valley are unsurpassed in the world. The mission grape, which gives to California its celebrated wine, here grows in greater perfection than on the Pacific coast, owing to the greater dryness of the atmosphere and the presence in the soil of chemicals there lacking, which add to its sweetness and flavor.

The Mesilla Valley wine is already known to the world as Native wine or El Paso wine, the town of El Paso being situated in the southern end of the Valley; and wine growing is rapidly becoming the most important industry among the people of the towns along the river from this point to and including El Paso.

Fruits and vegetables of almost every variety, including

the fig and other semi-tropical products, grow to perfection; and the ordinary cereals flourish everywhere. In the lower valleys alfalfa, or Chilian clover, grows in the greatest abundance, four or five cuttings being had in a season.

STOCK RAISING.

The mountain districts afford as fine pasturage as can be found anywhere in the entire world; and sheep and cattle raising is already a most important industry. Water is scarce in places, but wells can be sunk and wind-mills erected almost anywhere with a certainty of their yielding abundance of water for large herds. Grazing ground costs nothing. The stockman simply locates a few acres around a spring or other watering place, or sinks a well in some favorable locality; and, thus controlling the water, he is sure of no intrusion upon his "range."

We could extend this description of the attractions and resources of Southern New Mexico to an indefinite length. The Mesilla Valley alone furnishes material for a dozen long articles. But enough has been said to outline the subject and convey some idea of the great things in store for the country within the next decade.

NOT SO FAR.

Formerly people in the East looked upon New Mexico as a kind of "undiscover'd country, from whose bourne no traveller returns." It is different now. By February 1st Las Cruces will be within three days' ride (in a palace sleeping car and over steel rails), of either St. Louis or San Francisco, and probably, within two years, nearer than that to the Gulf of Mexico, the Gulf of California and the City of Mexico. The commerce of a world will then be carried past our doors and Christendom will learn that there are few fairer spots on this broad earth than our own Mesilla Valley and other parts of Southern New Mexico.

THE LAS CRUCES SCHOOL.

Immigrants to New Mexico, by locating at Las Cruces, can not only enjoy the advantages of being in the finest agricultural and fruit-growing section of the country, and within sight of what promises to be a rich mining locality, but also of being convenient to the best public school in Southern New Mexico. The school building now contains two large, lofty and well-lighted rooms, well finished and furnished with the very

best furniture that the enterprising Chicago Yankee has yet produced. By adding another story to the building a graded school of four departments can be accommodated. The school is in charge of a teacher who has had considerable experience in the village graded schools of the East, and has made use of opportunities afforded by the annual teachers' institutes of that section to learn what prominent and progressive teachers were doing to advance the art of teaching. Immigrants from the East with children considerably advanced in their studies can find as good facilities for continuing the education of their children here as in their old homes. With a small fraction of the expense necessary to send their children back to the preparatory schools of the East, by devoting that fraction to the support of this school, they can give their children a high school education or fit them for college, here at home.

CHEAP LANDS.

In no part of the Territory are such fine opportunities offered to the settler to obtain good cheap lands as in Southern New Mexico. There are no grants, except four small colony grants along the Rio Grande, and these are expressly stated in the documents to be open to settlers under certain conditions. The lands along such streams as the Rio Grande, Pecos, Mimbres, Gila, Tularosa, Bonito, Spring River, Seven Rivers, Peñasco, Three Rivers, Hondo and Ruidoso embrace millions of acres of the finest farming, fruit and vineyard land in the world, which is subject to entry under the homestead, pre-emption, timber or desert land laws. According to the decision of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, any land which will not produce an agricultural crop without artificial irrigation is "desert land" in the meaning of the law. In New Mexico all farming lands must be irrigated; so that all the agricultural land in the Territory is "desert land," except such as may be covered with timber. The law allows any one to locate not to exceed six hundred and forty acres of such land on paying therefor twenty-five cents an acre at the time of locating and within three years bringing water upon it and then paying a dollar an acre more. A patent then issues.

Some of as fine grape land as there is in the Mesilla Valley

has been thus located; land that without improvement will within five years be worth twenty dollars an acre; while if planted in grapes it will be worth all the way from a hundred to five hundred dollars an acre. There are vineyards in this county that cannot be bought for less than a thousand dollars an acre, which less than ten years ago were only unbroken "desert lands."

TO INVALIDS.

"If I mistake not, the received opinion of to-day is that the essential points to be regarded, in seeking a climate for pulmonary affections, are its dryness, freedom from sudden and frequent variations in temperature and from unhealthy local conditions, while of sufficient mildness to promote and sustain good skin action.

"Such being the case, I contend that El Paso and some parts of New Mexico are the places to fulfil these conditions. The winters are so mild that there are very few days an invalid cannot take exercise in the open air. The summers are so cool that in midsummer one or two blankets are necessary to sleep under—a region which, at the most, knows but a few days of cold and snow in the course of a twelve-month."—*Dr. Alexander, late Surgeon, U. S. A.*

OUR CHRISTMAS GIFT.

It seems queer in a Christmas paper to say nothing of Christmas. But this Christmas Supplement is only called so because it happens to be published at this particular time. We have long wanted to issue a number of THIRTY-FOUR devoted exclusively to such articles on Southern New Mexico as would interest eastern people and attract the attention of capitalists, tourists and desirable classes of immigrants; and there appeared no more appropriate time for it than now nor any more appropriate way of doing this gratuitous work than issuing a supplement which our subscribers might receive as THIRTY-FOUR's contribution to the general merry-making of the day and which they might send to friends in the East as a token that they are not forgotten on this great holiday, and at the same time advertise the country.

We have struck off an unusually large edition and persons desiring to mail copies to their friends can do so by simply sending in their addresses, with a dime for each.

Las Cruces, N. M., Wednesday, December 22, 1880.

AZTEC RUINS.

Cities Which Shared the Fate of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

Remarkable Discoveries Made by Explorers in New Mexico.

Mr. J. H. Patterson and Mr. J. H. Mackley are in the city from New Mexico, bringing with them some curious relic specimens, from some of the ancient mines and cities of that country, that show indubitable evidence of being the remains of a people long antecedent to the historic age. Several of the reliques show an existence probably coeval with the mound builders of the Mississippi Valley, before the age of the adobe and pueblo structures which abound in that country, and long before the Pilgrim Fathers landed on our shores or Cortez made his triumphal march to the City of the Montezumas, after burning his ships. There is evidence that a people existed in New Mexico who built dwellings and temples of hewn stone, even before the advanced people whose remarkable structures are still extant in Peru and Central America. There is evidence of vast volcanic eruptions in the parts of New Mexico visited by the above named gentlemen, which overwhelmed large cities and buried the inhabitants with hot ashes and lava, the same as befell the more recent cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. According to Mr. Patterson, the principal ruins are found at Abo, an ancient city in the Manzano Mountains. These mountains are in Valencia County, about eighteen miles from the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad, 125 miles southwest of Las Vegas, [22 miles east-southeast from Albuquerque] and about twenty miles west of the Rio Grande river.

THE ABO SPRING.

The Manzano Mountains mean Apple Mountains. There is a noble spring of water called the Abo spring, which is shaded by two immense cottonwood trees on each side. There are no inhabitants in the vicinity; but everywhere there are evidences of the former existence of a dense population. There are seen the ruins of a large church or tem-

ple, covering one acre of ground. Mr. Patterson paced it off, and found it to be seventy paces square. The walls that remain are sixty feet high. The roof has long since caved in and the interior of the enclosure is filled with the *debris*. The thickness of the wall at the base is about ten feet. Mr. Patterson brought away one of the timbers that protruded from the walls. It is of what is called in that country the piñon tree, a species of pine, and is as sound as when taken from taken from the tree. There is on one side of the piece of timber some rude figures, one of the All Seeing Eye, representing probably the sun. Other figures are deeply indented in the wood, as if made by anything but a sharp-edged instrument. Mr. Patterson says that he found stone hammers, but nothing in the shape of sharp-edged or steel tools. There are small furrows seen in the wood as if plowed with a stone gonge. The building evidently belonged to a style of architecture anterior to the adobe and dried brick period. Mr. Patterson inclines to the opinion that the locality was the site of one of the seven cities mentioned by the Spanish chronicles, the author of which traversed the country after the conquest of Mexico, among which were Camaleon, Grand Quivira, Santa Cruz, Puerto de Abo, the Abo and the old Pecos and another situated a few miles west of Abo in the lava beds. Mr. Patterson asserts that the old city in question was never until quite recently explored by white men.

TRACES OF FORMER ENTERPRISE.

Another specimen brought by this gentleman is a human skull, evidently that of a female, as shown by the teeth, which was exhumed about half a mile from the church. Skulls are quite plentiful among the old ruins in the vicinity. About five miles from the Abo Springs they have discovered some ancient silver diggings. They were brought to light in this wise: Some

three months ago a gentleman named Livingston, who was engaged in mining operations at the White Oaks, lost some stock and went in search of it in the neighborhood of the Manzano Mountains. While here a Mexican handed him a piece of ore for examination, which he stated he had found in the hills of the vicinity, but the exact locality he declined to indicate. Mr. Livingston, on his return to White Oaks,

showed the specimen to some friends in camp, among whom were Messrs. Patterson and Davidson. They left White Oaks with a complete outfit to explore the Manzano range, and were amply rewarded in the discoveries made. Right below the old mines they found twenty-two old smelters, and there were acres covered with slag, some specimens of which Mr. Patterson brings with him. The smelters were built of adobe, or sun-dried bricks, and were elevated some twenty or thirty feet above the surface of the ground.

In digging down they found the remains of charcoal, which was used for fuel by the old smelters. There were also seen the remains of an aqueduct in which water was conveyed from a spring three-fourths of a mile distant to a dam which diverted the water into the smelting works.

About five acres were found covered with slag, which Mr. Patterson has taken up for a mill site. From the old furnaces a trail was found after considerable exploration, leading from the smelting works to the mine in the mountains, which here rise in peaks to a height of 10,000 feet. The ancient trail pursues a zigzag course, having a length of some five miles, while, in an air line, the distance is not exceeding one mile. In those old mining days everything was transported on men's shoulders to and from the mountains. There are now growing on the trail trees of the piñon larger than a man's body, showing the antiquity of the path. Mr. Patterson says he was two weeks in discovering the mines after discovering the smelting works. The trail was five feet wide and protected by rocks on one side near precipitous places. Limbs were seen some thirty feet high on trees that had been cut when the trees were small and the limbs were near the ground. The cutting was haggled, and evidently not made with sharp tools.

TIMBER AND POTTERY.

The mines were found filled with old timber. The explorers could not imagine for what the timber was used, because the walls of the mine are quartzite, and therefore it was not necessary to protect the sides from tumbling in by timber supports. They therefore made up their minds that the mine was covered up with timber to conceal it. The timber had rotted and fallen in from the top, choking up the passage. Thirteen of the party

worked nearly two weeks in clearing out the mine, removing the timber, stagnant water and old leaves. They found the mine seventy feet deep, with several horizontal drifts from the main shaft. The rock is found to be very rich, as appears from the specimens brought here.

Mr. Patterson has also a lot of pottery, consisting of drinking vessels used by these old inhabitants of the country. The vessels are of various designs, representing several species of birds and an antelope. Some of the specimens are striped and spotted with a black coloring. An old miner named Baxter found, in digging down, a chamber about ten feet square, having on one side a fire-place, across which hung a crane having a clay hook, and at the end of the hook was a bone. On the opposite side of the fire-place was the skeleton of a man in a sitting position, who was evidently watching the bone roasting for his meal when he and his habitation were overwhelmed in ruin by a sudden discharge of lava from the mountain. There are lava beds near there extending about fifty miles, and Mr. Patterson is of the belief that the entire population in some former period must have been suddenly extirpated by a great volcanic eruption. He thinks that at one time the crater of these mountains was sixty miles long and from fifteen to twenty miles across, an eruption from which would destroy every living thing within a hundred miles. Mr. Patterson says: "I expect that crater is the greatest curiosity on earth, and I don't suppose Vesuvius is any comparison to it. The only idea we can form of its destructive influence is by the ruins seen on every hand. In that dry atmosphere, where it rains only during the months of June and July, wood and animal remains are long preserved, and that so little is preserved of this ancient people gives a good idea of the ruin that ensued.—Missouri Republican."

The fare from Tucson to Chicago over the new Southern route will be fixed at \$75, and passengers will be whirled through in four days, and in three days from Las Cruces.

Paradoxical as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that to view a fine sunset in this Valley one must turn his eyes to the east and watch the rising shadows and changing tints upon the Organ mountains.

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HOME MISSION LETTER TO
CHILDREN.

BY REV. J. M. ROBERTS.

Dear Children and Friends of Missions
in New Mexico:

We have a school in El Rancho and Rio—Chiquito (Cheketo)—six and eight miles from Taos. They are taught by Miss Mary Burnham. During all of last year she gathered her scholars, twenty-five in number, into a little room, not more than 14 by 15 feet in size, with but one six-light window, and no outer door. She, with her pupils, entered their school through one of the principal rooms of the house, occupied by the family of one of our native evangelists.

Her school now occupies a room in the same house, a little larger than the former, but no better, otherwise, and the scholars must pass through two other rooms, occupied by the family, to get to it. There are no seats, except a few benches, made of rough boards, and such stools, old chairs, benches, tables and desks as the children bring from home for their own use.

These people have been led to esteem schools of so small importance, as that not a school-house is found in the two counties of Taos and Rio Arriba; and yet the people of this county of Taos are looked upon as the most intelligent and enterprising Mexican people to be found in the whole Territory.

THE PENITENTES.

The greater number of the patrons of this school are, or have been, what are called Penitentes. Oh for the powers of description, that I might give you some idea of the scene I witnessed on Good Friday of last year! Doubtless you have all heard of this society of whippers, found in this part of New Mexico. During the forty days of Lent the members of this society go to the woods, into the mountains, and caves of the earth, for the purpose of persecuting their vile flesh, that they may atone for the drunkenness, adultery, profanity, lying, cheating, deception, stealing, killing, and general debauchery committed and practiced during the past year.

On Good Friday a sort of public procession is given, that they may exhibit, publicly, their naked, and often emaciated, bodies to an admiring, curious public. Should such an exhibition make its appearance in any well-regulated community in your country, every man of them would be arrested as a public nuisance. Their whips are made of the top of the Spanish bayonet, which is beaten up as our fathers used to break flax, and the rough fibers braided into whips, about as wide as your hand. With every step this is brought down, with the force of both hands, on the bare back, already scored with a knife, that the blood may run more freely down over the thin muslin drawers, which is the only garment on the body, except a piece of muslin, tied about the head, as a mask, to prevent their being recognized. They usually have a large wooden cross, planted about half a mile from the house, called their church. Their march extends from the church to this cross and back. When they have reached the cross they prostrate themselves on their faces, and are covered with blankets, to shield them from the wind, and gaze of the multitude, which is always attracted to witness a very strange form of sin. Here they lie, while one appointed for the purpose reads a portion of the Sermon on the Mount, where Jesus says, "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake," etc.

CRUCIFIXION IN THE UNITED STATES

Frequently, on these occasions, one of their number is suspended by the arms, strapped to the cross, his feet fast to the post, and left in that condition until sundown, when he is taken down, faint and almost dead. It is said that many of them die during the following weeks. On Good Friday of last year, one man, starting from Taos, traveled a mile and back, with a pole placed across his shoulders, back of his neck, his arms extended and strapped to this pole; two swords, one in each hand, with the points reaching to and resting upon the thigh-bone. Any misstep, or unevenness of the ground, would cause the sword-points to enter into the flesh. This man was made a captain. I saw, also, in the procession

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two boys, of ten to twelve years, among the whippers.

It is to rescue these children from such base idolatry, and wicked superstition and folly, that we have established a school among these people. And we must have a building to hold it in; besides, we want a place in which to preach to the people of these two villages, and therefore we ask for the funds with which to build a chapel and school house. To build this house it will take not less than \$800, but \$300 is already given, and there are but \$500 yet to raise. Now, what school or individual will be one of twenty to give \$25 each, and thus aid in ridding our country of the shame of having such a society in it, for such societies can only live where there are no schools and where the gospel is not preached?

Any children contributing to the erection of the El Rancho Church can receive a certificate of stock in the same, by writing to J. M. Reigart, Esq., Box 2813, Denver, Colorado, at 25 cents a share.

JOURNEY OF A HOME MISSIONARY TO NEW MEXICO.

BY MRS. T. F. EALY. *1878*

Leaving Schellsburg, a small village near the Bedford Springs, Pennsylvania, January 29, the great iron horse carried us rapidly westward toward the Rocky Mountains. After passing through several large cities in the different States, and by many friends, whom we would rejoice to have seen, we left the thickly settled portions to span the plains beyond the Missouri.

After a monotonous ride over the plains, about three o'clock, Saturday afternoon, February 2d, the snow-capped peaks of the Rocky Mountains appeared to our view. Mr. Ealy, catching the first glimpse of them, exclaimed, "The mountains! The mountains!" But as we sped toward them they seemed to recede, and some hours elapsed before we were carried into Denver City depot. We remained in the city over Sabbath. Tuesday morning we took the train over the Denver and Rio Grande (narrow gauge) road, passed through Colorado Springs, and

Pueblo, thence to El Paso, the present terminus of the railroad, where we remained all night. In the morning took the coach for Las Vegas, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. We crossed the Ratou Mountains, from the summit of which Pike's Peak can be clearly seen in the distance. Ten o'clock found us at the ranch (farm) of old Mr. Boggs, one of the western pioneers. The hours passed pleasantly during the day, but night found us longing for the morning, and the first sight of Las Vegas was a feast to our eyes, though the adobe buildings contrasted strangely with our eastern towns.

Rev. Mr. Annin, Presbyterian missionary at Las Vegas (the meadows), kindly entertained us several days. A very encouraging school was in session, conducted by his daughter, and the mission church and school-building are a credit to him. A week's rest prepared us for the two hundred miles yet to travel ere our missionary home was reached. February 13 found us *en route* for Lincoln, in an ambulance drawn by two mules, with a Mexican driver, who did not speak English. Evening found us in Anton Chico (Little Anthony), twenty-seven miles on our way. Slept in an adobe house, with ground floors, nevertheless our sleep was sweet. In the morning our hostess supplied us with two bottles of milk. Here we bought a five-gallon keg and filled it with water, as many miles were to pass over before we could reach a dwelling, and water is very scarce. The morning was very cold, and as our course lay northwest, and faced the wind, which was blowing a perfect gale, we suffered much from the cold, not being as well supplied with wraps as we should have been owing to one of our trunks being lost on the Denver and Rio Grande road. Our little ones began crying, and we feared they would freeze, but seeing a camp-fire some distance ahead, we hastened to it, and after warming our almost frozen babes, and partaking of the nice lunch put up for us by Mrs. Annin the morning before, we continued our journey, and night found us twenty-five miles nearer Lincoln.

We felt much disheartened; night

was on us, snow all around us, two little babes exposed to the cold, with insufficient clothing, but God protected us. Our Mexican fitted up a nice camp for us out of cedar branches. After a supper of bacon, tortillas (flap-cakes) and coffee, made of snow-water, we laid our little ones to rest; the ground for a bed, the sky above them, and sat down to keep watch. Morning found us all alive, and though but little refreshed by sleep, we were anxious to resume our journey. Traveled all day, hoping the wind would fall, but night found us crossing the Perdinal (a very high peak); neither wood nor water to be found. Fortunately we met some teamsters, who directed us to a little strip of woods, three miles beyond. When we reached the woods we found a camp prepared for us. Pearl wanted to know if we were going to sleep on the ground again. Supper over, we took our little ones in our arms, asked God's protection, and laid down to rest. The wind howled around our camp, but God saved us from its severity.

Saturday noon we reached Alkaline Hole, the first dwelling since leaving Anton Chico. Finding the inmates all drunk, both men and women, did not remain, as we had first intended doing, over Sabbath, but pushed on to the mountains, which we reached some time after dark. Again found a camp in readiness; cold prevented us from sleeping, though Pearl and Ruth slept sweetly. In the morning found a hungry wolf prowling around our camp, and from all appearances there must have been a den beneath us, as sounds proceeded from under the ground.

Sabbath morning found us suffering from cold, our mules without water, and none to be found. As an act of mercy we traveled part of the day to find water for our thirsty animals, and to get our babes into a warmer climate. Camped early, melted snow for our mules as we could find no water, built three fires, and laid down to sleep.

Monday morning continued our journey, crossed the Gallinas and Jicarilla (Hickorea) Mountains, reaching the Patos Springs at noon. Night found us in Fort Stanton, where we were kindly entertained by Major Dowlin.

Tuesday noon reached Lincoln, our home, but such an excitement prevailed, and still prevails, that we have not been able to accomplish much, though we have succeeded in organizing the first Sabbath-school ever held here.

Our work will be among Americans and Mexicans. We are anxious to begin. We feel hopeful. Desperadoes throng the country. Seven men killed in three weeks. Mr. Ealy's first duty was to preach a funeral sermon for a member of an Episcopal Church, who was brutally murdered by these desperadoes. May they be speedily brought to justice.

LINCOLN, New Mexico, March 16, '78.

DOWN SOUTH.

Dr. Pollok's Trip Through Colorado and New Mexico.

NUMBER ONE.

On the 7th of September, Dr. Irving J. Pollok, of Georgetown, accompanied by Judge Dickenson and Benjamin Rheinhardt, left here for a tour of observation through the southern portion of Colorado and New Mexico. The party outfitted at Denver, with team, wagon, cook stove, and everything essential to an old-fashioned overland journey.

The Doctor has been kind enough to give us the necessary notes for a series of articles, which the MINER has no doubt will prove of interest to its readers, not only at home but abroad. We shall endeavor to adhere closely to the facts and figures furnished by our informant, merely premising that we shall dwell but briefly on the first part of the route, which is generally so well known to most of our readers as to need but little description.

From Denver the route of our travelers lay through Pueblo, across the country watered by the St. Charles, Greenhorn and Huerfano rivers, and through the Beatty Pass, into San Luis Park, to Fort Garland. The road through the Pass is a very good one. From this military post, the party struck out for Del Norte, the new town on the Rio Grande del Norte, which is now the entrepot of the San Juan mining country. The Doctor not having visited the mines, does not feel competent to pass judgment upon them, further than to say that he saw what appeared to be good ore that had been brought into the town from some of the newly opened lodes. The old Mexican town, Loma, consisting principally of adobe houses, is located on the opposite side of the river from Del Norte,

and the towns are some eight or nine miles from timber.

Leaving Del Norte, they followed down the Rio Grande to the Conejos river. Thus far in their travels through San Luis Park, they found along the streams narrow fertile valleys, varying in width from a half mile to a mile. Down the Rio Grande, there are facilities for irrigation, and a great deal of good farming land can be found. These valleys are sparsely settled by a "Greaser" population, who live in collections of fifteen or twenty adobe houses, called "*placedas*" (or places), and carry on a limited amount of farming. All these little Mexican settlements have one or two more trading houses, kept by a person of a different nationality from the Mexicans; and this observation will apply to most of the towns in New Mexico, where outsiders have gradually but surely stolen away the trading business from the natives. The most extensive farming the Doctor saw in San Luis Park was on the Conejos. Here were fine fields of wheat, barley, oats and corn; and immense herds of sheep which find ample pasturage on the slopes and among the valleys of the adjacent mountain ranges.

From Conejos, the party crossed over in an easterly direction to the Gilpin grant, now the property of a Holland Company. The principal town, formerly called San Luis, but now named Calabria, is a *placeda* containing a population of about a thousand, principally Mexicans, employed in herding stock and farming, with Dutch bosses. This grant comprises very fine farming land, but the great drawback to its successful cultivation is and ever will be the want of water, there being but few streams running through it, and no means of reclaiming it by irrigation.

Resuming the thread of the narrative at Conejos, the visit to San Luis having been a digression from the route laid out, the Doctor speaks of one of the settlers in that place, a Maj. Head, who owns a saw mill, grist mill, a large store, and extensive herds of horses and sheep. There are five or six traders here—all Americans, English, and descendants of the tribe of Judah.

Leaving Maj. Head's the party crossed a plain which they found destitute of pasturage (the grass having been eaten off by herds of stock which had been driven to pastures new), a distance of about thirty miles to the Caliente river, which stream they followed down to the celebrated Hot Spring, or

OJO CALIENTE,

(pronounced Oho Caleanta), which they found in a barren region about three hundred yards from the river. The water of this celebrated fountain the Doctor had no opportunity to analyze, but it is a white sulphur, and its remedial qualities are something wonderful—the testimony of all the invalids he saw being uni-

formly in its favor. The party found a couple of old Coloradans "running" the Spring, and about thirty invalids testing its virtues, while on the road they met the halt and the lame going in sick or coming back cured or relieved. East of the Ojo Caliente lies a section of country, fertile and well watered, known as the "Yellow Lands."

From the Spring, the party struck across the country in a northeasterly direction to Taos, a distance of about sixty miles. The special inducement that turned them in this direction was their desire to be present at one of the great gala days of the

PUEBLO INDIANS,

which was soon to be celebrated. From all quarters the Mexican population, on these occasions gathers in, to enjoy a holiday and witness the sports of the Indians, and indulge in all sorts of games and extravaganzas on their own hook. No need of losing the road to Taos! As the way to Mecca is thronged with devotees, so was every thoroughfare and by way leading to Taos crowded with the country population. Some in carts, some on jacks, others plodding along on foot; all grades of the population were travelling the same road—some clad in holiday raiment and radiant in gaudy colors, others lightly attired in the commonest of cottons, and others again with only the narrow band that easy modesty required to hide a portion of their tawny bodies. The response the party received to all questions as to the destination of their fellow-travellers was "Fernando de Taos."

NUMBER TWO.

The Doctor is quite enthusiastic in his description of the

TAOS VALLEY,

which, he says, is a very fertile region. It is tolerably thickly settled with a New Mexican native population, who farm in primitive style, and of course do not develop the resources of the soil to their full capacity. The wheat raised here is described as the finest our informant ever saw, the grain being very large and plump; but the crops are merely patches grown here and there. The natives still do their threshing in the most primitive fashion—by driving over the scattered sheaves what cattle and sheep they can press into the service; then the straw is scraped off, and the grain is winnowed by tossing it by hand into the air.

Taos Creek, a stream about the size of Clear Creek at Idaho, furnishes water for irrigating purposes, and water power to drive several grist mills in Taos, which make excellent flour.

TAOS

was found to be quite a large town, containing a mixed population of between six thousand and seven thousand per-

sons, the natives predominating in the ratio of about thirty to one. The houses are all *adobes*—built of sun-dried brick. Around the plaza, or public square, the most of the business establishments are located, and, as elsewhere in New Mexico, foreigners do the principal part of the business. Taos is the commercial emporium for all the surrounding country, and heavy trains, freighted with all kinds of merchandise, are constantly arriving—not, as in the olden time, from Santa Fe, but from the “end of the track” on the railroad. Among the merchants, the Doctor speaks of Mr. Miller, who has an extensive trade, and Antonio Joseph, a native of Portugal, who has a very large wholesale house, with branches at several of the smaller towns; this gentleman owns the largest share in the Ojo Caliente property, and carries on a mercantile trade amounting to over three hundred thousand dollars annually. Living, in Taos, is cheap and good. There is one well kept American hotel, which gives first class accommodations at two dollars a day.

THE PUEBLO INDIANS

live in towns located on opposite sides of the creek, in a beautiful spot a few miles from Taos. These towns, at a little distance, resemble massive old castles, but are really terraces rising one above another, and occupying each about an acre and a half of ground. The central terrace rises to the height of probably sixty feet above the ground, and is crowned with towers rising still higher, and stairways afford access from one terrace to another. These massive establishments are composed of dried mud, and as no rain falls there, the material is lasting enough. These Indians are nominally Catholics, but while they yield a semi-obedience to the requirements of the church, they cling in some degree to remnants of their ancient Aztec faith, the worship of the sun included, which the priests who have them in charge wisely tolerate.

The Doctor arrived at the scene of the

GRAND CELEBRATION

early enough in the morning to witness all the preparations. The rival towns each selected a chief, who proceeded to choose athletes from the men of his town between the ages of 21 and 31 years, to the number of about thirty on a side. These running men were all well-made, muscular fellows, naked except a narrow breech-cloth, and were painted from head to foot—one party with an earthy pigment of a greenish hue, while those from the rival town were resplendent in yellow paint. It was to be the old contest of the “Emerald” and “Orange,” the reader will see with what result. The Greens and the Yellows were then paired off in couples, pitted against each other in point of size and strength, in order to make the

race as close as possible. This pairing off took up considerable time, the squaws figuring in the squabble, each trying to gain an advantage for her favorite, but in the end the chiefs settled all disputes amicably.

After this came the preparation of the race track, running down a gentle slope for six hundred yards from one of the gateways. Huckster stands, where Mexicans were selling pea-nuts, trinkets of all kinds, and Albuquerque grapes, were hustled back out of the way—literally shoved into the background. Each side of the track was densely packed with a promiscuous mass of spectators, made up of men, women, children and dogs. Between these and the race ground, which was very smooth and clean, were ranged, at intervals of twenty feet apart, the old men and squaws who were interested in the contestants, each carrying a switch representing the color for which they were partizans. These Indians occupied their positions, ostensibly to keep order, but really that they

might encourage and urge on their respective favorites.

All being in readiness for the race, an important preliminary was next attended to, this being the erection, at the end of the track, of a

GREASED POLE,

about a foot in diameter at the bottom, tapering, and about forty feet long. After being properly planted, it was greased with mutton tallow the distance of fifteen feet, having been previously peeled and scraped as smooth as possible. Suspended from the top hung the gifts deemed the most agreeable to their patron, Saint Jerome—in this instance consisting of the choicest live sheep of the flock, sugar, cabbages, hams, beef, calico, and various trinkets. These are allowed to remain on the pole until midnight, when, if the patron Saint has not removed them in token of displeasure, it is understood that he is highly pleased with the day's performances, and the door of competition is thrown wide open for all who desire to come in possession of the cargo of valuables with which the pole is freighted by climbing to the top and taking it. This is a very novel method these Indians have adopted of securing a visible evidence of divine favor, and a very successful one, too, for good Jerome has never been known to grieve his children by removing the prize, the competition for which affords so much amusement as well as religious consolation.

NUMBER THREE.

After the pole was in place, the announcement was made that the

FOOT RACES

would commence. They lasted from 10 o'clock in the forenoon until 4 o'clock in

the afternoon without cessation. The manner in which the race was conducted was a new feature in sporting to our informant, and we presume will be to nearly all our readers. The Greens and Yellows were divided into two parties, and placed at opposite ends of the track. The two who were to run the first heat of six hundred yards stood swaying back and forth, with feet at the line, and the moment the word was given were off like a shot; meanwhile two stood at the other end of the track, ready to start the instant their partisans reached the line; the Green got through a foot ahead of his competitor, and that instant an athlete in green leaped away in the opposite direction, followed by one in yellow the moment his partner crossed the line; none could start until one of his own color had got home. When we state that victory consisted in one side or the other accomplishing the feat of making a run alone, entirely distancing the opposite party, and when the reader understands that frequently one Yellow would make up what had previously been gained by a Green, he can comprehend how interminable and long-drawn-out such a race may be.

In this instance, the Doctor thinks that during the six hours the race lasted, all the racers must have repeated the run twenty or more times. The race was highly exciting the whole time. As one runner would leap ahead his squaw would express her delight, while the female favorite of the one who was lagging behind would encourage him with exclamatory remarks and a taste of the switch she held in her hand.

Finally one Green made the race alone, before his competitor could start in, and this settled the race. The defeated athletes went off and sat down together, presenting a mortified and dejected appearance, and as if they would take no further interest in sublunary affairs, while their squaws kept up a sort of wailing song, each giving the reasons for the defeat of her favorite, and attributing this want of success to whatever disease first came uppermost in her thoughts.

The victors, surrounded by their jubilant women, went up on a terrace just above where the others were sitting, and had a grand jollification, singing, shouting, firing pistols and fire crackers, and in every conceivable manner manifesting their joy. Then the successful runners commenced throwing down to their unhappy competitors, who sat in yellow melancholy beneath them, raisins, bread and contributions of all kinds, until great heaps accumulated. These were all unnoticed by the males; but were finally taken care of by their squaws. This occupied the time for about an hour, during which time the outsiders were not idle. The

SPORTS OF THE GREASERS, consisted of races, two of which particularly interested the Doctor. Two men were blindfolded, and in this condition each man selected a horse and competed in a race. Betting was very spirited, and the sport of the most extravagant character. Then came a race for the privilege of asking in marriage the belle of the valley. One man, mounted on a horse, started, holding a chicken in one hand, and was followed by his rival; the conditions of the race being that they should ride up and down the track, until the rival succeeded in snatching away the chicken or passing the man who held it. This he was not able to do, although he made great efforts to win the girl; and the man who held the chicken, surrounded by his friends, met a party of the señorita's friends, made an offer of his hand and was accepted, and when the time came to return to Taos, the belle rode behind him on the same horse.

While these sports were going on part of the Indians had been busily engaged in preparing a

GREAT FEAST,

and at 5 o'clock a scene commenced that exceeded all preconceived ideas the Doctor had entertained in regard to the capacities of the human stomach in the way of gormandizing. There was no need, there, for artificial stimulants to appetite, although there might have been room for the introduction of aids to digestion. The participants in the race were the most ravenous consumers of victuals, which consisted chiefly of meats, some of them eating five or six pounds of mutton before they lost interest in the occupations of mastication and deglutition. This feast continued from 5 o'clock till midnight, when the pole climbing commenced.

THE UTENSILS

made use of by these Indians in their culinary operations—ovens, pots, kettles, pans, and cups—are the old Aztec earthenware, made of a ground porphyritic rock, and are very lasting, some of which were shewn to our informant that had been in constant use for seventy or eighty years.

The Doctor could not wait to see the performance of

CLIMBING THE POLE,

but rode back the next morning to ascertain the result, and learned that after about sixty unsuccessful attempts by others, the feat was finally accomplished by one of the "Greens"—a young man barely twenty-one. After his great feat he was at once declared a "big brave," and our informant found him the hero of the day; he had been plastered over with daubs of sticky earth, and these were filled with rosettes of gaudy feathers.

(Continued on 4th page.)

22
A Letter to Mr. W. G. Ritch. (2)

Being desirous that our readers who do not understand Spanish may have an opportunity of seeing for themselves the depth of infamy into which bigotry and an infidel spirit has thrown the Secretary of this Territory we have endeavored to give here a translation of the Jesuit Father's answer to Mr. Ritch's article under the head of "Jesuitism in New Mexico."

Dear and most esteemed sir: We are very thankful for the article in the *Denver Tribune* of Nov. 8th which you had the kindness to send us, and we are still more thankful for the corrections made on that article, or rather its proof, with your own hand; because, it is well known, those blessed compositors appear to do it on purpose and often persist in leaving so much nonsense in print, that even an author whose chief merit consisted in devoting all his life to lexicographical labors, was given the reputation of one who did not even know the orthography of his own tongue. You have done well, then, in remitting us a list of printers errors in your article of the *Tribune* and you have shown still greater prudence in carefully admonishing us that the proof of your writing was only *partly* revised. With this supply of *definitions* with two *fs*, *Catholica* with *th*, as if you spoke Latin or Greek when quoting our periodical, and a few other typographical trifles for which the Denver "typos" are entirely responsible, you have earned the name of an *accomplished English scholar* without spot or blemish, which everyone is bound to admit.

Would that you had taken equal pains not in preserving, but in gaining the fame of being an ingenious, fertile, robust and learned writer, an exact, wise, and impartial historiographer, a faithful and conscientious translator, a liberal American, in the true sense of the word, and finally of being a sensible Protestant, unembittered by anti-Catholic prejudices! Because, to speak plainly, we are sorry to say your writing lacks all of these good qualities.

You have undertaken a task, dear Mr. Ritch, that neither a Sue in France nor a Gioberti in Italy could accomplish, men of genius whom, without doing you the least injustice, were much more versatile and brilliant. Do not take offense at this, because, whether you will it or not it "non omnis fert omnia tellus." As you masticate a little Latin you will understand this trite hemistich of the Georgies: all men of talent are not equal, not even after the famous discovery that all men are born equal. Your task once begun, you will be obliged to fritter in the *Denver Tribune* fryingpan the same identical fish that during four months you were frying in the Santa Fe *New Mexican*'s kitchen; you recur to the same futile and puny sophisms; in the same way you alter and disfigure facts; you assert at haphazard what you ignore; you twist, mutilate and cripple the words of the *Revista Católica*; you translate them by interpolating words foreign to the text, and which change the meaning entirely; you ignore all

the replies we have had the honor of giving you, and with a slowness worthy of admiration, but not of imitation, you state that no reply has been made; you evoke all the filthy and rotten phantoms forged in the fertile imaginations of your masonic predecessors and friends, and then sell them to us as if newly made; you throw out hints and intimations unworthy a Secretary of the Territory; in a word, you show very clearly that, outside of the displeasure felt at seeing your old — we won't say friend, but — companion in arms and adventures Don Samuel B. Axtell stuck in the mud, your ravings are nothing more than those of a bigoted Protestant and rabid Freemason.

Don't get angry; listen to us with dignified coolness. We pledged ourselves, as we promised you, although the promise was afterwards lost on the road, we pledged ourselves, then, to leave nothing unproved. There is nothing more to do than run over as patiently as we possibly can, your long but precious document in the *Denver Tribune* of Nov. 8th, to examine its assertions, compare them with our own, when necessary, and when not so, with facts and a little history, that is not Masonic (you will have to concede us this right), and then whichever turns out to be the liar and impostor cannot evade the consequences.

You begin by stating that Rev. J. M. Finotti, of Central City, who without being known to us more than by the reputation of his talents, his works and sacerdotal virtues, choose to undertake the odious task of defending a few Jesuits; that he also is an Italian Jesuit. Amen: Father Finotti is not the first Catholic priest whom writers of your own ilk wanted right or wrong to cover with the black cassock of a Jesuit. Even Pius IX, of blessed and glorious memory was called a Jesuit; and Albert Mario, the illustrious hero of that "free Italy" which, as you say arose when it cast from its bosom the poisonous weed of Jesuitism, said in *La Nazione* of Florence: "We make no mistake: all the priests are Jesuits now, from Pius IX down." That is to say in our day Jesuit in many cases is synonymous with *pure Catholic*. We are well aware of it and bewildered with the honor conferred and if Father Finotti is a Jesuit in this sense, then you speak like another Solomon. But you mention the "Provincial of his order in New Mexico" and the instructions this person has sent him or will soon send him! Dear and loved sir, who made you so garrulous and loud spoken where you were not invited? What an itching to spout nonsense, in place of satisfying yourself well of the facts and then talking like a man who knows whereof he speaks.

But let us lay trifles aside: the pertness with which you, Mr. Secretary, with a scratch of your pen confer on one a patent of Jesuitism, and assign him to the Provincial under whose orders he is to serve, and foresee the orders he has received or may receive, is not the greatest of your failings: it is a little vanity, very natural and pardonable in one who occupies a position so elevated as yours is let us proceed.

Let us on to *leechery of the old priesthood*.

This phrase, rough indeed, you let go by way of parenthesis, as something indifferent to you, being foreign to the subject. Nevertheless you are not so cunning (such a Jesuit, you might say) as to know how to dissimulate your pleasure and smack your lips when the occasion offers to sink your teeth in the sick limbs of a healthy body. On this account have we to pause here, in order that you may observe that the "Provincial of the Order in New Mexico," either himself or those belonging to him bear no comparison with the soulmouther by profession. And in the first place we will venture to say, with your permission, or without it, that you, like a good lawyer confound two things, very different. We will explain the matter by returning to its source, that all may understand it.

A certain individual, who, ashamed to let the light fall upon his name, the happy thought struck him of taking the name of *Lobo* or "Lupus," without perceiving that in doing this he was playing traiter to the animal hidden beneath his sheepskin, came to this country, traveled, saw the Pecos, and then he could not do less than consign to the press for the instruction of the present and future generations all he had learned about the history of New Mexico, and especially the old Pecos village. But, gentlemen, that history is some of the most wonderful. The Jesuits, before their suppression by Pope Ganganelli in 1773, placed themselves at the head of the Spanish troops and marched from Santa Fe upon the poor Pecos Indians, whom they subjugated without much difficulty. Obliging them afterwards (as the Egyptians on another occasion did with the Israelites) to build a church and convent, submitting them to extortions, labors and trials so insupportable that one day the indignant Indians united and rose against their tyranical masters, slaughtered and burnt them, and threw their accursed ashes to the four winds of heaven, thus originating the infinite number of saints that fill the Spanish Calender. Greater absurdities have not been uttered in ten centuries. But Mr. Wolf went further. Probably on the principle that *a thief thinks everyone belongs to his profession*, he fabricated the vilest, most indecent, obscene and repugnant stories about the Pecos Jesuits. He said that beside the pretended Fathers convent there was another destined for the Indian's daughters, and that he himself had seen the ruins of over two hundred cells, a real seraglio, in comparison with which a Mussulman harem would be a palace of honesty.

Well, against these indignities, that ought to cover the American press with oprobrium, Father Finotti thought it a duty to raise his voice, and he has done so in terms so polite and with such effect and prudence that the Denver *Tribune* itself, whose pages had been stained by the nastiness and filth of the licentious Wolf, made an act of contrition and said on the 8th of October: "We call attention to a note of Father Finotti, of Central City, published in another column. The *Tribune* regrets that the

article referred to by the Reverend Gentleman found a place in its columns."⁶ The *Revista Católica* desired to speak in its turn. In order to do so more correctly one of its editors went to Pecos, to see with his own eyes the famous ruins of the two hundred cells seen by the Wolf. The answer to this notable liar was easy and certain; but why trouble about it after the *Tribune's* act of contrition? As to Jesuits, there never had been Jesuits in any part of New Mexico as now bounded, from the time that Ignatius of Loyola established the order until the year 1867, when Fathers Bianchi, Gasparri and Vigilante, and two Coadjutor Brothers arrived in this Territory. The Jesuits had penetrated into California and Arizona, and had sown in these regions the seed of Indian civilization that produced in a short time astonishing fruit, and promised more in the future. What has been done with those missions, let Mr. Secretary ask his Brother Masons of the flourishing Mexican Republic. But in what is actually now New Mexico, there never had been a single Jesuit before 1867. On what, then, are founded the absurd and filthy Pecos tales.

Oh! they were other friars; the infamous calumniator might say. — Other friars? But, where are those two hundred cells destined for those new kind of *virgins*? Think well on't, these ruined cells, seen only by the mendacious Wolf, are all the foundation of his impertinence and lying. Well, then, in Pecos there are no cells, no ruins of cells. In Pecos there are the walls of the old church, and the remains of the Indians' private habitations; nothing more. We defy the Wolf and all the other wild beasts of his species tribe or family to prove the contrary.

Honorable Mr. Ritch, pardon this digression, which was necessary for the rest of our readers. Let us go back now. The challenge we have given the Wolf and his kind, is not for you. You have made a synoptical picture of New Mexican history and published it in the *New Mexican* of January 12th, if we mistake not. We have read it, and do not remember having discovered a single trace of the foolish and stinking fables of your co-correspondent of the *Tribune*. Consequently it is to be believed that you had no notice of Jesuits before the year 1867, nor of Indian nuns ever established in New Mexico. But you are a literary man and unfortunately for yourself remembered Esop's fable of "The Wolf and the Lamb," and wanted to put it in practice. Says the wolf to the lamb "why do you muddy the water?" The lamb replied: "I? but, sir, if the water flows from you to me, how can I muddy it?" — "True, but you muddied it six months ago." — "Sir, I was not born then." — "Then it was your father, secondr' f'" and he eat him. Well you have done exactly the same thing Mr. Ritch. That individual "Lupus" accused, the Jesuits. You saw the great rip on the nose he had given himself, and should also have seen that the two hundred Pecos cell's was another silly thing that made his story impro-

no other conception of the writer who pretends to have so much to say against the Jesuits of New Mexico and the entire world, and to confirm it resorts again to the extravagant rehash of our conspiracies and threatenings against the life of Governor Axtell. Dear sir, you can throw that bone to another dog, or, in vulgar phrase, you can tell that story to the marines! You received a reply in No. 5 of the *Revista Católica* of this year, in the article headed "The New Mexican's Scandals." If you wish to refresh your memory, which it is evident cannot be Mithridatic, bue that of a cricket, we could send you that number—*revised proof, with compliments of the author*—and here we will put a full point for the present.

Abur.

Fourth Letter to Mr. G. W. Ritch.

Translated from the *Revista Católica*.

Dear sir:—Christmas festivities ended, or about coming to an end, we return to our task, a very disagreeable and onerous one in itself, but, nevertheless, indispensable: otherwise you might imagine there was nothing else left for us to say in regard to your "robust, pointed and crushing logic;" and for the present let us consider your profession of faith.

Yes, sir: you have got a faith, one deeply rooted in the heart, to all appearances; you have faith in the most excellent ex-Governor Axtell, who, for you being Secretary of the Territory was intimately and agreeably associated with him; was an "able, active, independent, energetic" Governor, and above all "a friend of the Territory." Such is your profession of faith, and we admire the noble courage the enviable freedom of spirit with which you make such profession. Certainly, any other person would be ashamed to do it, any other less intrepid than yourself would not have ventured to walk the streets of Santa Fe, because he would have blushed and cowed at the terrible thought of what the people might say at seeing him pass by, when he had said he was "agreeably and intimately associated with Axtell" with Axtell who treated them as the most brutal, stupid and ignorant of people; with Axtell who secretly conspired "to plant a dagger in the very heart of Cath. Leisn." (*); who called "incestuous" the marriages authorized and sanctified by the Church of nine tenths of this population; with Axtell who having scarcely hidden himself on his farm in Ohio, vilely abused this people, describing them as worse than Indians in mind and body, lacking all public spirit and sentiment, the descendants of Spanish soldiers and Indian prostitutes. (†) A pusillanimous and weak spirit would have thus reasoned, and of course would have been overwhelmed with shame before and after his profession of intimate and agreeable association with the fallen Governor. But you on the contrary profess to have reasons for being proud of that holy and noble friendship and, who will try to prevent it? True, in nowise absolutely headstrong about that

idea of "I wish no your company and I'll tell you what you are;" but it is also true that "it is all a matter of taste," as we are all in the right.

Let us proceed, Governor Axtell did not molest any religious denomination, he dealt only with the Jesuits, because they pretended to rule the Legislature; so said tell that to your granny. That the same gentleman "firmly believed in the supremacy of civil law over the Church," it is something we were not ignorant of, but it demonstrates that this Governor, so independent, so intelligent, so progressive never understood the spirit of the American Constitution, or he was so independent he did not care to be *dependent* upon it, and so progressive that he pushed his *progress* beyond the limits assigned by it. Dear sir, there are petty demagogues in this section of the Union upon whose lips constantly resound the word *Separacion*: complete, absolute, inviolable separation between the Church and State. Very well, but what is this other cry about Supremacy? How does it agree with that of Separation? Certainly these demagogues know not what end they aim at. They talk at random, putting two things together that are mutually opposed to each other. He that is *separated* from another has in respect to him neither supremacy nor inferiority. For instance, two merchants form a Company. Time passes, one of them cannot agree with his associate and says to him: Let us separate: there is your part of the capital and its profits; henceforth you will do business on your own account and I on mine. But, he adds, let it be understood that I reserve the *supremacy*: you can do nothing without my will and consent. What do you think of this new kind of Separation, Mr. Ritch? Well this is the way that most intelligent gentleman understood it who "firmly believed in the supremacy of civil law over the church;" and in that way do you as well as all who talk like you understand it. With all the sharpness of your logic you have not yet penetrated what is, nevertheless, a very simple affair; to wit, that Supremacy signifies Superiority, supereminence, a supreme grade in the same line, class, or scale; and that Separation supposes, lines, classes, or scales essentially and radically different. The Axtelian faith in the "supremacy of the civil law over the Church" was not, then, an orthodox faith; it was a heresy against the American Constitution, in virtue of which the Separation of Church and State has been proclaimed. The famous laws against interments and against the pretended "incestuous marriage" were nothing more than the spontaneous fruit of this faith: they were consequently constitutionally heretical laws. The sanitary motives upon which it was sought to base them, was a frivolous and paltry pretext to cover the true motor that dictated them to their authors, that is to say the blind and bigoted purpose of striking a blow at the Catholic church, or in other

words, more explicit, against its Clergy. Even the *Las Vegas Gazette*, a paper so affectionately Ritehino and Axtellino, as you know perfectly well, came near publicly qualifying those laws as insipid and ridiculous, that the Governor sustained them with an ardor and perseverance as if upon them depended an escape from the most horrible and imminent catastrophe which ever threatened this Republic.

What follows in your letter to the *Denver Tribune*, up to the point on Dictionaries, deserves no attention. Because, firstly, your proposition that "the Jesuits pretend that New Mexico belongs to them by right of Roman authority," is so strange a proposition, that not alone by right of Roman authority but by that of common sense, it ought to be inserted in the immense catalogue of fallacies; secondly, to your petard upon public schools we will reply on another occasion when we answer your other nonsense on the same subject; thirdly, in regard to your shining protests of love and respect toward the "Roman Catholic Religion," let it suffice for us to say that to us they appear in your mouth like the love tales and precious stones which the fox deals out to his neighbor the chicken. Let us on then to the funny point: these Dictionaries.

Your intention is to describe the Jesuits; by exposing their habits, their artifice, their frauds, their hypocrisy, their meanness and their perfidy. You are then a plaintiff against the Company of Jesus before the bar of public opinion. Well then, the judges ask for proofs. You, not the least discomposed, say you have in your possession and favor "the past and present history" of the accused; and accordingly produce for dictionaries: Dominguez, Salvá the Academy and a Literary Society; you read the word *Jesuit*, and say to the judges: Look here gentlemen, this word signifies Hypocrite, false, untrue, curning, perfidious, etc., etc., what more proof can you ask? But sir, the judges will say, we did ask for the signification of the word, but what the Jesuits have done. Do you mean to say dictionaries are histories? or are they all the "history of the past and present" that you have read and studied?

Esteemed Mr. Secretary, when not only the Dictionaries but all the literature of a century has been directed by the sects engendered of the satanic Voltarian spirit, or the corruption and perversion of all the ideas, maxims and institutions political and religious of christendom; to quote the definition of four Dictionaries in order to blacken the character of one of these institutions, which was born and thrived in the bosom of the Catholic Church, under the vigilance and supreme authority of 36 Roman Pontiffs, and was blessed, encouraged and employed by them in the most delicate and difficult missions of christendom, to quote those dictionaries, we have said, is proof positive of one being imbued with the same Voltarian spirit whose synthesis is sophistry and calumny.

Say: those dictionaries, on whose authority you swear and rest all your "history past and present," do they declare perchance for what motives, or in what circles, an odious meaning has been attached to the word *Jesuit*? They are silent. We are slightly mistaken, we retract; there is a dictionary that says so; and a dictionary whose authority you can not ignore; a dictionary which for you ought to be worth more than all the Salvá and Dominguez in the world, the AMERICAN DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE BY NOAH WEBSTER. This Dictionary gives a brief idea of the Jesuit Institute, it concludes with saying: "The Jesuits have displayed in their enterprises a high degree of zeal, learning, policy, and skill, but by their opponents have been generally reputed to use art and intrigue in promoting or accomplishing their purposes, whence the words *Jesuit*, *Jesuitical*, and the like, have acquired an odious and offensive sense."

Do you see? Only to the philanthropic love of *Philosophers* of the XVIII century, the purified and most *christian* zeal of the Janissaries, without speaking of the illustrious host of *Reformers*, is own the odious sense of the word *Jesuit*, for these were our "adversaries" at all times. The other Dictionaries do not give those reasons. WEBSTER, the conscientious WEBSTER, gives them: you know it quite well, and while quoting the other Dictionaries, you do not quote WEBSTER! Mr. Ritch, this is *Jesuitism* according to the definition of your Dominguez and Salvá.

Now for your edification and consolation let us tell you that according as Literature goes on shaking off the ignominious and impious Voltarian yoke; according as it goes on separating from the pestilential atmosphere of incredulity in which it was submerged by the internal activity of rationalism and freemasonry; the most illustrious Dictionaries become ashamed of presenting to unwary youth the lying poison; and, either they magnanimously correct themselves, or protest, by the act, against the knavery of the rest. Thus the Dictionary of the Academy, in the Eleventh Edition (Madrid, 1869) says:

Jesuit—"A religious of the regular order of Clergymen of the Company of Jesus, founded by St. Ignatius of Loyola;"—nothing more.

Jesuitical—"Pertaining to the religion of the Company of Jesus;"—nothing more.

The Dictionary of RAMON CAMPUZANO (Madrid, 1876), defines

Jesuit—"An individual of the Company of Jesus;"—nothing more.

Jesuitical—"Pertaining to the Jesuits or to their order;"—nothing more.

The Italian Dictionary of LONGHI & TOCAGGI (Milan, 1859,) defines

The French Dictionary of Mr. T. Bénard (Paris 1869) defines

Jesuit—"A priest of the Company of Jesus, a religious order instituted by St. Ignatius of Loyola;"—nothing more.

Jesuit—"A member of the Company of Jesus. This order, founded in 1534 by Ignatius of Loyola, was consecrated to the propagation of the faith and the education of youth;"—nothing more.

Jesuitical—"what pertains to the Jesuits; what is proper to them;"—nothing more—nothing more.

To your four Dictionaries we oppose, then, as many more. What has become now of that robust, pointed and crushing argument of yours?

Another word and we conclude. The Dictionary is quoted by you give the acceptations "cedics and offensive," after having given the proper and inoffensive. You suppress the latter and copy only the former. This is *Jesuitism* according to Dominguez and Silvá. Good by.

*They are words spoken by Mr. Axtell during a familiar conversation, to a member of the Senate, during the last Legislature. That senator who agreed with Axtell on other points, felt considerable irritation and scorn at this sample of bigotry. He repeated the words to a Representative, from whom we came to hear it. We do not name the parties because they did not desire it then and we know not if they would wish us to do so now; but they are persons of whose veracity not even Mr. Ritch would doubt.

Fifth Letter to Mr. G. W. Ritch.

Translated from the *Revista Católica*.

Esteemable sir: We present ourselves to you this time with an humble and repentant heart, asking in all sincerity a thousand pardons for the slight given you in our last letter by letting it be understood that you had not read or studied more history than those Dictionaries of Dominguez and Silvá. We were mistaken: you must have read more history; but it must have been the history of the pamphlet, the newspaper, the almanac, the drama, the novel and perhaps even the French Encyclopedia. Thus it is, that your knowledge though vast, is not proportionately profound; and it is bespattered here and there with the same light, superficial, incoherent, erroneous, nonsensical, absurd and other ing-edients with which the scum was impregnated at which you had the misfortune to drink.

Let us produce the prof. You speak for the third, fourth, fifth, or tenth time, we don't remember well, of the Jesuit's expulsion from all civilized countries, except the United States, and of their final extirpation by the suppression of their order at the hand of Pope Clement XIV. These expulsions, this suppression are your Achilles, your war horse against that pestiferous family, which it appears does not allow you to breath nor close your eyes, and perhaps has driven you out of your wits, which latter would be an irreparable loss to logic, to literature and "past and present history." So many Catholic princes could not bear the Jesuits, you say, then the latter must undoubtedly be the nightmare of the world, the devil incarnate. Let us dissect this argument; may be we will have another scintillation of your robust, pointed and crushing logic.

There is on earth a powerful, rich, influential order known as Masonry. This order which at present reigns gloriously in all nations was at one time harassed, persecuted, proscribed and condemned to lie in gloomy caverns like bands of thieves and homicides. Well then, were they innocent or guilty? According to us, they were as a mob of "clandestine sects, that under different names conspired in darkness against religious authority, against the laws of the Church, against the power of legitimate princes, and in a word *adversus omne quod dicitur Deus*," as a brilliant Catholic writes describes it. But, you Mr. Ritch, a prominent Mason, will not admit, of course, such a definition. According to you, Masonry will be a secret society whose object is mutual benefit and the study of all social virtues. Then why was it persecuted? why was it so many princes and governments proscribed it in their states and banished edicts and laws against it? Because they were tyrants, you will say. That is false: but enough for our purpose. Mr. Secretary: the persecutors of the Company of Jesus were all tyrants.

We do not speak of Pope Clement XIV, he was not a persecutor; he was a victim of persecutors; he was driven to the wall. These persecutors were a Portuguese tigre,—Pousbal: a French popinjay: Choisenul: a Spanish fox:—Aranda: the three of them Philosophers: the three members of the great conspiracy to crush the infamous one, whether that signified the word of Jesus Christ or whether it meant the Church.

You are a *Master in Israel* yet ignore these things? You boast of so much historic knowledge and yet presume to affirm that the successive expulsions of the Jesuits was owing to their "treason to governments?" Listen to a few historians who are not Jesuits, nor Catholics: they are Protestants like yourself, but somewhat more learned than you, and more impartial, not to say more honorable.

SCHLOSSER, professor of history in the university of Heidelberg, writes in the V. I. of his *History of the political and literary revolutions of Europe in the XVIII century*: "An irreconcileable hatred had been sworn against the Catholic Religion incorporated with the State for many centuries. * * * To effect this internal revolution and to do away with the ancient religious and catholic system, its principal support, the different courts of the house of Bourbon, ignoring that in this way they were going to place the education of youth in very different hands, leagued together against the Jesuits."

SCHOEL another Protestant, expresses himself thus: "A conspiracy had been formed between the Jansenists and the Philosophical party; or rather, both these factions having the same object in view, worked with such harmony that it might have been believed they had agreed as to the means of gaining it. The Jansenists under the appearance of a religious zeal, and the Philosophers parading philanthropical ideas, worked together

for the destruction of Pontifical authority. The blindness of some well intentioned men was such, that they made common cause with a sect that they would have hated had they known its purposes. These kinds of errors are not rare; every century has its own. * * * But at last in order to destroy ecclesiastical power it was necessary to isolate it, by depriving it of the support of that sacred phalanx which had dedicated itself to the defense of the pontifical throne, that is, the Jesuits. Such was the real cause of the hatred sworn against that Society" (Historical Course of the European States, V. XI-IV.)

RANKE follows next, also a Protestant: "In all the courts there was formed, in the eighteenth century, two parties, of whom one made war on the Papacy, the Church, the State, and the other endeavored to maintain things as they were and to preserves the prerogative of the universal church. The latter party was represented above all by the Jesuits. This order appeared as the most formidable bulwark of catholic principles: against it the tempest was immediately directed" (History of the Papacy, V. IV.)

Mr. Ritch, these German Protestants speak in this way because they do not make their historical credition consist of definitions in Dictionaries, nor in the solemn impostures of impudent scribblers, impelled by a thirst for gold, or for popularity's sake, to sell their conscience and trade with an other: because, as the above quoted historian, SCHELL, says "to hate and persecute" the Jesuits "came to be a title which gave the right to call oneself philosopher."

According to these historians, who had nothing to gain nor lose by confessing to the truth, the persecution decided against the Jesuits did not arise from any crime nor from any "treason to governments," but on the contrary from their immobility in "Catholic principles," from their fidelity "to the Papacy, the Church, the State."

Nevertheless, centuries have passed, and the old calumny will not die. After G. W. Ritch, others will rush in to propagate it, and perhaps will know how to do so with even more brains.

We have said our persecutors were tyrants. It is an odious fact that in the very long list of our expulsions not one can be found that was done according to the established judicial forms for proceeding against criminals in different countries. They were always arbitrary, always violent, always exceptional measures. When have we been heard? When or where have we been permitted to defend ourselves? Even in our enlightened age, of tolerance, of universal equality before the law, where are the proceedings instituted against our order? who have been our judges and our attorneys? What tribunals have judged us in Germany and in Italy? Thus I Pismarek wish it, in the name of the august Emperor William. Thus I Garibaldi order it, in the name of the gentleman King Victor Emanuel; and probably to-morrow we will

hear: Thus I Gambetta, patriot over the left, order it, in the name of the French Republic. Here are the laws, the tribunals, the judges, the juries, the attorneys, the witnesses; here is the whole of it. *Sic volo, sic jubeo, stat pro ratione voluntas.*

And you, Mr. Ritch, you who boast of the name of freeman, of American citizenship, and an enthusiastic admirer of the country's institutions, you have the hardihood to admire these proceedings and to burn incense before their authors, and to attribute these acts of barbarous despotism to the civilization of the countries where committed? Alas! America, if all its citizens were like you! You tell us the United States has preserved its liberty in spite of the Jesuits. No sir; in spite of you and others like you, the Know-nothings of other days and modern times, the United States has preserved and preserves that liberty. And for this same reason that the deleterious endeavors of *Know-nothings* have been impotent to destroy this liberty, exactly on this account the Jesuits have never been expelled from this country; nor is there any fear that they will be, though it may grieve you, while those most *liberal* and most *tolerant* patriots do not succeed in rending to pieces the Constitution, by *amending* it after their own fashion, or by substituting arbitrariness to common law, and incendiarism and mob law for the majesty of the courts.

A word more. Honorable Mr. Secretary, and we will conclude this letter, and with it a review of your "past history." Talking about Clement XIV, you say: "A Spanish writer attributes the assassination of this Pope to the Jesuits." Well now, that Pope died a natural death; and poor human common sense puts this simple question to you and the "Spanish writer:" If the Jesuits could or desired to kill the Pope, why did not they do it before he placed his signature to the Brief suppressing the order? They knew beforehand that Clement was going to launch the exterminating bolt; it was so easy for them to arrest the hostile arm, they were so brutal that no scruples could be entertained, and yet they did not do it? they waited until their crime was of no use to them? Certainly their proverbial astuteness failed them on the most solemn occasion of their life.

This is what common sense says to you Mr. Secretary. You will probably reply and call it a fool, a stupid, a lunatic; for does it not know that in treating of Jesuits, what is natural and proper is what is most improbable, most absurd, most monstrous; but common sense will not be satisfied with this response and asks one from history, and here is what it will answer.

Frederick II, King of Prussia, a Protestant and *philosopher*, but who did not admire all the speculations of *philosophy* in other countries, wrote to d'Alembert on November 15 of 1774: "I beg of you not to lightly believe the calumnies scattered against our good Fathers. There is nothing more false

than the rumor which has been spread about in regard to the poisoning of the Pope." Beccastini equally denies the fact in his *History of Pius VI*, v. 1; Caneccieri denies it; Count Jose de Gorani denies it, who was an active supporter of the French Revolution and a decided enemy of the Church and of the Jesuits; and in his 'Secret and Critical Memoirs of the courts and governments of Italy,' he treats this fable with scorn. Doctors Salicetti and Adinolfi, the former a physician of the apostolic palace, the latter a physician in ordinary to the Pope, opened the body, examined it, and drafted a report dated December 11, 1774, where they give a solemn official denial to the calumny about poisoning: but the calumny did not die, nor will it die: so true is the Voltarian axiom. *Mentid, mentid; algo ha de quedarse.*

Mr. Ritch, it would be well to study a little history before speaking anything about it. Adieu.

Sixth Letter to W. G. Ritch.

Translated from the *Revista Catolica*.

Right Honorable Sir:—In our last, we finished up with what you called the "past history of the Jesuits; let us take up now what you called the "present history;" a history of the most atrocious crimes of course, as it is the history of "these conspirators, these outlaws, these refugees from home and country," for whom there is "nothing too disreputable, or criminal, when it stands in the way of their purposes." Let us take a look, then, at those abominable crimes; and not to waste time or words, we will take the *facts* cited by you and leave the gossiping aside.

Firstly. "Shortly after their arrival (the arrival of the Jesuits in New Mexico) Gasparri assembled a mob, near where the court was in session in Mora, having a divorce case on trial, harrangued the people, and sought to incite violence, because as he asserted, it was interfering with the rights of the church." Those are your words, Mr. Secretary. Well then if you are a gentleman, if you possess any honor, if you have any interest at least in not leaving the name of Secretary buried in ignominy, you will retract; you will recall the lie as publicly as you have advanced this other accusation, or you will undertake to prove what you asserted up to the minutest detail: because we declare there is not the slightest vestige of truth in it from beginning to end. Father Gasparri calls as witnesses against you the whole population of Mora. If Father Gasparri found himself at any time in Mora during court time, he did not dream or think of enquiring what was going on in it, nor does he remember of ever having even casually heard of it. The first *fact* then of the "present history" is a story, a fable, a calumny that rests solely upon yourself. While treating of humbuggs invented by old tattlers, you had some excuse: It is written, you might say; it is to be found in Salva's or Dominguez' dictionary.—And although this argument: It is written; then it must be so—may not be an argument worthy of a writer of your calibre and

weight, nor manifest a very "robust, pointed and crushing" logic we may say, nevertheless, it might serve you for some excuse, at least, with simpleton readers. But the tale of Father Gasparri's harangue to the people of Mora and of the incitement to violence is all an invention of your own. Prove it, then, or take it all back; otherwise your probity and integrity will disappear.

The second Jesuit crime of the "present history;" the war on public schools.—

Let us distinguish the crime well. Of what Public Schools do you speak, dear Mr. Secretary? Are they those you call enlightened, *non-sectarian* Schools, that is to say, where no religion is taught?

Well, yes; those schools will always be a *casus belli* for us, though we will fight them only with the same legal weapons we have used up to the present—the weapons of public speech and public dissection. —Ah! Mr. Ritch, these Godless schools, that for you and others of your ilk are the ideal of the system of public instruction, have already given matter for grave reflection and care to men, whose judgement weighs a great deal in the opinion of the country, and who, notwithstanding, are far from being Jesuits; nor Catholics either. The *New York Times* has repeatedly said that this system educates the intelligence but not the heart; and, consequently, it is only laboring to make rogues more pernicious to society and more to be feared—intelligent rogues—educated rogues. The other *Times* of Philadelphia, after giving some awful statistics of the Pennsylvania State prisoners, in which those most prominent for their numerical proportions, were the *educated rogue*, indignantly exclaims: "There must be something very vicious in this system" of teaching that "recruits the great army of idlers and thieves." The words of Hon. Mr. Randall remain indelible in our memory with which he refused the petition of Mr. Elkins, who had asked for funds to educate our Indians. The Honorable ex-Delegate believed he could advance his cause by showing Congress the uprightness of our Indians, so as to make them almost by right entitled to the liberality of the General Government. "Mr. Elkins," replied the Speaker of the House, "here, where we educate, crime is rampant;" and concluded that the Indians could very well remain in their blissful ignorance. Certainly, if public instruction has to be the synonym of *atheistic instruction*, Mr. Randall's conclusion was just and true.

The poison fountain, is the title of a book that enriched American literature about two years ago. Its author, Montgomery, a lawyer, does not tell us whether he is a Protestant or a Catholic, but, be what he may, his work reveals him to be an eminent thinker. Do you know Mr. Ritch, what the object of that book is? To demonstrate with official statistics at hand, and from a point of view entirely secular, that the instruction of youth, such as is now given in the Public Schools, is a hot-bed of crime. You do not believe it? You laugh? Well get that book; read it; examine its reasons and refute them if you can. In questions of

vital importance, like this, he is extremely impudent and even criminal who treats it lightly.

Well now, when there are so many intelligent and conscientious men in America who, leaving religion aside, denounce and condemn the present system of Public Instruction, what is the meaning of all this fury against a few Jesuits who publicly profess that they also find grave objections against this same system? We cannot understand it, unless we seek for an explanation in what is not appropriate to this place. Let us proceed then.

The third crime of the "present history" of Jesuits is that they have ruined the Public Schools of San Miguel County, and caused the squandering of its funds. Mr. Ritch, this way of writing the "present history" may perhaps afford you and your cronies some diversion, who on seeing a *good joke* at the expense of the Jesuits, do not reflect on anything else; but there is a kind of jokes which bring infamy to their authors, and this is one of them. We resolutely and emphatically deny your bold and calumnious assertion. We defy the "respectable gentlemen," on whose words you rely, to show the proofs of what they affirm. Accept the challenge; speak; or remain branded as miserable calumniators.

In this connection we remember another point. We were informed that this same stupid hoax of our having ruined the Public Schools of this county and caused the stealing of its funds was embraced in the Official Report upon Public Instruction, that you, as Secretary of the Territory sent to Washington. We have not had the honor of seeing that report, but candidly confess we find it hard to believe what was told us. In order to do so, it would be necessary to have lost even the last vestige of faith in our poor humanity; because the public official who would abuse his position by so vilely defaming others in an official act, must have lost even the last trace of honesty. Will you undeceive us upon this point, and deliver us from a doubt so injurious to you, by sending us a copy of that report?

In the Jesuit's third *crime* you include another. In other counties, you say, "the school fund is misappropriated to the support of Jesuit and other parochial schools of the Roman church." Here also there is nothing but falsehoods; because you, with an unpardonable bad faith, with an evident abuse of words, that are not justified by any Dictionary, call *Jesuit* and *parochial schools* what in pure truth are nothing but Public Schools.

Let us say something about the fourth *crime* of the "present history," and conclude this sixth letter.

The Jesuits have said that to educate youth in Godless schools cannot do less than produce unfortunate results, which sooner or later may occasion the death of this Republic. Such is the fourth *crime*. But, dear Mr. Secretary, those same unfortunate results have been not only prognosticated, but seen and pointed out by so many other writers and American papers, that have no more to do with Jesuits than you or ourselves have to do with the Huir of Af-

ghanistan. We have quoted a few periodicals and add to them the *Alta California*, the *Morning Call*, the *New England Journal of Education*, etc., etc., all protestants, besides all the catholic papers in the country without any exception. Certainly this censure of the famous "system" on the part of Catholic and Protestant writers, of laymen and clergymen, could not be caused by the *good* fruit which this delicious tree of *existing* Public Schools has produced, nor by improvements expected in the future. Now then, if you say that all these representatives of the American press, some of whom are of the most enlightened, are all equally culprits like the Jesuits of New Mexico, then we and all men of sound sense shall take no more notice of your decision, than you would take of that of a drunken judge. But if you do not venture to condemn our accomplices in the crime of hurtful Public Schools, then to condemn us alone is nothing more than another effect of your *pointed robust and crushing* logic.

You instance that notwithstanding our prognostications of the pestiferous results of Godless education, "there was found stability and good sense enough in this same government to settle a doubtful presidential issue without revolution or bloodshed." You do not prove much, noble Secretary. Well it is only a few days ago that Eastern papers referred to a certain Dr. James A. Dixon, Protestant Minister, who took a strong dose of strichnine with the intention of committing suicide, *as you say*, "he did not die — he slept well." What do you think of Mr. Ritch? Is it *pointed robust* conclusion? Well, the subject is the logic you maintain that is — it be added that although the nation has to thank the Lord for having suffered a terrible affliction "without revolution or bloodshed," with all that it has no reason to be proud of itself for a solution which *if* it was pacific, installed a President known by everyone as the first fraudulent President of the United States; that's clear enough.

We have examined then the first four crimes of the "present history" of the Jesuits, — sifted the flour we found nothing but falsehoods, or mere gossip. We will leave the others in another number.

Translated from the *Revista Católica*.

Seventh Letter to W. G. Ritch.

Inestimable Mr. Secretary: We had written and delivered to the printers our sixth letter, and even corrected the first proof of the same, when the title which headed a column of an American paper awoke our liveliest attention. *The School Scandal in California — Opinions of the Protestant Pulpit and Press* — such was the title. You might easily suppose we read it with great avidity, and if, as we continued its perusal, we said to ourselves: What a pity we did not see this three days ago; In it, the present system of Godless schools was attacked in the most conclusive manner, without

masks, without beating about the bush. Its stupid management was censured, its immorality and impiety signatized, its dangers to the nation foretold; finally it spoke just like "these conspirators, these outlaws, these refugees" for whom there is "nothing too disreputable, or criminal, when it stands in the way of their purposes," the Jesuits of New Mexico. And those who spoke in this style were Protestant ministers!

"So far as possible" says Rev. W. H. Platt, "God has been excluded from the culture of this land, and if history repeats itself, God will visit us for these things. It is only a question of time. The destruction is sure, and, if signs may be trusted, not far distant."

How awful! How scandalous! "The destruction is certain." *The country going to the demition bow-wow!* And the prophet this time is an Episcopal minister!

And on what does Mr. Platt found his dark prognostication? Well, gentlemen: On the "rotteness of our school system." Traitor! conspirator! hypocrite, Jesuit!

"I trust," thus began the minister of Grace Church, "I trust that recent exposures of the peculiar rotteness of our school system fully warrant me in again alluding to the danger before the people of this republic." And begins the fight with a boldness surpassing that of an army of Jesuits. As may be seen from what we have just quoted, it is not the first time that Mr. Platt has directed his powerful and piercing words against this insidious enemy of society, Godless instruction. Last year we gave a great portion of his lecture upon the same subject, and we now take the trouble of translating a few excerpts from this other. You, Mr. Ritch, may have read them, or not, it makes no odds to us. You do not seek for the truth; and we expect it is because you presume to have it. Judge him O Lord; because it is not for us to judge men, although we know they are in error.

Nevertheless, we cannot refrain from pointing out to him the fact that we are not the only men who heartily detest the purely intellectual training of children, and who see in it nothing but serious and disastrous dangers to coming generations. Was not this the fourth crime of the New Mexican Jesuits, according to the "present history"? And notwithstanding, this crime is increasing in alarming proportions throughout the United States. Let us on to the *fifth* offense.

On the 17th of June, 1876, the *Revista Católica* published an article upon what is called the *American* school system. That was the time of the much talked of colossal frauds discovered in the higher regions of the national government, Belknap and Babcock, those great leaders in that drama of malversation and in reality gigantic robbery of the public purse, had scandalized all honest citizens and dishonored the country in foreign parts. Alluding to all this the *Revista* said: "It is often said that this or that party is the cause of so much evil. It appears to us that no party, as a party, is responsible, but rather it is the system, the

principles that both perhaps have adopted." Here then is what constitutes the bulk of crime N° 5 of the New Mexican Jesuits, according to the "present history."

Let us now ask, not you loveable sir, but the rest of our readers: Have you understood the meaning that the cause of those surprising robberies was not "any party as a party" but "the system," the "principles" adopted perhaps by both of them? It is not very easy for you to have understood it! But the fault remains not with the *Revista*, but with its faithful and scrupulous translator Mr. W. G. Ritch, who doubtless thought that three asterisks (* * *), interpolated with the mutilated text was enough and to spare in order to explain what he judged ought to be omitted, for brevity's sake, that's understood. We, notwithstanding, are of the opinion that it would all be much clearer by putting the words used in place of those little stars; they are as follows: "This system rests on the principle that religion must be excluded from all instruction from the schools,

from government, from polities: these principles are secular, irreligious, atheistic instruction; the taking away of religion from everything relating to polities." With this it may probably be understood what was meant by saying that the cause of all those public impositions and frauds is not this or that party, but the principles adopted perhaps by both. It may be understood that, according to the *Revista*, the cause of the iniquity which it deplored consisted in God and his religion having been excluded from all what is called social life: it consists in other words in affirming that there can be no morality where there is no religion. Well then, having said this much constitutes the fifth horrible *crime* of the Jesuits of this section. Mr. Ritch, WASHINGTON affirmed the same thing when he said: "Let us indnlge with caution, the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion (*Farewell Address*.) If GEORGE WASHINGTON was still alive, he would certainly be impeached before Congress by some of his compatriots and sent to the gallows as a traitor and Jesuit.

All you add to enhance and elevate to the fourth or fifth power this horrible *crime*, is nothing more than useless verbiage. What are you talking to us about remedies and models of government which we should propose in order to save the country from your *denition bow-wow!* You really appear in your way of evading a question, like that amiable, genteel and fastidious Mr. Mantalini of *Nicholas Nickleby*, whose peculiar idiotism you imitate to perfection. We were saying that the cause of so many scandalous failures on the part of the first Government Officers was owing to a want of religion; and you ask that we propose for a model and remedy some of the Spanish-American Republics, or Naples, or New Mexico before the occupation, or the county of Rio Arriba. But, Sir, were you in your senses, when you wrote these things? The remedy lays in that whose absence is the cause of the evil. Be religious. Respect God and his rights over humanity. Respect Him in infancy, in youth,

in the family, in legislation, in politics. Lay not God aside. Republics and Empire as well as individuals depend upon Him, like the ants of the field, like the last grain of sand in the ocean. The model is the Constitution. Stick you to it. Do not trample upon it, do not interpret it according to the caprices of a handful of unbelievers, who want for themselves alone what is the patrimony of all who walk this land.

The Jesuits sixth *crime*: having asserted the civil Legislature should not interfere in Church affairs. Well yes; now it will be necessary to say the civil Legislature *should or might* interfere in affairs of the Church. No, most illustrious Secretary, we will never say so; and, if you say so, you are a traitor to the Constitution in one of its fundamental articles.

Coming to the particular instance, you outrage again with your foul language, the honor and sentiment of Catholics, by telling us that the Territorial Legislature of 1876 wished "to prohibit marriage between grand-parents and grand-children and other incestuous marriages." "Between grand-parents and grand-children?" Can a greater incivility nor a more rude effrontery be conceived? The prohibitive laws, as we understand, treat upon existing abuses, or which at least might exist. Your language then, tends to indicate that marriages existed in New Mexico "between grand-parents and grand-children," or that at least they might exist in virtue of the canons of the Catholic Church: because, in short, official hypocrisy may have said or say what it will, those canons treated of restraining. Now then, where was those marriages "between grand-parents and grand-children?" When did our Church grant dispensation of the impediment of consanguinity in a direct line? or, which of its canons admits the presumption that it might be done?

"And other incestuous marriages." Yes: marriages which the ecclesiastical impediment have *only* made illicit and invalid, and which consequently are lawful and valid when the Church has removed the impediment because neither the positive law of God, nor the natural law ever prohibited them. These marriages you continue calling them "incestuous," solely on account of the impotent rage that devours you at seeing the opposition given to that law, the bantling of yourself "Smith & Co." Martines "between grand-parents and grand-children and other *incestuous* marriages!" Oh! Mr. R. T. H. we did not think that a Secretary, in order to unbosom himself of his Puritanical bigotry, would have lowered himself to the point of wounding the honor of the most respectable families, and what is worse their religion, by using language so unsuitable, indecent, rude common to vile, clownish people, and to people who are strangers to education and refinement.

Let this suffice; we will say nothing about the burial laws; the most ridiculous, improvident and useless that have been passed here since we had a Legislature. Moreover, marriages and burials are affairs of the Church. It remains for you to prove the contrary. You have not done it, nor will you do it. Until another time, bye, bye.

THE INDIAN IDEA.

33

How it is Taught to Shoot in the Right Direction at Albuquerque.

The Presbyterian School for Children at that Far-off Place.

Special Correspondence of the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

One of the most interesting place to visit at Albuquerque is the Indian school, supported by the board of home missions of the Presbyterian church, under the direction of Prof. Bryan, a young gentleman of varied accomplishments, devoted to his work and enthusiastic over his success.

Prof. Bryan was the astronomer of Hall's Polaris expedition in search of the north pole. He was educated at Lafayette college, Easton, Pa., and taught school at Westchester, Pa. He went with the Polaris as astronomer, and was afterward engaged at the naval observatory at Washington. Last August he came here and took charge of this school, at which are now eighty pupils, representing nine of the nineteen tribes of Pueblo Indians, and two or three of the savage tribes. It should be said, by way of parenthesis, that the Pueblo Indians are those who live in fixed villages, and are not migratory.

There are now 10,000 Indians of school age in New Mexico, and the demand for educational facilities can scarcely be met. The Albuquerque school is now established in close, inconvenient quarters, too small and cramped for the demand made upon them, and the number of pupils increased so much this spring that Prof. Bryan was compelled to erect board shanties to accommodate them. The government has appropriated \$25,000 for a new building and the citizens of Albuquerque have given a sixty-six acre farm, upon which it will be erected, so that the accommodations next winter will to some extent approach the requirements.

NOW THE INDIANS LEARN.

It is astonishing how rapidly the Indian children learn; and no one who visits the school will come away without an expression of surprise at the eagerness with which they seize upon the rudiments and the rapidity with which they advance in the steps of learning. They are taught not only the ordinary branches of common school education, but the agricultural and mechanical arts; the boys have practical lessons in farming, in carpentry, and other kindred industries; and the girls in sew-

ing and housewifery:

The school was organized in 1881 under the auspices of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, and has been financially assisted by several churches of that denomination, which have contributed not only money but clothing, which is always welcome. It is an admirable plan for churches that take an interest in the work, and there is no reason why every church should not pay \$50 annually into the treasury of the Home Missionary Board and secure a scholarship in the school. Thirty-two churches have done so, some of them in St. Louis, some in Cincinnati, and in other cities, but none in Chicago. Two or three individuals also sustain scholarships.

When the money is received the church or individual is asked to select a pupil (or one is selected for them), and a new name is given him. The Sunday school children of the Lafayette Park Presbyterian church of St. Louis support a wild young Apache, and he is called "Lafayette Park." The same church has another scholarship, and the boy who receives the benefit of it is named after Dr. Marquis, who was Prof. Swig's predecessor in the Fourth church, and is now coming to take a chair in the Northwestern Theological Seminary of Chicago.

THE INDIAN BOYS AND GIRLS

who two years ago had never seen a book, who did not know there was such a thing as arithmetic, and could not have told for the life of them whether there was such a place in the world as Illinois, are now as far advanced as the children of their age in the public schools of Boston or Springfield, Mass., and study their lessons with an ardor that disproves the theory that the stolid Indian character knows no enthusiasm.

In Miss Wood's class of thirty Indian boys, of ages ranging from 10 to 11 years, I heard recitations in composition that would have taken those who made them to the "head" of any class in any Chicago school of boys of that age. Each boy was given a topic upon which to write a composition. One wrote upon a knife, another upon the scissors, a third upon a book, a fourth upon a chair, another upon a window, and so on, and with their crayons in their hands the pupils stepped to the blackboard, with as much pride in their accomplishments as Michael Angelo felt when he uncovered the frescos of St. Peter's to the Pope. The penmanship was invariably excellent, better than that of nine-tenths of the editors or preachers or lawyers of Chicago, and each one illustrated the subject upon which he was writing with an outline sketch, most of which would have done credit to the pupils of any drawing school in the land.

AN INDIAN BOYS' COMPOSITION.

An Indian from the Apache tribe, who had been in the school only a year and a half, and was 11 years old before he knew there was such a thing as a book in the world, wrote the following upon the blackboard, which is a good illustration of the work of the whole class:

"This is a book. The book is on the table; it is made of paper, and printed with type. The book is used to read. The book has pictures."

Underneath these lines, which were written in a round, even hand, every word spelled correctly and every punctuation mark properly placed, was a picture of an open book, better than nine-tenths of those who read his page could draw.

The geography class wrote their lessons upon the blackboard in the same way, and illustrated them with drawings of states and lakes and islands; and in our party of visitors—six of us, among whom were three college graduates—there was not one who could have done better than the average. There were mistakes, of course, but they were corrected, not by the teachers, but by the boys, and the eagerness with which they criticised the work of each other showed a healthful rivalry.

WHAT THE RED MAN THOUGHT.

While all this was going on, an old Indian with a dirty blanket around him, and a dirtier piece of red flannel bound about his head, squatted in the corner of the school room beside his squaw, watching with amazement his son, who was one of the best scholars in the class, and was writing the composition I have quoted above.

There was a bewildered look upon the old man's face as he saw the finger of his boy trace the hieroglyphics with his crayon, and when the sketch of the opened volume was finished—the symbol of so much that the savage did not know—a faint smile passed across his lips, and a grunt of satisfaction answered the approving look the teacher gave the boy as she examined his work.

They had come ninety miles over the mountains on their ponies, this father and mother, to see how their papoose was getting on, and, although he knew no more of letters than he knew of the fabric of which the stars are made, his gratification was as great as that of the father of him who grasps the prizes a Cambridge University.

I tried to talk with the old man through an interpreter afterward, but he had very little to say. There were thoughts in his mind that he could not utter, and the day's revelations had benumbed his faculties. He could only

express his pride in his son's accomplishments, which he believed to be beyond the reach of the ordinary human ambition, and to say that he did not wish his child to return to the life in which he had been born, but wanted him to live among the white people and be a carpenter.

THE KEY TO THE PROBLEM.

Right here in this mud hut is the key to the Indian problem. Right here is the substitute which the government should adopt for the absurd and wasteful policy of buying beads and red blankets for the nation's wards. There is scarcely an Indian under the cover of the sky who does not receive at least \$50 a year from the government, which is wasted in gew-gaws and whisky. The same sum will educate him to become a useful citizen instead of leaving him a worthless, expensive and dangerous pauper.

The money that has been expended in Indian wars would have educated every savage on the globe, not to take into account the millions of dollars that are paid each year in the form of worthless presents and annuities. That the savage can be educated to become an intelligent, industrious and self-supporting citizen has been demonstrated by every experiment that has been tried, and, instead of there being a dozen schools of this kind there ought to be 10,000.

It is true that a painted and armed savage cannot be taken from the war-path and made to learn his letters and make shoes; but what adult white man could have his condition radically and suddenly changed by the will of another without resistance and resentment? The work of civilizing the Indians must begin at the bottom. If the children were taken into schools before their habits and tastes were formed, the next generation would see the end of Indian wars.

Curtis, of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, whose admirable letter on Albuquerque we copied Sunday morning, wrote a letter giving his impressions of the country from Las Vegas to this city, and a portion of his remarks will be found full of interest, not only to the people of New Mexico, but to those of the country at large. We make the following extract:

THE BIRTHPLACE OF MONTEZUMA.

Twenty-five miles down the road is a sacred spot, the Nazareth of the Aztecs, the old pueblo of Pecos, where Montezuma was born. It matters not that the records of the church and the state, the official documents at the capital of Mexico, and the truth of history flatly contradicts the romantic legend in which the dirty inhabitants of the New Mexican pueblos devoutly

believe, the story remains one of the most charming that was ever found in the folk-lore of our land.

These people are remarkable for many things, but for nothing more than their sincere and abiding faith in the sacred truth of the stories of their redeemer's birth. According to their traditions Montezuma was born at Pecos, and the circumstances of whose birth and youthhood are strangely similar to those that we read in the New Testament of the days of the child Christ. When he grew to manhood he became their prophet, priest and king, and a few miles south of the Pueblo, near the cluster of shanties that surround a railroad tank, and is known by the Israelitish name of Levy, he built a church, at which, according to their traditions, the Aztec religion was born. They are not true, as I have said; but are nevertheless charmingly interesting. The Aztecs worshiped fire, and Montezuma's principal business when he grew to manhood was to keep the flames upon the hideous old altar alive.

THE AZTEC MESSIAH.

One day a great white eagle came and bore Montezuma away on his back. Every where the eagle alighted on the journey southward a pueblo arose; and the end of the flight was at the base of Popocatapetl, where the City of Mexico was founded by Montezuma, and a long line of kings of his name reigned for centuries at the great seat of the Aztec faith and power. Then Cortez came with his gallions, captured the city of the Montezumas, murdered the king, stole his gold, and sent the treasure across the water to the halls of the Alhambra.

Before Montezuma left Pecos, so they say, he told them he would come again, as he went, and through the long centuries when they suffered the most cruel peonage that ever enslaved a people from their Spanish conquerors, the devout and confiding Aztec would go to his house-top at sunrise, and, shading his eyes with his dusky hand, would scan the far horizon of the south in the hope that his Messiah would appear, and he does it to this day, not only at Pecos, but at all the pueblos which remain as relics of the Aztec days.

STORY OF THE SACRED FIRE.

When Montezuma sailed away he told the people that they must keep the fire on the altar burning until he reappeared, and at the old church, whose walls he laid of adobe six feet thick this injunction was observed until the travel became so frequent along the Santa Fe trail that the priests feared the impious would extinguish it, and prevent the coming of their redeemer, so they took

it one day with great ceremony over the mountains to the Pueblo of Taos, where, according to tradition, Montezuma's eagle first alighted in his flight from Pecos. There it is supposed to burn to-day in a secluded estufa, or temple, piously guarded from the sight or touch of the unbelievers, and safe from the sacriligious hand of the cowboy, whom the Pueblos fear as much as they reverence their mythical redeemer.

At Pecos there used to be a pinion tree which was planted by Montezuma, and the old priests say that sitting under its shade he used to make his prophecies, and talk in parables, as the founder of the Christian religion did. Here he foretold, several centuries in advance of its occurrence, the Spanish invasion. He warned his people that the conquerors would come from the south, and make them slaves for 250 years, and that then a white race of mighty warriors, gifted in the arts of war and peace, riding upon snow white chargers, would arrive from the east and rescue them; that the earth should then be fertilized by rain, that the mountains would yield up their treasure to the pale faces, and that the people would grow rich and fat with herds of cattle and sheep.

THE PROHECY FULFILLED.

This prediction, made before or after the fact, as the case may be, was strangely fulfilled in 1847, for the day after the tree fell by the force of a mighty wind, the gallant Phil Kearney came down the valley, mounted upon a magnificent white stallion, at the head of 3000 pale-faced soldiers, and tipped over the deputy throne that the Viceroy Armijo had set up at Santa Fe.

The pious Pueblos believe that Kearney was their deliverer from the Spanish yoke, and every morning when they go to the house tops to look for the coming of Montezuma, they take from the buckskin pouches they wear upon their breast, a pinch of sacred powder made from the flour of patched corn, and puff it into the air, breathing a prayer for the repose of Kearney's soul, and begging a blessing from Montezuma, and the sun which he taught them to worship, upon the work of the day.

It is in this Oriental act that the strange anomaly in their mixed religion appears, as it does in so many other ways. The old Spanish marauders who invaded this land were pious cut-throats, and brought their priests with them when they came. At the head of Coronado's army a cross was borne and the church militant was the church triumphant. Everywhere a garrison was left remained Franciscan monks who, with the aid of the

soldiery, compelled the Aztecs to adopt the religion of Rome.

RELIGION WAS SHOT INTO THEM, and the prayers of the friars arose in the smoke of battle. The invasion was a grand, bloody, missionary tour, and the peaceful heathen were compelled to bow before the cross while the Spanish steel cut their hamstrings.

The monks did their work thoroughly, and after a few generations every pueblo contained a church, and every time the shadow of the cross fell upon their eyes the people bowed to a symbol that represented at once the sacrifice and the triumph of the Montezuma of Nazareth.

There were never more sincere or devout adherents of the church of Rome than are these people to-day, but in their piety appears that strange and striking contrast to which I have alluded. The priests were able to persuade them to adopt a new religion, but were never able to persuade them to abandon the old. They go to the house-tops at sunrise to watch for the coming of one Messiah, and then entering their houses drop upon their knees before the cross upon which another Messiah died. The Catholic faith was firmly and eternally engrafted upon the prehistorical religion of the Aztecs, but the old faith did not expire in the process. The sacred fires from the estufa send to the skies to-day as they did five centuries ago the incense of the pinions, but it is now upon the same altar that bears the wafers and the wine that typify the body and blood of Christ.

The two religious, essentially so far apart in theory, are perfectly blended, and when the Spaniards were driven from this territory every trace of them was destroyed but their language and their religious teachings. The cross is reverenced even as much as the memories of Montezuma, and in both trusts the ignorant, unlettered people are sincere.

DURING the border troubles at Lincoln, New Mexico, it is said that a man leveled his gun and blazed away at our missionary, Rev. Mr. Ealy, sending a ball whizzing past his head. As Ealy turned around, the man observing who he was, remarked, "Gracious! if I had known that was the preacher I wouldn't have shot at him for the world!"

1878

MISS REBECCA ANNIM has twenty-five pupils at the Mission School at Anton Chico, New Mexico. 1879

WE would call special attention to the two articles of Rev. James M. Roberts, of Taos, New Mexico. Eight hundred dollars are needed to complete the church at Ocate, and \$500 the one at El Rancho. They have done what they could, and now they look to their wealthier brethren in Christ. Shall they look in vain? A few years ago some of these very people were cutting their bodies with knives; lacera-
ting their bleeding, quivering flesh with cruel whips; wearing a crown of thorns; walking on sandals of cactus thorns; hang-
ing on crosses; almost dead with exhaustion, as they tortured their bodies in the vain hope of helping their souls. But now, by the grace of God, they have been brought to the light, and in their extreme poverty ask you for the small sum of \$1,300 to secure two church buildings. It's Christ's poor asking for a church home. "When saw we thee an hungered," etc. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these *my brethren*, ye have done it unto me."

1878

PRESBYTERY OF NEW MEXICO held a meeting recently at Santa Fe, with ten ministers and three elders. Rev. T. F. Ealy was chosen Moderator, and Rev. Geo. G. Smith, Temporary Clerk. From four ministers, five teachers and forty-six communicants reported in the Territory in April, 1876, there were in April, 1878, one hundred and nine communicants, three-quarters of whom are of the Mexican race. There are seven stations holding regular weekly service, at which clergymen are stationed, and, in addition, ten outlying stations, at which regular services are held, and ten schools free to all who may wish to attend. The proficiency of four licentiates (Mexicans), examined in Spanish in the Westminster Catechism, was a subject of special remark and congratulation among the delegates. Dr. J. M. Shields was ordained a minister, and will be stationed at Jemez. Rev. T. F. Ealy has been transferred to Zuni. Rev. Geo. G. Smith was elected delegate to the next General Assembly.

1878

A GOOD teacher (man and his wife) is wanted to take charge of a new Mission Station in New Mexico. Suitable parties can secure a life-long position. Address Rev. Sheldon Jackson, Denver, Col. Inclose references.

1877

REV. J. A. ANNIN, of Las Vegas, has recently made a horseback trip of 400 miles through the Plazas of New Mexico.

EL RANCHO, NEW MEXICO.

37

WHO WILL HELP?

We have already received for this mission \$50 from a lady in Pittsburg, and \$50 from other sources. But we need \$300 more to secure a chapel, school-house and graveyard for the use of the members of our church who live at El Rancho, a village distant from Taos four miles. The lot and house found on it are paid for. The lumber with which to make flooring, doors, windows, etc., is paid for.

The members of the church living in that locality devote one day in each week to this work until it is finished. They have finished the wall around the graveyard, and have prepared a large number of dried brick (adobe) for building higher the walls of the house. The women have plastered the walls of the graveyard with their own hands, and as soon as the building is ready will do likewise for its walls. These people are poor, and while they have willing hands and able bodies they have no money. Any contributions, however small, will be thankfully received, and, I can assure you, most faithfully applied.

THE PENITENTES.

Our church was organized in November, 1874, with ten members. We now have nineteen, nearly all of whom were formerly Penitentes. This is a society formed within and with the sanction of the Roman Church. They take the ten commandments of the Catholic Catechism as their code of morals, and Jesus as their example of humanity and meekness. Evidently their conclusion is, if God the Father has accepted the meek and lowly character of his Son, and was pleased with his life of obedience to suffering, he will also be pleased with their self-imposed suffering. Accordingly they devote the forty days of Lent to this work of expiation. They wander about in the mountains, clad only in their muslin drawers, cutting themselves with knives, and lashing their bare backs with the cacti. They carry great crosses on their shoulders, from ten to sixteen feet in length, often making the night hideous with their weird, mournful songs. And in many

other ways they inflict the most terrible penalties upon themselves, according as their lives have been more or less wicked in the past year, thinking thus to appease the wrath of an angry God. The weak and sickly among them have often fallen dead from exhaustion. Many sicken and die during the succeeding year from exposure of these forty days, but all such are believed to escape purgatory and enter immediately upon the joys of the blessed. It is among a thickly settled community of this people that we ask aid to build a chapel and school-house. Seareely one in ten can read. Can I not ask with confidence of receiving from our dear brethren \$300? Send all contributions in checks or registered letter to Taos, Taos Co., New Mexico.

JAMES M. ROBERTS.

COMMISSIONED.—Miss Gates, to Lincoln, New Mexico.

Robert W. Hall and wife, Nevada, O., to the Mexican Mission at Ocate.

Miss Anna M. Ross, Delaware, O., to San Luis, New Mexico. *1878*

Miss Susie E. Pitts, Knoxville, Ia., to Costilla, New Mexico.

Miss Maggie J. Dunbar, Steubenville, O., to Ft. Wrangal, Alaska.

Mrs. M. W. Coyner, Miss M. L. Benny and Miss Lucy Anderson, to Salt Lake, Utah.

Some of the above ladies can not be sent out except as ladies' societies pledge their support to the secretaries of the Home Board.

Miss Gates has since been driven from her field, and will be assigned to another.

Miss Benny has felt compelled to decline her commission, on account of ill health. Other parties are corresponding for the places made vacant.

TRANSLATION OF A MEXICAN LETTER ASKING FOR THE GOSPEL.

My Dear Brother:

Your letter was received on the 28th past, in the which I rejoice and received it with good morality with all of which I received the peace of our Lord. May the Lord Jesus Christ be with you all I pray, and always will love for ages a brother doing that which is just and right with your servants, being certain that also you hold fast my Lord in the heavens. Persevere in prayer,

watching in it with doing by grace: praying together also for us that God will open to us the door of the word in order that we may have the minister of Christ (for the same which I am resolved) to the end that he may be manifested. But I purposed to speak, dear brother, of that which I know about the brethren.

There are some, but so lonely! We believe in the truth, I and my family. I have my two married sons. We believe in the Lord Jesus Christ (truly I am, John Baptist Chacon, your brother with much respect.) Dear brother, the peace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Amen.

Dear brother, send me some songs of praise.

It will be a pleasure to my son Victor that I receive a greeting in Christ at his ranch from his brother, yourself.

Asking God for your future happiness,

MANUEL SILVA.

CANON OF THE HUERFANE (Badite), Col., }
February 6, 1879.

Rev. T. F. Ealy is trying to secure a chapel at Lincoln, New Mexico. This is one of those border sections where great lawlessness prevails. His first service on reaching his field was the funeral of a man shot in cold blood. During the past few months fifteen or more of the citizens have been shot. And the minister himself narrowly escaped. If these murders had been committed by the Indians, there would have been great excitement, and troops ordered in from all sections. But as it was only white men shooting one another, very little attention has been paid to it. And yet it is a growing and influential community, in a fertile section of the country, and greatly needs the influence that comes from a church building and a preached gospel. Special funds are needed. Any one disposed to assist can send a check payable to the order of Rev. T. F. Ealy, Lincoln, Lincoln Co., New Mexico, or can send it to Board of Church Erection, as special for Lincoln, New Mexico. *1878*

REV. J. A. ANNIN, of Las Vegas, has recently made a horseback trip of 400 miles through the Plazas of New Mexico.

1878

The friends of the school had been largely prepared by the work of Padre Martinez, a Roman Catholic priest, who died in 1867.

Padre Martinez was educated for the priesthood at Durango College, the most celebrated school in Old Mexico, and was appointed over the dioeese of Taos, then the largest and wealthiest parish in the territory. Wishing to elevate his people, he commeneed at Taos, in 1835, the first school in New Mexico. He taught Latin, Greek and Spanish, mathematics, mental and moral science, philosophy, history, and, especially, theology. He published his own text-books, introduceing for the purpose the first printing-press in New Mexico. Many of his books and the press are still in existence. More than fifty priests received their entire education at this school.

In addition to text-books, he printed many tracts, and nearly the whole Bible. He commeneed preaching the cardinal doctrines of the gospel—repentance, faith, regeneration; salvation through Christ alone. He became very popular, his influence extending through all portions of the Territory. It was promised that he should be made bishop, but a French bishop was appointed, and Padre Martinez was excommunicated for his liberal views. His people, however, clung to him, and a strong independent church was formed. He ordained priests of his own, and built a large number of churches in the northern portion of the Territory. He married in his old age, and one of his sons has recently been licensed by the Presbytery of Santa Fe. Upon his deathbed the last holy rites of the Papal Church were freely offered him, but he refused, saying that he confessed to God through Jesus Christ, and in the faith of Christ died in 1867.

Through the influence of his work, a people were prepared to receive a Protestant minister.

PROTESTANT SERVICE.

At the request of these people, Rev. J. M. Roberts commeneed, in July, 1873, a Protestant service, his congregation consisting of his own family and a half dozen Mexicans. He first wrote

his sermons in English and then translated them into Spanish.

His fortunes in gathering a congregation were various. In the winter of 1873-74, Mr. Roberts had an English evening service for the miners, who wintered in Taos.

On the 1st of August, 1874, Vicente Romero, son of Padre Martinez, accompanied Rev. Mr. Roberts over to El Ranches to visit

JOSE DOMINGO MONDREGON.

Mr. Mondregon had long been the only school teacher in the valley. He had twice represented his county in the legislature, and was captain of the fanatical Order of Penitentes. While at the legislature in 1854, he met Rev. S. Gorman, a Baptist missionary. From Mr. Gorman he received a Bible, tracts and two volumes of the Reformation. These he carried to his home and read faithfully. From these he was led to renounce Catholicism. He was greatly rejoiced to welcome a Protestant minister to his house, and warmly entered into the plans to secure a Protestant service. He has recently been licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Santa Fe. At 2 P. M., on the following Sabbath, a congregation of fifty persons was assembled at his house. On the 16th of August Rev. J. A. Annin preached for Mr. Roberts at Taos, in the forenoon, to a crowded house and at El Ranches in the afternoon, to more than a hundred Mexicans.

But as soon as these things reached the ears of the priest every man, woman and child were required to confess the great sin of attending a Protestant service, and promise to do so no more.

ORGANIZATION.

On the 15th of November, 1874, Rev. J. A. Annin again visited Mr. Roberts, and they organized a church at Taos of ten members. Jose Domingo Mondregon and Vicente F. Romero were duly elected and ordained ruling elders.

ORIGINAL MEMBERS.

Jose Domingo Mondregon, Vicente F. Romero, elders; Maria Ignacio Mondregon, Jose Matteo Casias, Jose Julio Vigil, Roman Sandoval, Maria Salmone Vigil, Maria Rosa Sandoval, Martha E. Roberts, Joquin Sandoval.

TAOS, NEW MEXICO.

BY MRS. J. M. ROBERTS. 1878

Our school is larger than ever before, and the pupils are doing better. At their request, we now have a large Bible class in school, as also a class of same size in Shorter Catechism. Sabbath services are well attended this winter at each point, and the Saturday afternoon appointment has always had a good attendance. Besides these four, Mr. Roberts has been lately requested by a settlement of Penitentes to come and preach to them. He has been there twice, and been listened to with great earnestness. They have bought quite a number of Bibles and other books, and we hope and pray that they are being led of the Holy Spirit into the true light. Yet another village asks him to come there; but where is his time? Here are five congregations to minister to, and scarcely any time for preparation. He ought also to visit these people during the week, but the time is wanting, and we are both cut off from this means of reaching the people. I feel that the work of the school ought to be given into other hands, and Mr. R. have more time for visitation. Our next communion will be in a few weeks. There are quite a number halting between two opinions, desiring to unite with us, yet dreading the persecution which will be heaped upon them. Pray for them, and especially for these Penitentes who are seeking the light of Christ.—*Our Mission Field.*

Miss Griffith's School, Santa Fe, New Mexico. 1878

By invitation we were present at the concluding exercises of the school on Friday, and witnessed the evidence of proficiency of over thirty scholars, who have been in attendance at this school during the last few months. Miss Griffith and her assistant, Miss Davis, deserve great credit for their patience and perseverance and the pupils displayed an aptness to learn which is truly encouraging to those who are endeavoring to build up primary and graded schools in Santa Fe. We have several hundred children here, who are growing up in ignorance, that could be placed in such schools, and many of whom could be made teachers, if we had a Normal School—"to teach them the art of teaching."—*Advertiser.*

MISS REBECCA ANNIN has twenty-five pupils at the Mission School at Anton Chico, New Mexico. 1879

A HOME MISSION JOURNEY.

Facing Wolves—Crossing Waterless Plains
—Border Feuds.

T. F. EALY, M. D.

Leaving Denver, Feb. 4, we arrived in Las Vegas for breakfast, on the 6th. Rev. J. A. Annin very kindly entertained us over Sabbath. I preached twice for him. I found him very much encouraged with some parts of his field. His daughters are doing an excellent work in the school:

Having a team for \$5 per day, and promising to pay all expenses, we started for Lincoln via Anton Chico (Little Anthony), Alkaline Hole and Fort Stanton. From Anton Chico we hauled five gallons of water along, and then bought for ourselves and mules as we could get it. Although snow is cold, it was not without its blessings for us. We melted it to make our coffee and to water our mules. The wolves were very bold at times, stood near by, and looked us in the face.

In Fort Stanton we were taken care of by Major Dowley, and it cost us nothing for ourselves and a moderate sum for our team and driver.

Lincoln is nine miles from Fort Stanton, a country town of two or three hundred people—partly American and partly Mexican. When we arrived in Lincoln we were halted by armed men just at the house we wished to stop at. They did not intend to injure us, but were looking for a murderer. A John H. Lunstall had been brutally killed. He was shot twice and his skull was broken in. He was a native of England, where his parents now live; also three sisters. My first duty was a funeral duty. A great many of the citizens were at the funeral. My sermon was interpreted into the Spanish. It would fill a volume if all was recorded which took place since my arrival. The military were ordered out to stand between the two parties. My family were in a house which was guarded from the house-top. There are yet guards in the house, and men are sleeping on their arms. We feel that God is down here, although some people call this the "devil's own land."

Yesterday I organized the first Sabbath-school ever held in Lincoln. Twenty present—fifteen of them being adults. We held our meeting in Mr. A. A. McSween's parlor and used his organ. His life is threatened, but I believe that God has a great work for him to do yet. This is a point far removed from any school or church, and just the kind of place our services are needed.

If my life is spared you will hear from me again.

LINCOLN, New Mexico, Feb. 25, 1878.

WE clip from the *Santa Fe Sentinel* the following notice of the school and former pastor. Rev. George W. Riggle, formerly teacher at Santa Fe, has taken charge of the church there: *1879*

The Presbyterian Mission School of Santa Fe, under charge of Mrs. Sharon, closes its school year July 25. The school roll numbers about seventy-eight, with an average attendance of about sixty. A nominal tuition of fifty cents a month is charged to those who can afford to and are disposed to pay. Books have been furnished by voluntary contributions. But little revenue, however, is derived from this source, not enough to meet current expenses. The salary of teachers is paid by a Ladies' Board of Missions in New York. The school is none the less efficient from its free-mission character, and deserves well at the hands of the people of New Mexico; especially so, in the absence of those public school facilities demanded and to be found everywhere outside of New Mexico from New England to California. While this school is under Presbyterian auspices, it is in no sense dogmatic, as we have reason to know. Mrs. Guyer is the assistant of Mrs. Sharon.

MISS LAURA ANNIN'S MISSION SCHOOL, at Las Vegas, is enjoying a season of marked prosperity. Among the performers at a recent school exhibition, we notice the names of Pimenia Baca, Juanita Arguello, Antonio Nieto y Porfirio, Jose (Jesus) Ulibarri, Dionicio Gonzales, etc. From thirty-five to forty pupils are in daily attendance. *1878*

ACCIDENT TO MISSIONARIES.—While Dr. J. M. Shields and family were on their way to New Mexico, the coach overturned, cutting Mrs. Shields badly about the head. Dr. Shields was also somewhat bruised. The children escaped without material injury. They have since reached Santa Fe., and were accompanied by Agent B. M. Thomas out to their new field at Hemez. *78*

TAOS, NEW MEXICO.—Two have been received into the Mission Church. A great demand has sprung up for Protestant books in Spanish. The people bring in corn, wheat and wood to pay for them. *1877*

The report of the Ladies' Board of Missions thus makes mention of Mr. Roberts' four years of labor in the Taos Valley:

The first winter this family were destitute of the necessities of life, without a single vegetable or fruit of any kind. A school was established, in which both Mr. and Mrs. Roberts have faithfully labored. A few months since Miss Perkins was sent to assist in the school, and this has enabled Mr. Roberts to visit the neighboring villages and preach.

At Mesacitas the men left their fields and flocks, gathering to hear the word of God, and sitting up nearly all night to ask questions and gather instruction, putting aside the errors of Romanism, and asking for a teacher to lead them in the better way. At San Isidore, after sitting till midnight around the table, singing hymns, and talking of the love of Jesus, when they had gone to rest, a man who had come ten miles from his ranch, on hearing that the preacher was there, came even to his bedside to hear the word. In the Conejos Valley, thirty families, amounting to 100 souls, declared themselves Protestant, and united earnestly in the petition that a minister be sent to them. Shall we say that they are not hungering and thirsting for the bread of life? Mrs. Roberts, of whom we can not say enough, through heat, cold and storm, rode four miles every morning and evening to El Ranche to teach a school, where the word was received with gladness. Mr. Roberts is endeavoring to secure \$300 to build a chapel, school-house and graveyard for the members of his church living at El Kanche. Let us tell you what these members themselves are doing toward it. They devote one day in each week to work for it. They have finished a wall around the graveyard, and have prepared a large number of dried brick, called "adobe," for building higher the walls of the house which has been secured for school purposes. The women have plastered the walls of the graveyard with their own hands, and as soon as the building is ready will do the same with its walls. These people are poor, but they have able and willing hands and hearts. We think this account needs no comment.

In the past year we have had missionaries stationed at Santa Fe, Taos, Las Vegas and Lincoln, near Fort Stanton, among the most important places in the Territories. We have had four evangelists, licentiates laboring at interesting and important points largely under the direction of the older missionaries. We have had three missionaries and their wives preaching and teaching in three of the most important pueblos, Laguna, Jemez and Zuni.

At all these places we have had schools, in which as much as possible the influence of pure and undefiled religion has been diffused. We have had still another school at El Rancho, near Taos, and a Bible Reader at Santa Fe. In addition to these and to what is spoken of in the letters below, we have under appointment a man and his wife as teachers at Ocate, and two ladies for two other prominent points. But the supply is not equal to the demand in either department. At Albuquerque, and perhaps Silver City and Cimarron, and other important points, missionaries ought to be at work, and when a missionary is sent, immediately the demand for teachers springs up.

Says one of our oldest missionaries:

"It is quite clear to me that in two or three respects our work is enlarging, increasing in extent and in power. We expect to have a communion season to-morrow, and to receive three into the church who have already been examined by the session, and accepted. Two of the three are a young man and his younger wife who live some twelve or fifteen miles from here. The wife was in our school and family two months in the winter. The man seems to have been influenced by one of our missionaries.

"I have an engagement to go to Mora County, leaving home July 5. I presume several will be received into the church at that time, though possibly not. They are working there and putting up for themselves a little church or chapel. I fairly ache to render them some assistance, but I can not."

Again he says:

"I said this morning at our breakfast table 'I am going to Anton Chico. That's a good point and we ought to have a teacher there.' And I went on to say, or to think, that in view of the future of Anton Chico, as I heard it universally spoken of, to drive a stake down there and make some kind of a beginning seemed to be clearly a duty. Then I said to my second daughter 'will you go,' and she [said 'yes.' And this is the subject now occupying our thoughts. We can very ill-spare her from home and from the school, but present indications are that she will go."

He adds:

"I left home on the 5th of July, Friday, on a pretty long and arduous tour, considering that horseback travel is such a torture to me. I reached home Saturday, P. M., July 27. Rode some 400 miles.

"My points were Mora, Taos, Costella, San Luis and Conejos (Colorado), Tierra Amarilla, Ojo Caliente, Santa Fe, and from S. F. by trails and bridle paths to L. V. I was worn out when I got home, and have not fully recovered yet."

He writes again:

"Miss Susan Gates has just left us to go to Mora County, to open a school at Agua Negra as soon as possible. She came to New Mexico last winter with Mr. Ealy, has been at Lincoln with him and as a member of his family since that time; left Lincoln with him and reached here Saturday, P. M.

"Now, if this proves a success, and we suc-

ceed also in the Anton Chico matter, it seems to me we will have enlarged our work not a little, and given it pretty powerful stimulus. But everything is uncertain. Schemes may all fail. The *indications*, however, in connection with both these enterprises are of the most favorable kind."

Says another:

"I have been over to Ocate since I sent in my report. The condition of things there is very encouraging indeed. I received one man into the church; he made a good confession and I believe him to be worthy man. His wife will unite, perhaps, at the next meeting that I have over there. I have never had a congregation or school I think, that seemed to appreciate instructions, as much as the people of Ocate. They are praying for a teacher. The elder says he is willing and trying to do all he can, but he has great need of a teacher who is able to teach them all the business affairs that come into every-day life, who will introduce new customs among them and show them how to improve their morals, that they may lead better and happier lives."

Again he says:

"They are now working on the railroad at Guadeloupe, only six miles from Sinicero

Doubtless the railroad will be there this fall yet. Does not this show the necessity of having schools established at Sinicero and Guadeloupe also? We should have two schools instead of one, and more must follow soon, if we wish to occupy the field and pulpit."

He speaks as follows of the *Spanish Evangelists, or Licentiates*:

"They are engaged at evangelistic work all the time, except some time to get their affairs arranged. Next week Bro. Romero will spend most of the week, perhaps all of it, in turning off his interest in a large flock of sheep, say two thousand, to other parties, that he may not have the responsibility of them longer. It is the purpose of both to have no other business more than the care of their families. They are doing quite well I think. They preach at El Rancho, Rio Chitito, Cordova, Red River, Sinicero and Ocate. I try to have preaching in as many of these places every Sabbath as possible.

"The evangelists I think are doing as well as they know. They are very earnest and willing, and I think present what little of the plain truth they already know, more forcibly than we can who are not fully acquainted with the idiom of their language. I think I shall direct these under my care to give more attention to the simple reading of the Bible. Some of the most precious hours I have spent in simply reading the blessed words of Jesus, and making a very few comments as I read along, the people seem so glad to hear."

THE CRUELTIES OF HEATHENISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

On Good Friday, April 14, three of us drove to Plaza Alcalde, thirty-two miles from Santa Fe, to witness the self-afflictions of the "Penitentes" a secret order of Roman Catholics. As the sunset turned the snowy mountain-tops to pink and carnation, we saw a band take its course across the plain toward the foot-hills. Far away a solitary man was seen, coming toward the village. One leg was doubled and tied. He walked on one foot and one knee. A third party of these enthusiasts, nearer to where we stood, was setting out on a night march. As these men

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moved they droned a sad dirge, and scourged themselves with whips made of horse hair. Those doing penance wore nothing more than muslin drawers: back and feet were bare. The blood coursed their backs, and stained and soaked their drawers. Later, we saw a man bearing a ponderous cross. Others drew a rude wagon, in which was a wooden image, which represented *Death*. This had a skull for its head, and held in skeleton fists bow and arrows. By night, as well as during the day, did these deluded people continue to perform these acts of atonement. The surgeon of Fort Lyon gives it as his opinion that, in Southern Colorado and in New Mexico, not less than one hundred persons die annually from the effects of these self-tortures. Some of the crosses we saw were from twelve to fourteen feet in length, and the principal beam squared a foot!

Often these men bind the eaetus about their bodies or limbs, or whip themselves with it until they are lacerated by its thorns and filled with them as a cushion is with pins. So they will bind chains tightly about themselves and make journeys on foot, the links cutting into the flesh and hampering them painfully at every step. All this they will do and suffer, continuing meanwhile to "roll sin as a sweet morsel under their tongues." During Lent they will undergo torture as penance for past offenses, or to obtain indulgence for future crimes.

So much more easy is it for the natural man to endure agonies than to cease sin—to bear the cross *literally* than *metaphorically*. We slept that night at the house of Mr. —. He told us he had had a warm dispute with the Vicar General, who ranks next to the Archbishop. In the last legislature, — had voted for several bills obnoxious to the Romanists. (He was a German Jew.) The Vicar General had commented severely upon this course in the pulpit. — charged him with falsehood. Hot words, he said, passed between them. On Saturday morning we bade him good-by. He was in perfect health. I remember his tall and portly form, as it stood at the door of our ambulance, after we had entered. That night he was shot like a dog by some cowardly villain, who seized the opportunity as Mr. — passed along the road, close to his own house, near an adobe wall. In the darkness the assassin escaped. Such deeds as this are so common in New Mexico that little notice is taken of an ordinary murder of the kind; but all the circumstances of Mr. —'s death were such that not a few persons are inclined to say it resulted from the intrigue and savage malice of Romanism.

FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 1883

THE ONLY DAILY PAPER IN SANTA FE.

SANTA FE ACADEMY.
1883Commencement Exercises of this
Popular Institution Last
Evening.Salient Points in Chief Justice
Axtell's Address on the Sub-
ject of Education.

The commencement of the Santa Fe Academy took place last evening at the Presbyterian church. The attendance was large notwithstanding the storm. The exercises opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. J. W. Stark. The program was handsomely carried out. The musical portion of it consisted of a duet, by Emma Wedeles and Minnie Seligman; violin solo, Arthur Seligman, piano accompaniment by Minnie Seligman; instrumental trio, Mrs. Dr. Harron, piano, and her two sons, Philip and Douglas on the flute and cornet respectively. Many compliments for the pupils followed the production of these selections. Miss Emma Ritch, the only graduate of the institution, highly entertained the company with an essay on English literature entitled the "Civil War of English Literature." Her essay showed a thorough knowledge of the subject. The young lady was presented with her diploma by Dr. J. S. Eastman, the principal, during the latter part of the evening and received it with charming grace. Dr. Eastman made the award of prizes as follows accompanying the same with a few appropriate remarks:

Emma Wedeles, first prize in advanced department; Arthur Seligman, second prize. Albert Greene's advancement was remarkably good in this department also, but his per centage was broken by sickness, and he too was awarded a similar prize. These three were gold lockets with a ruby setting. In the primary department Lilly Greene, Bessie Read, Arthur Staab, Belle Spiegelberg and Sinclair Beaty were given gold medals for general advancement.

At a convenient break in the program Chief Justice S. B. Axtell was called upon and taking the rostrum delivered a very able address.

Santa Fe has also two national banks and one printing office. Of the First National Bank, S. B. Elkins, New Mexico's Delegate to Congress, is President; and of the Second, Lehman Spiegelberg, of the firm of Spiegelberg Bros. Manderfield & Tucker are Editors and Proprietors of the *New Mexican*, now the oldest weekly paper in New Mexico, having also a daily baby edition. To give our readers a true description of the working of that sheet, we will use the language of the *Houston Telegraph*, of April 28th:

"Party organs are wrong and wicked in principle. Such organs, supported by the public work, are a very eesspool of corruption, they pay unscrupulous men to do unscrupulous things--things which done, accomplish more harm than good. They are supported proportionately by the contributions of the minority to battle against the rights and wishes of that minority. They are, consequently, a flagrant wrong and unjustice and ought to, and must be, dispensed with."

* * * * *

A party organ, from the very nature of things, is a slave. It may not be a harlot but it is a mistress, selling itself for gain. It may support measures that it believes right; but when it does so for a reward, it becomes an attorney, and is subject to suspicion."

How well this fits the organ of the Republican Party of New Mexico, is a well established fact; because as soon as one of the two partners of that fogy concern steps out of one office, the other steps into another place of profit and gain, and the last Legislature, recognizing the servitude of the *New Mexican*, by a special act increased the salary of the junior editor and proprietor, as Adjutant General of the Territory.

By tricks, of which only these two men as members of the ring can be capable, they procured the downfall of the old *Santa Fe Gazette*, under the management of the deceased Mr. Russell. When Sullivan erected the *Post*, upon the ruins of the former, by blackmailing and other corrupt means and measures they got him removed from office of U. S. Collector; but having friends in the persons of Secretary Whitter and U. S. Attorney Ashenfelter, every available hook and crook was brought into play to get the removal of all of them, for the benefit of members of the ring, who would give the public printing again to the *New Mexican*.

But too much space has been already occupied by describing a sheet of no other enterprise than gratuitous puffing and unreliable news and reports, and whose days are numbered as soon as a party of honest

men will take the reins of government into their hands.

Jumping on our steed again, we will bid adieu to the City of the Holy Faith, striking out for more sunny regions. Taking the road down San Francisco Street, near its base we turn off towards the river, where Don Felipe Delgado, ex-Prefect of Santa Fe County, has erected a bridge; but as this is only for foot passengers, we will have to take the water, with its dangerous bottom of rolling boulders which the stream on account of its swift current, mercilessly keeps on the move, making it therefore unsafe to the extreme to horsemen or vehicles. Though loaded down with the curses of the Ring, our own consciousness of right and justice keeps us afloat and we safely land on the other side, at the foot of the church of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

The road being hemmed in for a considerable distance by rows of houses on each side, it is impossible for the traveller to take a wrong direction. At the extreme end of the street, over a mile from the public square, a road forks off to the left, in the direction of Pino's Rancho, which is now used as the mail route from the capital to the Rio Grande, but being sparsely settled and therefore very lonesome, we keep on the main road straight ahead towards La Bajada,

After passing agua Fria, a small suburban village four miles from the city, a long stretch of rolling prairie lays before us, and we therefore urge our steed into a quicker pace. About four miles further brings us again to the San Francisco river; but the stream here being very wide and therefore shallow, we cross it without difficulty and, leaving La Sienega to our left, climb the steep hill before us and find ourselves on a high table mountain which affords a splendid view.

Looking around us we find ourselves in a large basin, hemmed in all around by high mountains. To the rear of us, in an eastern direction is the Santa Fe range of Mountains, with its snow capped peaks rising in majestic altitude until the clouds, hanging in heavy white masses around them, abseond them from sight. The timber covered sandy foothills, at its base traverse the valley from East to West, and join hands with the little spur of hills through which, between San Ildefonso and La Bajada, the river cut its channel, forming a continued cataract for over ten miles, the roaring noise of which can be heard many miles off.

In this canyon an old citizen of San Ildefonso found an ancient mine the mouth and shaft of which had been carefully filled up with alternate layers of masonry and loose dirt and timber; but whether it turned out to be of any value to the discoverer

thercof, we are unable to state. Along the course of the river can also be found placer diggings, the preeious metal of which, though, is almost too scarce to make them paying institutions.

On the West of the Rio Grande, the Los Valles Mountains can be seen, in the valleys of which the streams abound with delicious mountain trouts, being therefore the spot whereto many of the citizens of Santa Fe retreat for sport and recreation. In one of the valleys are also situated the famous Jemez Hot Springs. Yonder blue peak to the West of us, is the San Matco Mountain, near Cuvero, on the road to Fort Wingate and the Fort Defiance Navajo Indian Reservation. South us lay the Sandia Mountains, of which we shall have the occasion to speak again in our next chapter, between which and the Santa Fe range is the only gap of rolling prairie lands which might be traversed by the iron horse, if ever it in tents reaching the Territorial Capital, but which we very much doubt on account of the necessary maximum grades to reach the town and for the further reason that the railroad companies rather build up new towns along its route, than go from fifteen to twenty miles out of the direct route, to tap a town whose eommmercial importance can be supplied at any time by new towns around a railroad depot.

Eight miles further bring us to the steep hill at La Bajada, which we descend to reach our this week's haven of rest at the public house of Doña Quirina C. de Baca, where the travelling community can always find excellent accommodations for man and beast. Before concluding this chapter we connot but make mention of the pitiable condition of the public road from Las Vegas to La Bajada.

This used to be once a first class wagon road; but it so happened that then it was under the control of the Military authorities of New Mexico, who erected bridges, put up masonry work around culverts and making easy grades through arroyos. Since the civil authorities have had control of it, the road has been run down to such a disgraceful condition, that it hardly deserves the appellation of a highway.

This was caused by the cutthroat policy of the Republican Administration in the counties of San Miguel and Santa Fe, whose penny wise and pound foolish acts have been demonstrated more than once in our columns. This is the party which talks about a State Government, when the leaders of same have not enterprise enough to run the affairs of a Territory. They want to talk to the laboring classes about the benefits to be derived by entering into the Sisterhood of Free States, but are too stingy and niggardly to benefit themselves and the country at large by giving employment to the poor, repairing old roads or establishing new ones; no, this might cost them a dollar or two, but in their shortsightedness they fail to see that every cent paid to a laborer comes back again into their coffers. Having stretched this chapter already to its usual length, we will keep our more extensive views on this question for a future chapter.

REMINISCENCES OF FORMER TRAVELS.

VII.

Here we are then at La Bajada, a little village of nearly all Mexican inhabitants, nicely protected all around by high table mountains. The little rivulet at this place which has its source in the Piaice Valley, is now a big stream, on account of the large addition of water from the San Francisco river.

Since the Stage Company has adopted the road by Pino's Ranch as a mail route, La Bajada is lonesome and dreary and we therefore will take our departure for the Rio Grande. What a change has come over this stretch of country since our last visit here in March. Then, coming from Albuquerque on foot, a snowstorm overtook us before we had left the Indian village of Santo Domingo two miles behind us; the wind was blowing gales; the snow flakes come down so fast that we hardly could keep the road in view and by the time we reached La Bajada our garments were a solid mass of stiffness caused by the melting snows on our body, large icicles hung from hair and beard and the country all around us was clad in pure white to the depth of about six inches in less than three hours.

Now everything is green and lovely, and the weather is hot to the extreme, the refreshing current of air, which never fails at this place, makes it cool and comfortable to travel over the rolling prairie between La Bajada and the aforementioned Indian vil-

lage of Santo Domingo, distant about ten miles.

Descending the table land by means of another very bad pitch in the road two miles northwest of the Pueblo village, we enter a sandy ravine which, though dry almost the whole of the year, is now booming with the waters of melting snows in the Sandia range of Mountains; but after a few unsuccessful attempts we at last cross the stream close to the town and seek shelter from the rays of a parching summer sun. at the door of one of the Indian casiques, or justices, and for the information of our Eastern friends, who are unacquainted with the mode of living of the Village Indians of New Mexico, we will give the following explanation:

The Pueblo Indians of our Territory, though having similar practices and habits, are not all of one tribe. Those living in the Rio Grande valley from Peña Blanca, South belong to the tribe called teguas while those from there north are micoquis, each of which tribes uses a tongue essentially dif-

ferent from the others.

The men weare knee breeches of unbleached fabrics in the summer; calico shirts and straw hats; their hair bind being tied in an old fashioned way, cut short in front and hanging down loose to the verge of the eyebrows. The women are dressed in a blanket sack-coat, tied together at the waist with a home made and sometimes elaborately decorated woolen girdle; buckskins mocassins and leggings covering their limbs as high as the calf of the leg.

In speaking about their history we will quote the following from a pamphlet, published by Gov. Arny, on the same object:

PUEBLO INDIANS.

"Within the limits of New Mexico there are 11 pueblos (towns) entirely occupied by Indians who are civilized so far as to maintain themselves. The population of these towns number, as per eensus 2,259 families, and 7,648 persons, of which number there are 2,084 under eighteen years of age. Their grants or reserves contain, in all, 424,864.15 acres. In regard to the time of the settlement of these Indians, there is extant a royal decree in Spain of the Emperor Charles V, dated at Cigales, March 21, 1551, containing the statement that, by an order of the Emperor, given in 1546, the prelates of New Spain convened for the purpose, had resolved that Indians should be brought to settle, (reduced to pueblos,) and that they should not live divided and separated by mountains and hills, etc. Phillip II. in consequence of the intention of the Emperor Charles, published a statute on the founding of settlements. Dr. M. Steck, who took great interest in the Pueblo Indians says: 'It was the royal decree designed to protect the Pueblo Indians, and to provide for the settlement of others at that time not living in towns.'

The question as to whether the Pueblo Indians were found living in towns or thus settled by the early conquerors is clearly settled by Cabeza de Baca and Coronado, who are the earliest authority upon the history of this country. They found these Indians living in towns, many of which were described by them as cities. At the time of the first revolutions against Spanish rule by these Indians, some of their towns were destroyed. Some of these were rebuilt upon new sites. These were the only towns whose settlements were made after the date of the conquest. From Castanada's description in 1540 they were found living in towns, and in prosperous condition; and so far as the decree in question relates to them; the object was to protect their rights from encroachment and imposition.

Previous to 1583 these Indians rebelled against the Spanish Government, and drove from the country the priests of the Roman

Catholic Church, and we have an account in Spanish of an expedition by Espejo in that year, in which a portion of the country was again conquered and the Indians compelled to work in the mines.

In 1680 the Pueblo Indians rebelled for the second time against the Spaniards. "They had been whipped and scourged because they would not bow and worship the unknown God of the Spaniard, and, being compelled to dig the precious metals from the bowels of the earth to satisfy the avarice of their tyrants, they thirsted for vengeance. "They drove the Spaniards and priests from their country, and again established their own government and religious worship."

On the 15th of November, 1681, Governor Otermin unfurled his banner and marched with an army to conquer New Mexico, in which he failed.

In 1692 the Spaniards succeeded in reconquering New Mexico, and now again took Santa Fe. I have in my office three documents in Spanish which would make over a hundred pages of printed matter, dated 1693 and 1694, which gives a full account of the conquest of Santa Fe by the Spaniards, and its reconquest by the Indians.

W. W. H. Davis, A. M., in his work entitled "The conquest of Mexico," says: "With the fall of that city the pueblos in the vicinity, twelve in number, made submission, and were visited and taken possession of in the name of the King of Spain. As was the custom in those days with Spanish conquerors all over the world, as soon as the Pueblos had been brought to military subjection they were delivered over to the pious zeal of the priests for the purpose of being reduced to spiritual obedience."

From that period to the present great zeal has been manifested by the Roman Catholic Church in New Mexico, to induce these Indians to adopt the rites and ceremonies of that church, but Mr. John Ward, says: "(See his report in the report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1864.)

[To be continued.]

OCATE, NEW MEXICO.—Rev. J. M. Roberts, of Taos, has organized at this point a Presbyterian Church of twenty-five Mexican communicants. Thus the wonderful work in Old Mexico is being repeated among our own Mexican population. The day dawns for that benighted population.

What Woman's Missionary Society will pledge \$500 to send a lady missionary to New Mexico? Send in names to this office.

1876

In the Cucharas Valley of Colorado penitents are often required to undergo frightful sufferings. They fast until scarcely able to stand, scourge their naked bodies until they are covered with sores, and on Good Friday take heavy wooden crosses on their backs and stumble along, blindfolded, to the summit of a hill. Here they are bound to the upright crosses with strong cords, and left for three days. Some are said to die through weakness and pain, and to be secretly buried. Others fall insensible before reaching the hill. On Easter Sunday, in 1876, four penitents died from the effects of the torture, one of whom lay all Easter night on the threshold of a church, after three days of scourging. In the morning life was extinct.—*Exchange.*

ANCIENT NEW MEXICO.

A friend has in her possession a geography published in England about the year 1760, in which are given the following boundaries of the Province of New Mexico:

"Bounded by unknown lands on the north; by Florida and Canada on the east; by Old Mexico and the Pacific Ocean on the south, and by the same ocean on the west." Thus when Central and Western New York were still an unbroken wilderness, Ohio, Illinois and other great and flourishing States unknown upon our country's map, New Mexico, including Colorado, was well known to geographical science. In giving the gospel to our frontiers we are but taking it to the region of our earliest American civilization.

In the older States Papists clamor for a division of the common school fund. In the Territories, where they have everything in their own hands, they think differently. We clip the following from the *Trinidad (Col.) Pioneer*: 1877

The Sisters of Charity closed the public school, the 1st of January, for three months. The reason was they could not work without getting paid for it, and no money was in the school treasurer's hands.

The New Mexican papers are filled with announcements of important discoveries of rich mineral districts in various parts of that Territory, and, with the completion of the railway through the Territory, a new life will open out to the ancient inhabitants of that favored land. 1879

We call attention to the appeal of Mrs. Roberts, of Taos, for funds to complete their mission chapels. Many of these Mexican converts were once "Penitentes," and accustomed to whip themselves with cactus whips, cut their bodies with knives, and even hang upon crosses. Now that they have come to the light, surely the Church will help them to the small sums necessary to build their plain chapels and school-rooms of sun-dried brick. 1879

Send funds to the Board of Church Erection, 23 Center Street, as special for Taos Mission.

THE annual meeting of the New Mexico Methodist Mission has been held at Tiptonville, by Bishop Merrill. Three persons were ordained. There are 4 American and 6 Mexican preachers, and 250 members, of whom 200 are Mexicans.

At the late annual meeting of the Presbytery of Santa Fe there were twelve Mexican licentiates and ruling elders present. These all repeated the Shorter Catechism in Spanish from beginning to end. A portion of the preaching services were in Spanish. Can all the ruling elders of any other Presbytery in the Church repeat the whole Shorter Catechism? 28

REV. SHELDON JACKSON and Rev. T. F. Ealy were received in the Presbytery of Santa Fe. The Presbytery now numbers seven ministers and four licentiates. The latter are Mexicans. 1878

Attention is called to the appeal of Rev. James M. Roberts, of Taos, in behalf of the church in El Rancho, New Mexico. 1876

Those who have read the several articles on the religious cruelties practiced by the Penitentes will rejoice to read that the grace of God has gathered a few of them into the Presbyterian Church. These reclaimed heathen need help for their church and school-house. We trust some of our readers will find it in their hearts and power to send \$300 to the Board of Church Erection as a special contribution for El Rancho.

—On the 5th inst., near Conejos in this State, a Mrs. Dunton and her little boy were murdered by a Mexican, who was followed by some American citizens of Conejos and shot. The Mexican population are greatly excited, and have made attempts to take the white men.

A GOOD EXAMPLE TO LADIES OF WEALTH.—Mrs. M. E. Griffith, of Logansport, Ind., has given herself to the mission work. She goes, at her own expense, as Bible-reader to the women of New Mexico.

1876

REINFORCEMENTS.—Rev. T. F. Ealy and family have gone to establish a new mission at Lincoln, New Mexico; Dr. J. M. Shields and family to the New Aztec mission at Hemez, and Rev. E. P. Welsh and sister to Utah.

1878

THE work of Home Missions among the Mexicans is rapidly growing, and there is an urgent call for more ministers, more lady teachers and more money.

The Mora Training School.

Our church has established here in Mora a training school for the Mexicans, which ought to be well known to those engaged in our benevolent church work. We have a good number of day schools established in connection with the different evangelical congregations and churches.

The Mora high school is designed to be the centre and head of this system. There are several things about this school that need to be well known.

It is designed to train evangelists or teaching elders for the Mexican churches. The material for this class of students is not yet large, but must not be neglected, as for even the simplest kind of evangelical work they require some more complete instruction than can be given in the day schools without neglecting these, the primary classes.

It is designed to train young men and young women of our Mexican Evangelical churches for teachers. This is a very urgent need, both to supply teachers to such of our mission day schools, as for various reasons cannot be supplied with American teachers. Then we have a reasonable hope that within a few years the public school system of this Territory will fall into the hands of persons who will seek to make it a more efficient educational agency than it now is. We should anticipate this and be preparing as large a body of efficiently trained Christian teachers to take these places as our disposable material will allow.

The Mora training school is a boarding school, and this brings us to consider another of the wants that it is supplying. In the progress of growth of our evangelical work among the Mexicans, there are at present many places where there are but one or two families sufficiently well disposed to accept the religion of the Bible to send their children to our schools. How are we to reach them? It would be very costly even if practicable to send a teacher to each of these small groups of children, and it will never do to leave them without education if our work is to progress. It is more economical, and for many reasons more satisfactory, to bring the children into this central school and board them here, thus through the children reaching the families.

One of the difficulties which our educational work encounters in New Mexico is the general torpor of the people as to the value of schooling. Some who, if they had a just appreciation of the value of a good education, might, with self-denial, send one or more of their children to our school and pay their board here, are quite indifferent as to whether their children go to school or not. They seem to consider schools as of little or no practical value, and in view of the class of schools that they have had, one must admit that their estimate of their value, or rather valuelessness, is quite accurate. In some such cases we select one child from the family and take it at the expense of our church to the Mora school, hoping that after one or two years of good teaching the parents may be induced to exert themselves to give an education to some of their other children.

Those who may desire to aid in sustaining this work can receive further information by writing either to myself or to either of the teachers, Miss Maggie Fleming or Miss Lizzie Craig, or to the matron, Miss Salome Verbeck, or they could correspond with Mrs. F. E. H. Hautes or Mrs. D. M. Miller, Woman's Executive Committee, 23 Centre street, N. Y.

We think this extract from Dr. Jackson's statement in regard to securing Francesca is worth reprinting:

"The next morning, preparing to go to the Papago village for a few children, we were officially informed that the chiefs and head men had held a council and decided that they would not allow any of their children to go East. This, however, did not deter us from going after them. Loading the Pima children into a hack, we drove south nine miles to their villages. Agent A. B. Ludlam, who gave very important assistance, sent for Juan, the head chief of the Papagoes. We showed him the Pima children that were going, told him the advantages that would come to his people, and asked him for some children. Mrs. Troiel, daughter of a deceased chief, took an interest in the matter. There was a running to and fro, private and public consultation, and in two hours we added to our number two boys, Santiago and Pablo, and one girl, Francesca.

We had expected to leave Tucson on the midnight train, but the telegraph brought news that a band of the Apaches were again on the war-path—that they had captured the stage coach, destroyed the express and mail matter, and killed and mutilated the driver and passengers. As the marauding Indians were directly on our path, we remained over a day to telegraph for a military escort. The delay brought us the danger of the Papagoes changing their mind and reclaiming their children.

Early the first morning Chief Juan, with one of his leading men, came and asked for Francesca. It seems that the night before they held a council, and the opinion had been stoutly maintained that the children had been bewitched and were being carried off prisoners. Upon the arrival of the chief, the children commenced crying for fear they would not be allowed to proceed. The frightened girl was called and questioned; and when she stoutly maintained, in the presence of witnesses of her own people that she wanted to go, I was asked to draw up a paper, which the chief carried back to his people, certifying that she went willingly. All day long individuals of the tribe were hanging around trying to entice the children away."

THE TERTIO-MILLENNIAL.

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, July 27th, 1883.
Dear Evangelist:

Having already given you a description of my journey to Santa Fe, I propose in my present letter to describe the town itself and the Tertio-Millennial Anniversary now being celebrated here.

The name Santa Fe, given to the town by the Spaniards, means "Holy Faith," and would seem to indicate that they had expectations or hopes of its being a city, distinguished for its sanctity and devotion to the propagation of the "Holy Faith" of the Catholic Church. It is situated in a plain, or rather elevated plateau, surrounded by mountains, everywhere visible, but none of which are very near except those to the east. It has an elevation of 7,044 feet. Santa Fe River, a small perennial stream, flows through the town, and furnishes it with pure mountain water. The reservoir of the water works, which were constructed by a St. Louis company, is at the foot of the mountains, three miles east of the city. Ascending to the observatory at Fort Marcy, which, by the way, was burned (the observatory) by some vandal incendiary the early part of the present week, you look over a broad undulating plain, bare of vegetation, except stunted pine bushes and sage brush, through which the dry sandy soil grins up like the brawny face of a Mexican native.

The town is built almost entirely of adobe or sun-dried brick. There is scarcely a frame building in the city. There are some few brick houses of two or even three stories, but these are few and of recent build. Adobe houses are almost universal. The houses are one story high and are built around an open court, called *placite*, the diminutive of *plaza*. A Mexican could not live without a *placite* for his cats and dogs and children and burras. It would hurt his feelings. The town itself is built around a square of two and a half acres called the *plaza*, or public square. Here the

loungers lounge and the gossips gossip. Here the idler always finds a seat and the voluble, boastful talker always finds a knot of ready listeners as he expatiates, in Mexican gibber, upon affairs of State or business, the prospects of the Tertio, or of some boasted deed of adventure. To the north of the *plaza* is the palace, built, it is said, in 1581 by the Indians out of materials taken from an Indian Pueblo. In it Gov. Shelden resides and in it the Chief Executive of the territory has resided for centuries. It is a one story building, built about a court, and fronting the *plaza* for 250 or 300 feet. In it the Mexican Captain General resided and ruled as a king. In it Gen. Lew Wallace, when governor of the territory, wrote "The Fair God" and "Ben Hur." Around its walls battles have raged, within its walls schemes of war and defense have been planned, and within its court executions have been performed. Another object of interest in Santa Fe is old San Miguel church, built in 1583. It was burnt by the Indians when the Spaniards were driven out a hundred years later, or in 1680, and again rebuilt by the Spaniards. Near San Miguel church is an old Indian Pueblo building, still standing, and inhabited by Mexicans, which was built before Santa Fe was settled by the Europeans. It is, of course, more than 300 years old. The church of San Miguel, as well as the three other Catholic churches, are built of adobe bricks, and roofed, as are all adobe houses, with pine logs, or poles, covered with dirt.

The town contains 8,000 inhabitants, 1,000 of whom are Americans, the others Spaniards and mixed-blood Mexicans, the latter largely predominating. There are a few pure-blood Spaniards, but the larger part of the population is of mixed Spanish and Indians. These vary in complexion from the swarthy sunburnt color of the dark-skinned Spaniards to almost negro blackness. In point of intelligence and thrift they seem not to be much above the Indian. They seem, however, to be long-lived, for the

streets around the plaza and the plaza itself often swarm with deerid, wrinkled, dried up mummy-like figures of old men and women, asking alms.

How the people live is a mystery. But then it does not require much for them to live on. The chief employment I have seen seems to be carrying wood down from the hills and mountains on Burro backs. You may look any direction on any street almost, on any day, and you will see these patient, little animals, with their loads of wood, many times their own size, towering far above their backs, and far out on either side, wending its way along the streets, singly or in droves of a dozen or more, the driver walking behind and goading it up with a sharp stick, thrust into its flanks. There is scarcely anything that deserves the name of agriculture, though there are small garden spots along the river, where irrigation is possible, that are quite productive. There are no manufactories, not a single steam engine in the city. Gambling seems to be a thriving industry, for such it is considered by the Tertio officers, and hence admitted there. Night after night, I can hear from my room on Sanfrancisco street, the music of violin and piano, and the calls of the keepers of the gaming tables, of a large establishment with half a dozen or more tables, run openly day and night. Indeed Santa Fe is so far removed from the rest of the world, that it has scarcely felt or been influenced by the civilization and progress of the age. It is very nearly what it was 300 years ago. With the introduction of railroads, however, it is destined soon to feel the pulse-throbs of the rest of the world and awake from its centuries of indifference and lethargy.

The Tertio Millennial Exposition, now being held in Santa Fe, is in commemoration of the discovery of the country by Coronado in 1550. But there is scarcely a doubt that Beea and his companions passed through the territory twenty years sooner. And even Coronado most

notably saw the country near ten years before this. There can be no doubt at least that it is the third of a thousand years since it was seen by Europeans. The country was settled by the Spaniards, in 1583, 300 years ago. Santa Fe was then an Indian town or pueblo. How old it then was, no one knows. There is evidence of its existence as early as 1325, as an Indian town. From finds of pottery and flints, recently made in digging a road to old Fort Marey, it is certain that it was long an Indian town, before it was known to Europeans. The place is just such a one as the Indians would naturally select for a town, and was doubtless inhabited by them from time immemorial. Santa Fe since settled by the Europeans, has known something of the vicissitudes of war. In 1680, one hundred years after its settlement, the Indians rebelled, slew and disabled 500 out of 1,000 of the people of Santa Fe, and after a ten day's siege, compelled the miserable remnant to seek safety, after inerrible sufferings in El Paso, Mexieo. The Indians then washed off their Spanish baptism, destroyed the churches, and burnt the images upon the plaza. Twelve years later, the Spaniards, under De Vargas Ponce De Leon, recaptured the city after two desperate battles, when De Vargas had seventy prineipal warriors and chiefs, who had been captured and shot. In the war with Mexieo, Santa Fe was captured by General Kearney, Sept. 18th, 1846. In the late civil war, it was captured and held for a month by the Confederate General H. H. Sibley. With all its change of fortune, the town itself has scarcely changed in the last eentury.

The Exposition presents a most creditable display, particularly in ore specimens and Indians. A large building of many hundred feet in length has been erected. Rich ores from almost every part of the State are to be seen, and numerous specimens of coal. There have been half a dozen or more tribes of Indians, including Apaches, Zunis, Aeomas, Pieuris and Tesuques, camped on the

ground, contributing frequent dances—war dances, scalp dances, Elk, Antelope and other varieties of Indian dances.

The pageant of Coronado in his march of discovery with Indians and soldiers, representing the inhabitants of the country in the 16th century, was given in a parade of the streets on the 17th inst. On the 18th and 19th, the 18th and 19th centuries were represented.

The Pageants were admirably executed, with mailed warriors and almost naked savages following in the procession. In a word, the whole exposition has been most interesting and creditable, but there has been a lack of people to witness it. There were good crowds at the opening and on the 4th of July, but since, it has gradually fallen off until it is now quite slim. It is too far, and the fare too high for the people of the East. Those who come, are more than repaid expense and trouble.

PEREGRINATING PASTOR.

LETTER FROM NEW MEXICO.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., Aug. 29, 1883.

My dear Mrs. Whitaker:

Our vacation is rapidly drawing to a close—more than four weeks have gone already. I can hardly realize that so much time has gone. It seems such a very short time since I left St. Louis, and yet it is nearly seven months. The Ute children are improving, they are learning more English, and understand better what we say to them. There is one thing that is quite encouraging about them. They seem so ready to adopt our way of living, and adopt what they see. The boys, lately, have decorated the walls of their bedroom with pictures cut from papers and magazines. We never even suggested it to them, but the Pueblo children did not attempt it. They seem anxious to have their people know what they do, and see what we teach them. They write to their agent to tell the people about the school, the farm, and anything else that they seem to enjoy. I really believe these boys will be a great help to their people when they go home. They are all so anxious to listen, and say they will do just so when they go home.

51

The Girls' Mission Band, of Solomon City, Kansas, has sent us such a nice box of work, all ready basted, for the girls to sew. I know they will be interested in sewing it, and it will teach them a great deal. The Solomon City ladies and young ladies have been so kind about writing to me. They are so interested in the work, and ask so many questions about the children. I like that, for then I know what they are most interested in hearing about.

We heard a few days ago of the death of the little girl who was so sick when I wrote last. She got so much better after she reached home that we hoped she would soon be well again, but she had a relapse and died in a few days. Poor little girl, she suffered so much. The doctor says he thinks it was originally caused from the fall of the roof, for she was so terribly frightened, and was not well afterwards. She was not injured in any way, but, being a nervous child, the shock was too much. She was completely prostrated when she was taken sick. We will miss her a great deal when the other children return, for she was such a lively talker and such an affectionate child.

Yesterday the pueblo of Isleta had a grand "fiesta," and three of our family went down with a Mexican family in a wagon. They saw all our school children from that pueblo, and the children seemed so glad to see them. They were told that a very large number of scholars are coming to school in the fall. I do not know where we will put them, but I suppose we will manage in some way, if they should come.

The Isleta pueblo has had a terrible time with smallpox this summer, and a great many died of it; but it has left them now. It is a prevalent disease among the Indians and Mexicans. We had it around us nearly all winter, but we were wonderfully preserved from it.

The weather is still very warm, but the nights are getting cooler, so that we do not feel it as much as we did a few weeks ago.

I hope the Board is prospering. Many must be still out of the city, but the "faithful few" will be there, I expect.

With kindest regards to all, and hoping to hear from you soon, I am your loving friend,

L. A. BUTLER.



Harper's Weekly
No 1750.

FORT WINGATE.

THE NAVAJO INDIANS.

BY WILLIAM M. EDWARDY.

FORT WINGATE, the largest military post in the Southwest, is situated some three miles south of the line of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, and not many miles from the Arizona border. Department head-quarters are situated here, and a garrison of nine companies, mostly of the Sixth United States Cavalry, and one company of Indian scouts is constantly maintained. This large force is considered necessary to guard against any possible outbreak of the Navajo Indians, who roam over an extensive reservation, embracing nearly twenty thousand square miles of territory in northwestern New Mexico and northeastern Arizona.

The Navajos are estimated to number 23,000 or more, and they are by far the most powerful tribe of the Southwest. They have been at peace with the whites for about twenty-six years; but their fierce warlike natures have made it necessary for the military authorities to keep constantly on the alert. The tribe is rich in cattle, ponies, and sheep, and they suffered so much during the last war with the whites that it is the fear of losing their property more than anything else which prevents serious trouble. As it is, they are constantly quarrelling with cattle-men on the borders of the reservation, and they cannot resist the temptation of making an occasional raid on their neighbors and old enemies the Utes. In spite of his apparently peaceful inclinations, the Navajo has a deep-seated and well-founded hatred for the white man, and would gladly seek revenge for the wrongs he has suffered, if past experience had not proven to him that he must eventually lose in any conflict with his pale-faced conquerors. No white man or party of white men can safely pass through the Navajo country alone; but if sent out under the escort of any Indian of the tribe, the sense of honor of the people is such that there can be no possibility of danger.

Considering the vast extent of the Navajo reservation, with its natural wonders, the numerical strength of the tribe, and their superior intelligence, very little attention has been paid them by travellers and writers, so that their country, their customs, and their traditions are comparatively unknown. Fort Wingate is the natural starting-point for the Navajo country. It is a prettily situated post, with spacious quarters, storehouses, and corrals, where every detail of every-day life is conducted with that order and mili-

tary discipline common to frontier forts. The strategic position of the post is such that in the event of a Navajo outbreak the troops could be readily thrown out between the reservation and the thickly populated districts of New Mexico. It was established several years ago, and is now under the command of General Carr, who during his many years of service with the Sixth Cavalry has fought nearly every tribe of hostile Indians on the border.

The company of Indian scouts which is kept at the post is a splendid body of men, being selected from among the bravest and most intelligent young men of the tribe. They have adopted the regulation army uniform, and are neat and careful in their dress. They render efficient service in keeping order on the reservation and in bringing in renegades who have committed depredations of any kind. The scouts are commanded by a regular army officer, but their chief is a handsome half-breed called Chee (the light-haired), who acts as interpreter, and is one of the most influential men of the tribe.

By the permission of the commanding officer, and through the aid of Chee, I succeeded in obtaining an Indian pony and the services of one of the scouts to guide me on a trip through the reservation. We left the post at an early hour of the morning, and headed north through the rugged, broken country, which in its peculiar formations is unlike any other portion of the earth. Snow had fallen during the night to the depth of several inches, and as we passed into the hilly country an ever-changing panorama of weird and beautiful scenery was opened before us. The tall buttes of variegated hue rising abruptly from the snow-clad plains presented an endless variety of color and form. Some were smooth and round as if chiselled by the hand of man; others were jagged and rough; while others still took the shape of perfect domes.

A few miles from the post we came upon a pile of dark brownstone which so closely resembles the body and spires of a great cathedral that it has been called the "Navajo Church." It rises for several hundred feet above the level of the surrounding plain, and can be seen for many miles.

Near Fort Defiance, where the agency is located, we passed three tall buttes which in color and form resemble stacks of hay. They are called the "Hay-stacks," and at the distance of one or two miles the illusion is so perfect that the name is very appropriate. There is an immense circular opening in one

of these buttes, through which a person on the west side can plainly see the mountain slopes which lie to the eastward. The natural beauties and wonders of the Navajo country are too varied and numerous to be mentioned in detail. There is a wonderful cañon in the Navajo Mountains—of which I know only from stories told me by old men of the tribe—which has never yet been visited by white men. It is a beautiful valley, shut in on all sides by cliffs which rise several thousand feet, the only entrance being a narrow defile scarcely wide enough for two men to pass abreast. The Bridal-Veil Falls, which have been seen and photographed, are unsurpassed in beauty by anything in the Southwest. The principal fall is a solid body of water some twenty feet in width, which plunges over a precipice 132 feet in height, and there are several smaller streams on either side.

At Fort Defiance, which is just across the line in Arizona, I found a picturesque little settlement in a broad cañon, where the government has erected a number of buildings, and established a school for the education of Indian boys and girls. This is the business centre of the Navajo reservation, and here all dealings and consultations between the agents of the government and chiefs of the tribe are carried on. There are at present seventy-two children in the school; and outside of authorized traders there are probably twenty government employés at the place. Mr. C. E. Vandever, the present Indian Agent, was formerly City Marshal of Terre Haute, Indiana, and under his vigorous administration of affairs many innovations have been made, and a degree of order established which until lately was unknown on the reservation. I will give you some of his views in regard to the advancement of the Indian later on. At Defiance I spent some time, and naturally my first efforts were directed toward learning something of the traditions of the tribe. Through Chee's help I had no difficulty in securing interpreters, and had many long and interesting talks with the story-tellers, or historians, whose business it is to tell what has been handed down from the past.

I found among the Navajos the same difficulty which I have met with in other tribes, viz., that the various historians, or story-tellers, do not always agree in their traditions, and that while the groundwork may have been the same originally, each one elaborates or curtails to suit his own fancy. In common with other tribes of the Southwest, the Navajos believe that they originally came from below, and like the Moquis their lower world is composed of two stories or stations. Their best-established tradition of the creation, or appearance of man on earth, is as follows: The Navajos originally lived in the underworld—that is, the world immediately below the one upon which they now live. In that world they were happy and contented, and had everything which heart could wish for. There were no excesses of heat or cold, and fruits and flowers grew in abundance. The day was marked by a bright cloud, which rose like a curtain in the east, and as this went down a black cloud rose in the west, which marked the night. In this happy condition they existed until some one of the tribe discovered an opening in the earth which extended upward to some place then unknown. He communicated his discovery to his people, and the tribe set out to find to what place the opening would lead. Finally they emerged upon this earth at a

point somewhere in the Navajo Mountains, and immediately prepared to take possession of their new home. When they came upon earth they were ruled by a queen, who mysteriously disappeared four days afterward. Men were sent in all directions to search for her, and those who had gone in the direction of the Navajo Mountains came upon the opening by which the tribe had ascended from the lower world, and found that it had not yet been closed. Looking downward, they beheld their former home, and saw their queen combing her long black hair. She spoke to them, and told them to return to her people with the message that she had died on earth and had returned to the lower world, and that they would come to her only when death had released them from the upper world. With this the earth closed, and the

searchers returned to the tribe with the message which had been given them. Soon after this, giants appeared in the country, who killed and ate up the entire tribe with the exception of four families, who found safety in a deep cañon of the Navajo Mountains.

One day in their desolate retreat they saw at early dawn a bright ray of sunshine beaming upon a lovely verdant hill not far away. Four days in succession this phenomenon was presented, and being drawn by curiosity to visit the spot, they found a beautiful girl babe. This child was regarded as the daughter of heaven and earth, and they reared her with the greatest care. When she grew to womanhood, the great warrior who rides upon a white horse and carries the sun upon his arm as a shield fell in love with and married her. The offspring of this union were two sons, who slew the giants who had destroyed the Navajos; and under their protection the world was peopled again. The daughter of heaven and earth was finally taken up by her warrior husband and transported to the great waters to the westward, where she was placed in a floating palace, which has since been her home. She is immortal, and to her are addressed the prayers of the people. Her water home is guarded by twelve immortal beings, who return periodically to the land to learn what the Navajos are doing, and to carry back with them any messages which they may send. The tradition of this protecting goddess accounts for the respect which the Navajos show to the women of their tribe. Among them a man never lifts his hand against a woman, although it is no unusual thing for a squaw to administer a sound thrashing to the warrior husband who has offended her. All of the sheep, which constitute the great wealth of the tribe, are owned by the women; and in the various families the line of descent is always on the side of the woman. The Navajos have little or no idea of a future existence, but are firm believers in the transmigration of souls. For this reason they have great reverence for different animals and birds, which are supposed to be the re-embodiment of departed spirits of Navajos. The morals of the Navajos are of a very low standard. Polygamy is practised; and the marriage rite is only a form, for the husband or wife can take a new partner whenever so inclined. It is usual to purchase a wife by paying from ten to twenty ponies, but the husband is not bound to keep her any longer than he wishes. However, the wife who is abandoned can avenge herself by shooting the ponies or cattle belonging to her fickle lord. Some of the Navajos own slaves, who are principally Ute Indians who have been

captured on raids into their country; and although the government has been trying for a long time to liberate these captives wherever found, there are still many on the reservation.

The Navajos are naturally an intelligent and industrious race. They cultivate large tracts of land, and carefully tend their flocks and herds. The wool clip for the past year was upward of 2,500,000 pounds. They have lately been furnished with shears of an improved pattern; but until recently they cut the wool from the backs of the sheep with knives or sharp pieces of tin, an operation which was not only tedious, but was terribly painful to the animal. Previous to the last war with the whites, the tribe had extensive orchards of peach, apple, and pear trees; but these were cut down and destroyed by the soldiers under Kit Carson, since which time the Indians will not plant trees, for they say "the white men will come again and cut them down." During this war the Navajos suffered terribly, for they not only lost their flocks and herds, but nearly half of the tribe was either killed in battle or died of hunger and exposure. In order to subdue them, the soldiers and their allies, the Utes, destroyed everything upon which they could subsist; and it is related upon good authority that hundreds of Navajo women, when driven to the last extremity, threw themselves and their children headlong from the tall cliffs which overlook Fort Defiance, and were dashed to pieces upon the stones below. The Navajos have more than ordinary ingenuity in some classes of work, which is shown in the artistic patterns of the blankets which they make, and the skilful designing and manufacture of silver ornaments. A silversmith in the tribe can make bridles, belts, and necklaces which in originality of pattern and perfection of finish would puzzle many of our best mechanics. The people too are inclined to present a fine outward appearance, and display much taste in decorating their persons and the animals upon which they ride.

In regard to the progress which the tribe is making, there is little, if any. The means provided by the government are totally inadequate for the needs of the people. There is, to be sure, a school of seventy-two pupils, but what does this amount to among 23,000 people? The influence is so slight that it is hardly felt, and its benefits are scarcely perceptible.

Mr. Vandever, the present agent, is my authority for the statement that it is a bad policy to take the children from the agency and send them to Carlisle or some other remote school. He thinks that there should be several primary schools at convenient points on the reservation, and also a high-school, so that the children could be educated without having to be separated from their families. Above all, he thinks that there should be in-

dustrial teachers throughout the tribe, as the people are not only capable but willing to learn how to cultivate their lands and care for their animals.

At present the Navajos live in little huts, called *hogans*, scattered over the reservation, and it is very seldom that more than one or two of these huts are found together. Lately the people have evinced a desire to build houses, and a number of comfortable cabins have been erected under the supervision of the government agent. As already stated, there is constant hostility between the Navajos and cattle-men along the borders of their

reservation; but this is due more to the encroachments of the whites than to any fault of the Indians. There are fine grazing lands on the reservation, and the Navajo Mountains are said to be wonderfully rich in minerals. These serve as a constant temptation for unscrupulous people to enter the reservation, and when they do, they are generally met with a warm reception. It is not an uncommon occurrence to find a body riddled with bullets, as was the case a short while ago, when two Mexican herders were found dead not far from the post. The Navajos now own their land in common, but there is a growing sentiment in favor of its allotment in severalty, and those who know them best predict that when this is done the tribe will make rapid strides toward civilization and enlightenment.

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LA VILLA REAL DE SANTA FE.

HIGH in the mid-continent, a hundred miles south of the Colorado boundary, the old town of Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico, lies seven thousand feet above the sea, at the base of the Sierra Madre. A cañon dividing the foot-hills widens at its foot into a valley, which winds southwesterly eighteen miles to the Rio Grande del Norte. At the head of the valley the town rests against a mountain background, with deep recesses and dark pine woods fringed against the sky; and far to the north, an outpost of the Snowy Range, a peak snow-capped from October to May, looks down upon the town across the lower elevations. High in the mountains, amid the pines and poplars of a little park, sleeps La Laguna Encantada, holding ever in her sombre depths the image of the twin peaks which guard her slumbers. Fed by hidden springs and melting snows, the enchanted lake overflows in a stream, the Rio de Santa Fe, which tumbles in a long cascade down the twenty-mile cañon to the valley to which it is a source of life and fertility.

There is a lack of precise information about the details of the founding of Santa Fe, but history and tradition commonly assert that in the year 1541, only twenty years after the conquest of Mexico by Cortez, the Spanish military expedition commanded by Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, pushing far to the north, found on the present site of the town a community of civilized Indians, who tilled the soil, and resided in adobe houses, built terrace fashion, several stories high, which could be entered only by means of ladders. They worshipped the sun, maintained a sacred fire in their temples, and were ruled by a cacique and council of elders. Teguayo, or Cieuyé—the name is a disputed point among antiquarians—was one of the eighty Indian pueblo towns which at that time were scattered through the wide arid region which is now New Mexico and Arizona. Near the end of the sixteenth century a Spanish colony, acting under the royal authority of King Philip III., with means to make their stay good, planted the cross in this upland valley, and about a plaza or public square, laid out a town, which they christened Santa Fe de San Francisco de Asis—a name shortened in use to Santa Fe.

Ancient among towns in the United States is this Spanish-Indian city, a European graft implanted upon an aboriginal civilization in the century before the epoch in which were founded the settlements of Jamestown and Plymouth Rock. Southward along the windings of that great unnavigable river, the Rio Grande del Norte, through two hundred miles of savage-infested wilderness, lay the trail which for two hundred and twenty-five years was the only link that joined the Spanish province of New Mexico with the nearest other communities of the civilized world. On the north, the east, and the west lay arid trackless plains or difficult mountain ranges, seemingly interminable; and for two and a quarter centuries the tide of conquest and occupation by an English-speaking race, as it resistlessly moved westward across the continent, was all unknown in this isolated community, which was revolving in epitome the phases of Spanish-American history. Wars and massacres, the black shadow of the Inquisition, the despotic and cruel acts of the old Governors, and the desperate protest of insurrection alternate in the pages of its records with drowsy idylls of peace. Two conquests have fallen on Santa Fe within its written history, and in the fortunes of civil war it has been lost and won many times. The town from the first was of commanding importance in the province of which it was the capital. Early in its history it was raised to the rank of "villa," and is known in the Spanish records as La Villa Real de Santa Fe. Its traditions and customs of to-day are derived from the mingling of three separate civilizations—the aboriginal, the Spanish, and the English.

Santa Fe, after the usual fashion of Spanish towns, is built about a plaza, faced on every side by buildings and verandas. On three sides are shops, offices, saloons, and hotels. On the fourth and north side is the Palace, the government house in all times since the Spanish first occupied New Mexico. It is one story in height, with a veranda along its entire front; the face of its thick adobe wall is plastered into a sem blauee of stone-work, an innovation of recent times. The plaza, measuring about three hundred feet each way, contains an inner square, leaving streets forty feet wide in front of the surrounding buildings. The smaller square is neatly fenceed, and laid out in walks among alfalfa lawns abundantly shaded by large cottonwood trees. In the middle of the esplanade stands a monument of sandstone, inscribed to the soldiers who fell in New Mexico in repelling the Confederate invasion in 1862, or in battle with savage Indians. Near it is the pavilion occupied by the military band, which gives a public concert in the plaza on evenings and Sunday afternoons.

Two streets lead from every corner of the plaza, each at right angles with the adjoining side. Those on the north of the square open into the straight, shaded avenues, on which are the spacious military barracks and headquarters buildings of Fort Marcy, and the handsome cottages of officers and civilian residents; from the high mesa on the northwest the ruined earthworks of old Fort Marcy, built when the United States troops first occupied Santa Fe, look down on the

city. On the south the narrow streets, at a little distance from the plaza, ramify into crooked and narrower roads and alleys among the antique houses of the Mexican quarter. The general aspect of the town is imparted by the preponderance of flat-roofed, one-

story adobe houses; above these rise the massive walls and belfries of scattered churches and other religious and public edifices, and the roofs of a few high business buildings about the plaza. On Palace Avenue, east of the plaza, are several great Mexican houses built about spacious courts, or *patios*, and a number of handsome modern residences. In other streets adobe buildings and high walls shut in the roadway; many of these houses are the humble abodes of the poor, but among them the large residences of the wealthier Mexicans, with their soft brown or whitewash tints, long verandas, and air of seclusion and mystery present an Oriental appearance that is well in keeping with the surroundings. Up and down the valley bottom mud walls enclose fields and gardens green with growing crops.

In the by-streets and alleys Mexicans crouch in doorways and against the walls, and señoritas from beneath their black shawls flung gracefully about the head and shoulders throw coquettish glances at the passers-by. Most of the men are clad in garments that would be commonplace in any Western city, and it is only among those persons visiting the town from remote and primitive hamlets that one finds an approach to the old-time native costume. The Mexican of the poorer class has the faults that accompany ignorance and superstition, but he possesses the cardinal virtues of charity and hospitality, and a destitute man may travel from one end of the Territory to the other, and find no adobe house so poor that the inmates will not give him shelter, and share with him the best of their humble fare. The wealthy Señor Don is a courtly gentleman, with a deep but unobtrusive pride, and a hospitality that is unbounded and a matter of course. Among this class are names illustrious in the days of the Moorish wars in Spain, and amid the preponderating handsome dark Southern types there survives in the representatives of some of these old families the Visigothic fair skin and blue eyes transmitted from the noble strain of Andalusia and Castile.

Santa Fe County contains large and valuable mineral and coal deposits. About Mount Chalchinitl, in the Cerillos Range, are the turquoise mines, worked successfully in early days by the Spanish conquerors; and these mines it may one day be found profitable to reopen. The town of Santa Fe has two national banks, and sustains one daily paper, the *New Mexican*, and several weekly newspapers, including a Spanish periodical, the *Boletin Popular*. Adjoining the plaza at different corners are two massive adobe hotels, built in the old fashion about court-yards, and a short distance from the square a fine modern structure, the Palace Hotel. The New Mexico Rod and Gun Club has its headquarters in the town, and maintains a house in the hunting and fishing region lying about the upper waters of the Pecos River. The New Mexico Historical Society, which is doing good work in this most interesting field of archaeological and historical research, exhibits a large, valuable, and increasing collection of relics and illustrative specimens in its rooms at the west end of the Palace.

Santa Fe is astir early in the day. All the marketing is done in the morning, and after eight o'clock it is impossible to buy any good butcher's meat. Other supplies may be bought at the shops or of hucksters at all hours of the day. There are large market gardens near Santa Fe, and the Indians from the pueblos in the Rio Grande Valley

bring to town fruits and vegetables packed in hampers on the backs of burros (donkeys). The plaza throughout the morning presents an animated scene. Groups of burros, loaded with garden products, pottery, or firewood, stand at the edge of the sidewalk, with the Indian masters by them waiting to sell their wares. If an owner has occasion to leave his beast, he perhaps secures him to a post by a rope tied about the animal's forelegs. The Pueblo Indian is a picturesque aborigine, with his long black hair "banged" over his forehead and encircled by a red band, or wound with a strip of scarlet cloth into a short cue behind. His dress is a cotton tunic, and loose drawers and leggings, fastened below the knee by red garters; and sometimes he brightens his costume by wrapping about him a gandy-hued Navajo blanket. All of the Pueblo tribes make pottery, which they bring into town to sell, their stock in trade comprising a great variety of shapes and sizes, from huge *ollas* or water-jars, holding many gallons, down to the tiniest of jugs and bowls. Each tribe has its peculiar pattern of decoration in the form of stripes, diagrams, and rude figures of men, birds, and beasts in various colors, baked into the clay, and some of the Indian pottery is very handsome as well as serviceable.

At warehouses on San Francisco Street ox wagons are unloading salt brought from the salinas, or salt lakes, on the table-land a hundred miles below the city. In the jewellers' shops on the plaza Mexican workmen make filigree jewelry of native gold and silver, which material they draw into wire of great fineness and pliability; then double twist the strands, and fashion them into ornaments of fantastic patterns. The fine serrated edge of the twisted wire produces the

delicate gauzy or frost-work effect so beautifully displayed in Etrusean jewelry.

Against the walls, in sun or shade, sit beggars as in the cities of southern Europe—the halt, the blind, the deformed, and the very old. The effect of the dry air on these aged mendicants is to mummify them, living, into shapes of bones held together by wrinkled, parchment-like skin.

The site of the old Indian quarter is half a mile southward from the plaza across the Rio de Santa Fe. Here the houses, crowding upon devious and narrow alleys, swarm with a population which shows markedly its strain of descent from the native race. West and south of the plaza, beginning at Palace Avenue, there have been carved through this part of the town the spacious domains of a succession of great church establishments—St. Vincent's Hospital, the Cathedral, the archbishop's palace, the Convent of Our Lady of Light, San Miguel Church, and the Brother's College. San Miguel Church, fronted by a little Campo-Santo filled with ancient graves, is an ancient and massive adobe structure, cruciform in plan, with a flat roof and square terrace-shaped belfry, lately restored by the Brothers of San Miguel from a state of crumbling decay. The altar recess is decorated with bright pictures of saints, and the pine and cedar cross-beams above the body of the church are quaintly carved with imitation of grape-vines and odd designs; on one beam a Spanish inscription tells that, "The Marquis de la Peñuela erected this building, the Royal Ensign Don Augustus Flores Vergara his agent, A. D. 1710."

The date of the inscription marks the completion of a restoration begun in the year 1694, fourteen years after the dismantlement of the church by the Pueblo Indians, who in

the year 1680 revolted against their Spanish oppressors and inquisitors, killed many of them, and drove the remainder from the country; but the walls of San Miguel's were laid in the beginning of the seventeenth century. The roof of the church, which overlooks the town and valley, is surmounted by a parapet, and serves as a promenade. The cracked and battered bell that hung by raw-hide thongs in its rude wooden frame in the old belfry was cast in the fourteenth century.

Adjoining the church is the college of the Brothers of San Miguel, a large handsome structure, three stories in height, with adobe walls and red sandstone posts and corners, capped by a French roof and belfry. The college building accommodates ninety students, which, with the attendance at the day school, brings up its number of pupils to about two hundred. The Convent of Loretto for the education of young girls, and St. Vincent's Hospital in charge of the Sisters of Charity, are large and well-equipped institutions that admirably serve the purposes for which they were founded. In the cathedral, a large, handsome stone structure built on the site of the adobe edifice that preceded it, may be seen the paintings presented to the church a century and a half ago by the Spanish commander, Diego de Vargas Zápata Lujan Ponce de Leon, who reconquered New Mexico after the revolt of 1680. In the rear of the episcopal palace, a long one-story building built about a series of courts, are the cool walks and arbors of the archbishop's garden, where, shut from the outer world by a high adobe wall, are fruitful orchards, vines, berries, grass, and flowers, and a fish pond fed by a large spring that wells from the ground within the enclosure.

The brown old town wears in all seasons an Indian summer look of warmth and brightness. The summer rays of the sun unveiled by clouds strike warm upon the hard dry ground and unshaded house fronts, but the thin air does not retain the heat, and the temperature of the hottest day is entirely comfortable to a person in the shade, and the nights are always delightfully cool. The red foot-hills that roll upward on the north and west of the town are hot and arid, and the glossy green of the piñon and cedar clumps that dot their slopes do not diminish the effect of barrenness which they present; but beyond them are the cool peaks giving to this wonderful landscape the threefold charm of the mountains, the desert, and the oasis. These broad features of the scene impress the consciousness to the exclusion of all minor details, and in a land so gloriously illuminated by sunlight the aboriginal religion could only have been one of worship to the great luminary.

The features of social life in Santa Fe are very pleasant. For many years the town was the head-quarters of the military department of New Mexico, recently transferred to Fort Wingate in western New Mexico, but Fort Marcy still serves as an army post, at present the regimental head-quarters of the Tenth United States Infantry, Colonel Simon Snyder commanding. The residents of the town, military and civil, are noted for good living and hospitality, and besides the occurrence of numerous balls and parties, and the maintenance of a charming fashion of informal visiting and dining out, a wide field of enjoyment is found in excursions into the wild country about Santa Fe, with hunting,

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trout-fishing, and mountain climbing for the adventurons. In a climate so genial, in which the range of temperature usually lies between twenty and eighty degrees Fahrenheit, an out-of-door life is agreeable at all seasons of the year.

Santa Fe is connected by a branch railway eighteen miles long with the Atchison, To-

peka, and Santa Fe road at Lamy, and by the Santa Fe and Southern Railway with the Denver and Rio Grande road at Espanola. The population of the town is sixty-five hundred souls, of whom more than four-fifths are of Mexican descent. The remainder are mainly American, with a considerable proportion of foreign-born citizens. The Board of County Commissioners and its chairman perform the functions of a Mayor and Board of Aldermen. The prevailing religion is the Roman Catholic, and feast-days and religious processions are frequent, the day of the town's patron saint, Francis, of Assisi, on the 4th of October, being notably celebrated by high mass at the cathedral, and a general illumination from the streets and windows and house tops. There are in Santa Fe a Presbyterian church, and also an Episcopal church of very handsome architecture, built largely through the zealous and untiring efforts of its rector, the Rev. Edward Meany. A government school for Indians now building will be ready to receive pupils this year, and the Protestant and the Catholic religions are each represented by a flourishing Indian school—the Ramona School for girls and boys, supported by the Congregational denomination, and the Rosario School, maintained under the special care of the Most Rev. Archbishop Salpointe. The University of New Mexico—of which the Ramona School is a branch—was founded and is controlled by the Congregational Church; and the Santa Fe Academy, an institution conducted under the auspices of the Santa Fe Presbytery, provides the course of study usually pursued in the public schools of Eastern towns.

A visit to the Palace is full of interest to the sojourner in Santa Fe. The adobe walls, six feet thick, which have been standing nearly three hundred years, are as solid and enduring as when they were first laid. The high and spacious apartments of this edifice, which distinctively is the Governor's residence and official headquarters and the meeting place of the legislative bodies of all periods in the history of New Mexico, up to a very recent time furnished rooms also for nearly every other department of the Territorial government, including the United States and Territorial courts and the Territorial library. Most of these departments now have quarters in the new Territorial Capitol, but the Palace is still the official residence of the Governors of New Mexico. Seen from its court-yard, the antiquity of the building is revealed, despite numerous renovations and repairs, in the fallen plaster, the rough walls, and the adobe roof, on which the tall wild grass waves in the breeze. Rooms built against the inside of the rear wall face the court, and all this part of the edifice undoubtedly presents much the appearance that it did in the days of the Spanish Governors.

During the turmoils and invasions of nearly two hundred years, the archives of New Mexico had been carefully preserved in the Palace through every mutation of power; but in the year 1870, W. A. Pile, then Governor, had them thrown into the streets and sold as waste paper. Grocers and butchers

used the old State and historical parchments and papers bearing the royal seal as wrapping for packages, and records pertaining to the title of valuable grants of land were placed at the mercy of whoever had an interest in destroying or withholding them. This inaccountable act of vandalism provoked so urgent a remonstrance from the citizens of Santa Fe that Pile reluctantly consented that the manuscripts should, so far as was then possible, be recovered and stored again at the Palace, but naturally only a part of these papers found their way back to the proper repository.

In the year 1879, General Lew Wallace, who had recently assumed the office of Governor of New Mexico, chanced to notice a heap of manuscripts on the floor of an outer room in the rear of the Palace court-yard. Picking up one of the papers, he found it to be a Spanish warrant dated early in the last century ordering the arrest and inquisition of a party suspected of heresy. A further examination of the heap showed that it contained what was left of the New-Mexican archives. Under the direction of Governor Wallace the papers were placed in safe quarters in an inner room of the Palace, where, tied in square, compact bundles, the mass of documents measured seventy-four cubic feet. When the suitable person shall explore these manuscripts, and write the story that they tell, there will be added to the history of the United States its oldest and most romantic volume. An episode of the old Palace that to many people will be of paramount interest is that within these antique walls of the Spanish rulers, on arid uplands like Syria and Palestine, Lew Wallace wrote the novel of *Ben-Hur*.

The present Governor is L. Bradford Prince, who, with a thorough knowledge of the needs of the Territory, displays in his important executive position the energy, industry, and business capacity which distinguished his long and honorable career as a State Senator in New York. He formerly held the position of Chief-Justice of the Territory, and is the author of a valuable and interesting history of New Mexico. The hospitalities of the executive mansion were never more fully and gracefully sustained than by that charming and accomplished lady, Mrs. Prince, who, a descendant of one of the old and wealthy New York families, is by adoption a New Mexican heart and soul.

South of the Rio de Santa Fe stands the large handsome Territorial Capitol building, and beyond it, in the southern suburb of the town, is situated the Territorial penitentiary. On the level plain north of the barracks, in front of the large stone United States government building, rises a handsome monument, inscribed "The Pathfinder," which commemorates one of the worthiest and bravest of the heroes of the Western frontier, Kit Carson, the famous plainsman and mountaineer, the guide of General John C. Fremont in his expedition across the continent, and the gallant leader in many Indian campaigns. Toward the end of his eventful life he married a Mexican lady at Taos, on the upper Rio Grande, and his children and grandchildren reside in New Mexico.

In the early evening the people gather on the verandas about the square, or sit on the seats beneath the trees, while the military band plays for an hour in the plaza. The space around the inner enclosure is filled with carriages and riders, and there are here displayed costumes as fashionable and turn-

outs as fine as in any small city in the whole United States. But at a late hour in the night, when the town is lighted only by the soft moonbeams and stars shining from a cloudless sky, Santa Fe assumes its most picturesque aspect. The shadows of foliage lie intensely black on a pale yellow ground, the Palace beneath the moonbeams takes on a look of dignity befitting its name, and on the hill in the northwest old Fort Marcy stands darkly against the sky like a Roman ruin. It is a fitting time to visit the precincts of the Church of San Miguel, and see by moonlight its ghostly walls, and, hard by them, the forlorn token of the people who held the valley before the Spaniards came—the old pueblo house looming a story above the surrounding dwellings of this poor quarter.

Within a decade strange changes have come upon New Mexico. Great railroads cross it east and west and north and south, and a transcontinental traffic finds its route over this arid meeting-ground of diverse races. The locomotive's whistle and the rumbling trains of two railroads are heard in Santa Fe, and at the Cerillos Mountains, twenty miles southward, there is a bustling activity in the old mining region worked more than two centuries ago by the Spanish conquerors. As the capital and political head-quarters of New Mexico, and the ecclesiastical centre of Colorado and the southwestern Territories, Santa Fe will respond to the growth of the Territory, and retain its importance among New Mexican cities, and, moreover, it will prosper through the advantages of the town as a place of residence, a sanitarium, and a point of interest for tourists. But the mediaeval spirit is strongly rooted in New Mexico, and the town which bears the name of the Holy Faith is wakening but slowly from its long dream of the sixteenth century. The picturesque Spanish-Indian characteristics will happily long survive in this quaint town above the clouds, which, nestled against mountains facing the afternoon sun, basks in transparent luminous air amid mellow memories of the past and the infinite tranquillity of the present.

CLARENCE PULLEN.



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MODEL OF THE PUEBLO OF ACOMA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

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THE PUEBLO OF ACOMA.

PERHAPS the most interesting people among the aborigines of the American continent are the Pueblo (town) Indians of New Mexico and Arizona, who have an ethnological affinity, if not a direct kinship, with the succession of different migratory peoples, beginning with the Toltecs and ending with the Aztecs, who, between the seventh and the twelfth centuries, passed southward from the unknown region, Aztlan, to colonize the Valley of Mexico and its environs vales and plains. The substantial and permanent character of the houses composing the pueblos of these tribes, each tiny town being an independent community; the primitive civilization that still prevails among their inhabitants, unchanged in centuries; the adherence of the people to pastoral, horticultural, and agricultural pursuits; their gentleness, hospitality, industry, and thrift; their bravery in defence of home and liberty; their chastity; and the isolation that each existing pueblo has maintained in the midst of surrounding tribes and the settlements of the whites—are all noteworthy characteristics; and in their social relations within each city these Indians afford as nearly as has ever been attained an example of rational and successful communism.

Among the nineteen communities of these Indians in New Mexico, the pueblo of Acoma, in Valencia County, ranks with Zuñi in its attractiveness to the ethnologist and the archaeologist, and it is unique in location, being aptly termed "a city in the sky." The surrounding country is of the most rugged, broken, and varied character, consisting of table-lands cut irregularly by precipitous cañons and separated by mountain ranges. A few miles to the west of Acoma, between that pueblo and Zuñi, the lava flood poured forth in prehistoric times from a volcano now long extinct, overspreading the plain, cracked, as it cooled and hardened, into a long heap of enormous jagged black rocks, called by the Mexicans *malpais*—a petrified torrent two miles in width and many miles in length, presenting, save for one narrow

gap through which winds a stony, difficult trail, an impassable barrier to the passage of man or beast. East of this lava bed a large cañon with precipitous sides expands into a valley four miles wide and ten miles long, opening to the northeast. From the surface of this extensive basin rise great detached sandstone buttes in various forms of pinnacles—pyramids, pillars, and obelisks—some of which are several hundred feet high, the whole presenting a strange and grotesque spectacle, like a city of wonder-land. On the level barren summit of an enormous isolated sandstone rock, or mesa, that rises steep and high from the plain, is situated the pueblo of Acoma, at an elevation of 7500 feet above the sea-level.

The first written account of this pueblo is by Castañeda, the historian of Coronado's military expedition into New Mexico in the year 1541, who relates that Captain Hernando de Alvarado, with a party of twenty men, while exploring the country to the eastward of Zuñi, arrived at the village of Acoma—called by the natives A-go, and by the Spaniards Aceno—"a very strong place, built upon a rock very high, and on three sides perpendicular. The inhabitants are great brigands, much dreaded by all the provinces." The pueblo could muster two hundred warriors, and from their audacious and martial spirit and the security of their impregnable stronghold, the Acomas were able to defy the other pueblos, as well as their hereditary enemies the Navajos. Castañeda's description of the village applies almost precisely to its appearance to-day. He states that the sides of the rock on which it stood were so precipitous that the ascent of it by human beings was impossible except at one place, where a stairway led from the plain up to the village. This stairway was of sufficient width for the first two hundred steps, but after ascending these, there were encountered one hundred steps far more difficult, and then a perpendicular ascent of twelve feet remained, which could only be climbed by the use of holes made in the face of the

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rock, which compelled the climber to make use of both hands and feet.

On the summit were heaped huge stones, which the defenders, without exposing themselves, could roll down on any assailants of their stronghold, so that no army, whatever its strength might be, could force a passage within the town. Upon the flat top of the

bluff was stored a large quantity of corn, and cisterns sunk in the solid rock supplied the inhabitants with water. On the approach of the Spaniards, the Indians came down boldly into the plain, and tracing lines upon the ground, haughtily forbade them to pass over them; but when they saw the undaunted Alvarado prepare his company to attack them, they suddenly changed their tone, sued for peace, and in token of amity presented the Spaniards with a great quantity of poultry, together with bread, deer-skins, pine nuts, seeds, flour, and corn.

In the year 1598, when New Mexico first was colonized by the Spaniards under Juan de Oñate, the Acomas attacked the Maestro de Campo, Juan de Zaldiver, and fifteen of his men, who were visiting their village, and killed the commander and all of his party except one officer and four men. These five Spaniards, being pressed by the Indians, leaped boldly down the face of the cliff. Strange to say, but one of the five was killed, the remainder reaching the bottom without fatal injury. Two months later, a force of the Spaniards, under command of Vicente de Zaldivar, stormed the rock and town of Acoma, and its inhabitants afterward consented that Franciscan missionaries should make their home among them, the tribe eventually being converted to a nominal Christianity.

In the year 1680 the people of Acoma joined in the successful insurrection of the New Mexican Pueblo Indians against their Spanish oppressors, and thereafter enjoyed a period of independence and paganism until 1692, when Governor Don Diego de Vargas Zapata Lñjan, in his reconquest of the province of New Mexico, reached Acoma, and drew up his force before the rock. After some negotiations the natives surrendered, and De Vargas and the pueblo chief, Mateo, publicly embraced each other, after which a large cross was erected, and the ceremony of absolution and a general baptism took place. Since the beginning of the seventeenth century this pueblo has been, professedly at least, an orthodox Catholic community.

Acoma is situated about eighteen miles in a southeasterly direction from McCarthy Station on the Atlantic and Pacific Railway, midway between Albuquerque and Fort Wingate. Its people, like those of Moqui and Zuñi, have retained to a great extent their ancient customs. The walls of light-tinted sandstone, "nearly everywhere vertical or overhanging," of the bluff or "peñol" on which the town stands rise from two hundred and fifty to three hundred feet above the plain. Against their bases the sand has blown in great drifts, extending far up into the recesses and fissures of the cliffs. Until within recent years, as in the days of its discovery by Alvarado, only one path gave access to the top. It is a toilsome and dangerous route, winding along the edge of frightful chasms, leading up through fissures, and passing over crags. In places steps have been hewn, and up the face of the naked rock holes have been cut to give a foothold to climbers, and the constant use of these holes by the Indians through centuries has worn them to the exact shape of the toe of a moccasin. Up this steep path an Acoma

Indian with a live sheep on his shoulders will run rapidly without helping his ascent in any way by the use of his hands.

The Acomas use this foot-path yet, but they have in recent years made on the opposite side a horse trail, very steep and difficult, which winds up over immense sand drifts and steep rocky ledges to the top of the rock. Up this bridle-path animals that are accustomed to mountain climbing can go in single file. The surface of the top of the mesa, comprising about ten acres, is naturally a rough naked space destitute of vegetation. The town is constructed after the usual style of the pueblos of New Mexico, and consists of from sixty to seventy houses two or three stories high, built of adobe or of rubble-stone, rising terrace-shaped, with flat roofs. There are no windows in the first story, or doors, except in the roof, which is reached by means of ladders. Within the houses are several estufas, or apartments used as council-chambers and for the secret practice of the Acomas' ancient religious rites, including the maintenance of the sacred fire in honor of their ancient gods. The town has about eight hundred inhabitants, and is divided by three parallel streets.

The people, in early days so warlike and arrogant, are now peaceable, and maintain themselves from their flocks and herds and the tillage of their agricultural lands, which lie from fourteen to sixteen miles from the pueblo, on the line of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, where they have their summer villages of Aconista and Pueblito. Here they raise corn, beans, pumpkins, and melons, and have productive orchards of peaches and apricots. Upon the cliff there are no springs, but there is a large water-tank about one hundred and fifty feet long, twenty feet broad, and five feet deep. This tank is filled with snow in the winter, and during the summer rain-water is collected in it, furnishing the water required by the inhabitants. The Acomas do all their cooking in earthen vessels of their own manufacture. Their pottery is of fine quality and very handsome, being readily distinguishable among the coarser work of some of the other pueblos. Furniture is unknown among them, and the people sleep on sheepskins spread on the floor. Their houses are neat and orderly, some of them being whitewashed without and within. The roofs in the season are covered with drying

peaches and apricots, and against the walls hang festoons of bright red peppers and strings of pumpkins and muskmelons, cut into ropes and twisted into bunches, which are dried for winter use. The horses, asses, cattle, sheep, and goats of the pueblo are herded in the great basin below the village, which is an excellent stock range. The soil is of a nature to produce fine crops, but owing to the absence of watercourses it cannot be utilized for agriculture except through the construction of a reservoir system for the retention of the summer rains and floods, a work that may some day be undertaken, and which will probably be attended by successful results.

About a mile from Acoma is La Mesa Encantada (the Enchanted Hill), with perpendicular walls rising four hundred feet high from the plain. There is a weird tradition of this lofty cliff related by Mr. James W. Steele, who states that on this mesa was anciently the home of the people of Acoma. One day in harvest-time the whole population of the town—men, women, and children—with the exception of three ailing women, were in the valley below, working together, according to their custom on such occasions. A cloud-

burst, as the sudden rain floods of the country are called, occurred up the valley, and a great wave swept down, undermining the sand upon which rested the narrow staircase of notched rock by which alone the top of the mesa could be reached. When the people returned, they found that where the stairs had been, the whole side of the mesa had fallen in a heap in the valley below, leaving the summit absolutely inaccessible. The three women could be seen above, wandering around the edges, waving their arms, and shouting, but no help could reach them. The skeletons of these women lie somewhere on the summit, where still are the walls of the old city; but nobody has ascended the Mesa Encantada since the day of the disastrous flood.

Like the people of all the other New-Mexican Pueblo tribes, the Aomas have their annual festivals, the origin of which is lost in the mystery of the prehistoric ages. The Catholic priests put all the Christian veneering possible over the essential heathenism of the ceremonials, and under their influence these celebrations occur usually on or near some saint's day. Conspicuous among these jubilations is the harvest festival, when, with games and dances, the people rejoice over the ripening of the fruits of the earth. After the performance of secret rites within the estufas, to which ceremonies no one not a member of the tribe is admitted, the maskers, musicians, and others, all decorated in paint, ribbons, and brass ornaments, stream forth into the open space before the village, where, with the peculiar stamping step attending all Indian performances of the kind, are continued the processions and dances, to the music of rude fifes, drums, and gong-beating. In some of their dances the performers are attired in complete suits of buckskin, adorned with fringes, buttons, beads, feathers, and ribbons, completely covering the face and head, surmounted with horns, and having only small slits for sight and breathing.

The Pueblos, a provident folk who believe in intrenching themselves with all the supernatural powers, do not neglect on these occasions to visit the church to pay due obseiance to the Christian God and lesser divinities. The church, a fine old structure of adobe, was rebuilt in 1702, after it had been dismantled in the Indian revolt of 1680. It is a massive edifice one hundred and fifty feet long, forty feet wide, and forty feet high, with walls seven feet thick, standing, fronted by an extensive and ancient burial-ground, on the southern brink of the mesa. The sand for this cemetery was brought up from the foot of the bluff, and placed in a depression at this point—an operation which, according to priestly tradition, occupied forty years. The huge buttresses, one at each front corner of the church, are capped above the roof by rude belfries, in which swing two bells, which Indian tradition asserts to be the gift of the Queen of Spain at some period in the eighteenth century. One of these bells bears the inscription, "San Pedro, A.D. 1710." It is a wonder how these heavy bells, and the great pine beams, forty feet long, and of proportionate thickness, that cross the body of the church, were ever brought to the top of the mesa.

Adjoining the church are the ruins of the old Franciscan mission of San Estevan de Acoma, established, says the eminent archaeologist and historian Professor Ad. H. Baudier, by Fray Juan Ramirez not long after the year 1628, he naming the place after St.

Sebastian on account of its rocky sides and the large number of pebbles accumulated on and about it. Fray Ramirez returned to Mexico, and died there in 1664. His successor was Fray Lucas Maldonado, from Tribunjona, Mexico, also a Franciscan. In fact, up to the uprising of the Indians of New Mexico under Popé and Catit  in 1680, the Franciscan Order controlled all the missions among the Pueblos. On August 10, 1680, twenty-one Franciscan friars were murdered in various parts of New Mexico, and among them Fray Maldonado, of Acoma. After the reconquest of the province, twelve years later, by the Spaniards under Diego de Vargas, there were for several years occasional disturbances and bloodshed. But by the beginning of the eighteenth century the province had become tranquillized, and the Pueblo Indians and the Spaniards had adjusted their requirements so as to get along together without a great amount of friction.

It is a strange and picturesque sight when within the thick walls of the old church, dimly lighted by deep windows like port-holes, in which sheets of mica, or *yeso* (transparent gypsum), serve for glass, the Indians, in the same fashion of dress which their ancestors wore when they built fires to the sun in ancient days—some wrapped in Navajo blankets, with broad black and white stripes, and great red diamond figures in the centre—pass to and from the altar, with its bright but impressive decorations. The church interior is decorated with two valuable pictures, the "Virgin and Child," and the "St. Joseph," which were brought from Spain more than two hundred years ago. The ceiling is rudely frescoed in representation of the sun, moon, and stars, the work, in the beginning of the present century, of an artist priest, whose name is somewhere inscribed beneath the dust that for generations has been settling upon this labor of love and devotion.

The Aomas are a free and independent race, preserving their pure Indian descent and tribal characteristics. They possess and jealously guard an antique, strongly made chest, secured by a giant padlock, in which are various old papers and parchments bestowed upon them by the early Spanish rulers, or bequeathed them by priests, comprising grants of privileges, title-deeds, missals, and other documents, which they regard with much reverence, and preserve with care. Like the Zu is, and several other of the Pueblo tribes, the Aomas maintain in their principal estufa the sacred fire. A member of a military commission visiting this pueblo twenty years ago relates that as a special honor the party were taken to the estufa. To reach this underground apartment—a chamber about thirty feet long by fifteen feet in width—they descended a smoke-begrimed ladder through a trap-door, which also served as a chimney. Seated around the fire, each with a loom in front of him, on which he was weaving a blanket, were four Indians, whose only garment was the breech-cloth. The Indians told the visitors that these men were relieved at stated times by four others, and that the fire was kept forever burning, waiting for the coming of Montezuma, the demi-god of the golden or heroic age of the Pueblos, who had promised on his departure centuries ago to return to resume his sovereignty and to deliver and exalt his people.

CLARENCE PULLEN.

New Mexico

SONS OF INDIANS.

WHAT THEY HAVE BEEN, AND WHAT THEY
ARE BECOMING UNDER A NEW DIS-
PENSATION.

A few years back THE DEMOCRAT'S young man about town was warming his feet at a log fire in the heart of the Rockies, close by one of the many booming Colorado mining camps of that day. One of the older prospectors present, had just returned from the nearest postoffice and brought with him some papers which he proceeded to read aloud. By the curious combination of contemporary events that the telegraph permit us to take in at a glance, the dispatches contained in one place a reference to some frontier outrages, charged to the Ute Indians; while in an other place, was some very complimentary statements bearing on the secretary of the Interior, Mr. Schurth's success in his attempts to foster up the Indian school at Hampton and if possible, establish some elsewhere. "What?" said the bronzed frontier man, who had seen more than one brush with the Indian warriors, "Schools for the Indian children? The fool, does he know what he is talking about?" "Let him try prospecting on the Ute reservation," said another of the party, "and perhaps he might know something after that;" and for the rest of the evening the statesmen at the log fire discussed Indian schools and their luckless projectors in a manner that would certainly done away with them and consigned them to the regions of impracticable inventions for all time to come. We somewhat felt these wise men of the west was in the wrong, but just how much in the wrong, we never realized till good fortune sent us to the now firmly established school for Indian children at Old Albuquerque, with its enthusiastic, capable, superintendent, Prof. R. W. D. Bryant, and his staff of associate teachers. The quality of work done here is in exact opposite ratio to the structures that incloses teachers and students. Their quarters are narrow, insufficient, not to say shabby in their appearances. The work done within, is established on the most generous plan, and with the noble purpose of returning in moral and intellectual esin, some of the payment due from us modern Americans to the children of those who have been forced to transfer to us, generally without his consent, the most magnificent domain that has yet been granted us Anglo-Saxon men and women to occupy.

So far as the problem of the perpetuity of a race allows of discussion, within our limited insight, in all its marvelous ramifications, it would seem reasonably well-established, that it is largely a question of ability and willingness to grapple with one's environments, physical, moral and intellectual. A

stationary race may exist long, apparently prosperous, with one or more of these factors missing, but to an advancing one, this trinity would appear indispensable, and is it anything but the simplest bounden duty on our part to aid our fellow being the Indian, or at least the remnant of its youth, to enter upon this new career, without which he must succumb like the buffalo to degrading and pitiful extinction. This would seem a matter of the simplest justice, but looking at the subject in another light, is the race problems with which we are called upon to deal a mere incident or commercial necessity? Are we Anglo-Saxon Americans not just a little too confident that we possess all the brains as well as the largest railroads? Is there not such a thing as adding to the world's intellectual capital as well as its "watered stock?" and how do we know but what, in denying or delaying which has been the actual case Indian; scouting all possibility of development, we are simply debaring ourselves from an ingredient in our future civilization, that might prove the very salt of the social body? As a nation we are called upon to deal with the most complicated problems, what if it should require the most composite and vigorous race aggregates in a unit to meet the ever increasing responsibilities? Viewing the subject in this light, dare allow a single one of those with us, however antagonistic for the time being, to be extinguished? That some of these children may go back to savage ways again is no more of an argument than to claim that civilization is a failure, because it yet contains quite a number of savages wearing the rayments of civilized life. We feel assured that these children are everybit as intelligent and teachable as those our fore-fathers carried with them, when as "Goths and Vandals," they descended on the effete civilization of Rome. We are quite certain that the boys and girls of the Saxon villages were no more susceptible of the French culture, introduced with the Norman conquest into the British Isle than these legitimate wards of ours is to the American civilization. These children can be taught to spell, to read and to write and to draw, in a manner, that when all circumstances are considered is nothing less than remarkable. If any one doubt it let them make a morning call on the class in charge of Miss Marriette Wood, they can be taught arithametic and to add up millions with the utmost rapidity and accuracy, as the class of Miss L. Tibbals more than proves. They can be made subject to military drill and learn industrial pursuits, as the efforts of Maj. H. Loveland and Mr. Frank Engdahl, industrial teachers, demonstrates. They can be taught cleanliness and neatness as their own appearance as well as the laundry work and sewing done under the care of Mrs. J. H. Loveland and Miss C. E. Chaddock clearly shows. Finally the whole company has proven themselves admirable capable of

appreciating first-class diet skillfully prepared as we should judge the well directed efforts in this direction of Mrs. M. J. Saddler and Mrs. Frank Engdahl. But at last, but not least, the whole of this arrangements can be so grouped and fitted as to become a fit type of a first-class christian household challenging and receiving the best efforts of as cultivated scholar and traveler as Professor Bryan, and the grace and wisdom of as refined and accomplished lady as Miss E. Scoville. We can but earnestly recommend this work to the consideration of our own people as well as the state and community at large, now we can but admire the self sacrifice the earnestness and patience of these gentlemen and ladies, pursuing their noble task. We bespeak for them the sincere regards and cordial co-operation of the community in which they have made their home, and which by its geographical position and its history ought to and will become the future Meca of the Indian race.

Prof. Oscar Boyd, of New York city, secretary of the Presbyterian board of home missions, is in the city, and will be the guest of Rev. J. Menaul, while here. The gentleman will conduct the street services to-morrow. The object of the gentleman's visit is to examine into the condition of the missionary schools of his church established in this territory among the Spanish speaking population, and, if possible, found new ones.

New Mexico.

AGUA NEGRA, January 13.

I came here in September, but could not commence school till October 1st because the school-room was not in fit condition. I spent the time in calling on my neighbors. I commenced school with six scholars, but soon ran up to eighteen, and have had that number ever since. They are all studying English, and are learning very fast. I organized a night-school for Tuesdays and Thursdays last November. Sabbath-school was organized the first Sabbath of November, and I have thirty-six enrolled, and we have a prayer-meeting each Wednesday evening. All take a great deal of interest in everything. There are no American people here except Mr. Holman, with whom I am boarding. He is a member of the church here and so is his wife—she is Mexican. They have one son, who is about fourteen years old. He is studying arithmetic, grammar, geography and spelling. Mr. Phillips is very kind in sending for me frequently. I spent Thanksgiving and the Christmas holidays there. I would have liked to be with my sister, but we are too far apart to see each other this year; but I hope it will be our lot to be nearer together in our mission work some time. Mr. and Mrs. Hall, teachers at Mora, and I united our schools and had a Christmas tree for them. The Mexicans had never seen one before, and their curiosity was unbounded; they seemed to enjoy it very much. We had some remarks from Mr. and Mrs. Hall, and Spanish and English singing.

MAGGIE FLEMING.

NEW MEXICO.

SANTA FE.

I am strangely brought to a strange land at a strange time. The Master best knows why. But I am right in the midst of work, and seem quite able to take hold of it. Its very novelty is attractive and recreative. I came to Las Vegas Hot Spring for rest, and have preached every Sabbath since I came there, when I was sent for here, and straightway was invited here as supply. I find a church here of 22 members, with some eight or ten others who ought to be, but still have their letters East.

I was surprised when three-fourths of the support was asked from the Board, but begin to think that is about all they can do. I have introduced the envelope system, and am getting it very well worked up.

At the meeting of Presbytery, also, I was surprised at the amount asked of the Board for New Mexico. Over \$12,000 that I kept count of, and others that I knew of, was still to be asked. I wish I knew just what it is in all. When we consider what is attempted here, and to what success, we cannot but count it a good investment.

The Mexican population, for instance, is being reached not only by our mission schools, which, as far as I have seen, are doing excellent work, but also by Mexican preachers. One half of those who came to Presbytery were Mexicans, so that the business carried on in English had to be translated into Spanish, and notes taken in both languages.

I remarked to one sitting next to me: "There is the hope for this people—native preachers," and yet these preachers and people are all poor, so are all our American churches. It is decidedly a mission field.

The "Tertio-Millennial" that is in operation here gives me opportunity to see another feature of mission work in this Territory, that is, the native Indians. There are encamped on the grounds some forty *Apaches*, in war paint and feathers, as many again *Lugunas*, in soldiers' dress and well drilled. They took second prize. Dr. Menaul labors among this people. Some twenty-five or thirty *Zunis*, as many more *Aomas*, with scattering ones from other Pueblos.

Six boys are here from Indian school at Albuquerque, four of them *Apaches* and two *Aomas*. I have encouraged the boys coming to see me, as I had seen them in their school, and was much interested in them and in the progress they were making.

To one of the *Acoma* boys, who was in this morning, I gave a card, asking him to write to Professor Bryan, who I thought would be glad to hear from him, and it would also take him for a little while away from their games and races. Here is what he writes without dictation. He has been in school, in all, a year and a half.

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"Dear Mr. Bryan: This Santa Fe Acomas man and children twenty-five. All time good eating—meat and coffee—all very well—good day. All time summer, and all Indian people very good dancers, and horse-racing very fast.

JAMES B. GARCIA."

This, in better writing than I have given it, and accurate spelling, I consider excellent for the advantages he has had.

PURIFICATION BY TORTURE.

THE HORRIBLE CEREMONIES OF FANATICS IN THIS FREE AND ENLIGHTENED LAND.

There are in the Territory of New Mexico about 2,000 persons belonging to the Hermanos Penitentes, a fanatical religious sect who believe in the periodical atonement of sin by inflicting on their bodies agonizing tortures. They were originally connected with the Roman Catholic Church, but Archbishop Laney, shocked by their barbarous cruelties, promulgated a decree banishing them from that communion. Its membership has greatly decreased since, and those now belonging to the order reside principally in four counties of the Territory. Great care is taken to prevent the discovery of their identity, all being masked. While conducting their annual penance the devotees often travel hundreds of miles to undergo the prescribed tortures. Los Griegos, a small Mexican village near Albuquerque, boasts of the great body of the penitents. Yesterday morning their ceremonies were begun by an introductory procession, containing about thirty men and women. The process of purification by torture began at ten o'clock. Five men, naked to the waist, barefooted, and wearing black robes and hoods that completely concealed their identity, were seen to issue above the lodge house of the sect, led by the master of ceremonies, who carried a genuine cat-o-nine-tails. Two huge wooden crosses, weighing 250 pounds each, were placed on the shoulders of two of the self-torturers. The sharp edges cut into the naked flesh, causing the blood to spurt out and drop to the ground. One penitent produced a sharp goad, which he thrust into the flesh of his fellow-sufferers from time to time, while the procession moved up the street, singing a wild chant in Spanish. Halting once, the crosses were transferred to the shoulders of others, the attendants meanwhile applying their rawhide whips mercilessly, each blow taking off skin and bits of flesh. The procession again started, and took its way to the goal, half a mile away.

During the march not a groan was heard, nor was a word spoken; but just before reaching the goal, a small adobe hut, an ordeal was encountered which tried the nerves of the boldest. For some distance before the door cactus plants had been thickly strewn upon the ground, and as the barefooted cross-bearers approached it one hesitated. Instantly half a dozen whips descended upon his bare shoulders, and with a

bound he sprang into the thorny plants, his every step and the footsteps of his followers being marked with blood. As the torture grew more terrible, the chant grew louder, and the thongs fell with more vigor. Reaching the door of the house, the procession was lost sight of, a sentinel guarding the entrance, and only broken whips and poles and blood bear witness of what occurred within. Issuing from the house, the procession re-formed and turned to their house of worship. And so the horrifying exercises continued, one band of penitents succeeding another until night, when a grand procession and chant wound up the exercises for the day. During these marches to and from the house of refuge the scene at times was too sickening for description. Powerful men submitted their bodies to the most merciless flagellation, until, in some instances, the bare muscle was seen quivering at every blow. The whole proceeding was a savage attempt to honor the Easter season. Hitherto the law has made no attempt to check these wild exercises, although once, a penitent, who threw another bearing a cross into the river near San Juan, and drowned him, was lynched by the infuriated witnesses.—*N. Y. Times.*

AROUND ALBUQUERQUE.

FEATURES OF NEW-MEXICAN LIFE AND INDUSTRY.

THE NEW RAILROAD AND THE COUNTRY THROUGH WHICH IT RUNS—THE INDIAN QUESTION.

[FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., Oct. 20.—A new railroad has just come into existence [and Albuquerque is its starting point. From this town the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad begins its journey westward to California. Properly speaking this is only the western division of a greater system. In 1866 a charter was bestowed upon the company for the construction of a road from Springfield, Missouri, to San Francisco. On the eastern division, known as the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad, the track has been laid west of Tulsa in Indian Territory. The western division is now finished by the completion of the bridge across the Colorado River at the Needles. This is the thirty-fifth parallel route, which has existed on paper for many years. It passes by lava beds and the pueblos of the Isletas, Lagunas, Acomas and Zunis; climbs the Continental Divide at an easy grade of fifty-eight feet to the mile; crosses into Arizona through vast coal fields just south of the great Navajo reservation; traverses the barren valley of the Rio Puerco with the Moqui reservation on the north and Fort Apache ninety miles to the south; runs within hailing distance of the petrified forest; enters an excellent grazing country near Holbrook; passes beneath the shadow of the San Francisco Mountains through forests of giant pines; bridges cañons and ascends the second or Arizona Divide at a grade of 137.28 feet to the mile; leaves Prescott, the capital of the Territory, fifty miles to the south; runs within twenty miles of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado; approaches the homes of the Supais and Hualapais; and finally descends to the Colorado River at the Needles, where dwell the clotheless Mojaves, 600 miles from Albuquerque.

As this itinerary shows, the thirty-fifth parallel has chiefly counted red men, and a plentiful number at that, among its tenants in the part. There were no towns along the immediate route of the railroad when its construction was begun three years ago. It has opened a section new and comparatively unknown. But now the herdsman, the miner and the lumberman are beginning to make the land their own, and in their wake will follow the "thorough" traveller and the inevitable tourist.

A STUDY OF BOOMS.

Meantime the town from which I write has waxed fat upon the nutriment afforded by its position as a railroad centre. There are booms and booms in Western life. There is the boom of the town at the temporary end of a railroad, where scores of shanties spring up over night, and town lots which the week before went begging at two bits an acre are reckoned cheap at hundreds of dollars a lot. There is the boom of the new mining town started on the strength of some extraordinary "strike," and for a time crowded with enthusiastic prospectors. The "Palace of Glory," the "Heil's Delight," the "Good You Bet," the "Miner's Church," the "Rustler's Retreat," and the other grottoes do a prosperous business while the excitement lasts. Then the future metropolis languishes, and soon the place that once knew it knows only piles of tin cans and mounds of empty bottles.

There is also the healthy boom, based upon a natural evolution from a water tank and a railroad siding into a town. Albuquerque has proved her boom to be genuine. Three years ago the listless Mexican led his team about her streets and scratched the glebe with his crooked stick. There were wheat fields where brick blocks now rear themselves with a bold assumption of age and dignity. The horse car has replaced the Mexican bull team, and the scores of substantial business blocks show gas jets behind their plate-glass windows. There are nearly 10,000 inhabitants, there are manufactures and railroad shops, and the town in active prosperity appears to lead all others in the Territory. Meantime the old Mexican village of the name, which was left two miles to one side by the railroad, is rapidly fading away, scorched by the brilliancy of its successor. *Le roi est mort. Vire le roi.*

THE LAND OF FIRE AND FLOOD.

But the railroad leads away from Albuquerque down the valley of the Rio Grande to the pueblo of the Isletas, of local repute for wine-making, and thence westward through various ancient Spanish grants, while the country becomes more mountainous and broken. The many-storyed pueblo of the Lagunas on a high rock just above the track is hardly left behind when a lofty peak comes into view to the north. This is Mt. Taylor, the highest point in New-Mexico, rising 13,000 feet above the sea. It is clad with pine forests nearly to the summit, but showing the scars of volcanic fires. Near by are extinct craters. The road now enters the region of lava beds. From the car windows at Bluewater Station you look out upon a river of lava some four miles wide which stretches back for twenty-five miles. The black surface is gashed with fissures and bristles with points hard and sharp as glass. Vegetation such as there is approaches it but coyly. The lava beds are useful only to the Pueblos, who appear at the stations with silent offering of bits of lava and turquoise to the traveller.

The age of fire is succeeded by that of water, despite the theories of the Indian, who holds that the two should always be commingled into one threatening whole. After the lava beds, sandstone

castles and obelisks thrust their fantastic outlines into sight. There are cliffs hollowed out into dark caves and supported by flying buttresses, there are minarets and grotesque sculptures, and strange rock masses like the "Navajo Church" carved by nature into the likeness of human edifices. The sights are much the same as on the ride from Pueblo up to Denver, and here, too, is a "Garden of the Gods," not far from Chaves Station, a mesa some fifty acres in extent, guarded by cliffs and filled with sandstone towers and arches in the fashion of its prototype at Manitou. But it is a sorry compliment to the gods to bestow upon these museums of eccentricities such a name. Between Chaves and Wingate the Continental Divide is crossed through a natural pass at a grade so easy as to be hardly noticeable. The next station is Gallup, near the Arizona line, and some 150 miles west of Albuquerque, and this is the chief shipping point for coal.

VAST COAL DEPOSITS.

From Utah nearly to Mexico there run vast coal fields extending down through Eastern Arizona and Western New-Mexico. Their extent has remained unappreciated. In Arizona it is estimated that there are over 30,000 square miles of coal lands. In New-Mexico there are immense deposits near Raton in the extreme north, at Los Cerillos near Santa Fe, and at White Oaks near the Mescalero reservation, in addition to the coal fields in the western part near Gallup and further south. All these various deposits are being worked, but only to a very small extent as compared with their magnitude. The search for gold and silver has so long monopolized Southwestern miners that humble coal and even copper have until within the last few years been neglected.

The economic importance of these great coal beds, however, cannot easily be over-stated. The products resemble the Pennsylvania bituminous coal, burning closely, forming a hot fire, and leaving but little residuum. So far as the railroads are concerned, the proximity of the coal fields has reduced the cost of fuel upon the Atlantic and Pacific from \$9 to \$2 90 a ton. In mining business the coal is beginning to play an equally important part. Most of it is well adapted for coking, and therefore for use in smelters. With the increase in the number of mills and smelters which must naturally come, the nearness of these coal mines will prove more and more an advantage. I speak of their usefulness only as applied to the enlarging industries of the Southwest, but it may be that the mines will be called upon to supply a more extended field. Whatever may be the case in England, there is no cause for fear of the exhaustion of coal in this country, for the Southwestern coal mines alone could, it is estimated, supply the entire United States for more years than most of us would care to count. With bituminous coal, that is; for although it is said that there are veins of anthracite, the production thus far has been almost entirely of soft coal.

INVASIONS OF INDIAN RESERVATIONS.

By rendering a portion of the coal fields and cattle ranges more accessible to laborers and more inviting to capitalists, the new railroad presents many advantages, but it may not prove an unmixed good so far as concerns the original occupants of the soil. Every road which has penetrated an Indian country has sooner or later brought settlers who, accepting the common doctrine that Indians have no rights, have attempted to encroach upon the reservations. This route passes just below the lands of the Navajos, of whom I have spoken in a previous letter, and a station near the Arizona line is named Manuelito for the venerable and wealthy chief. A short time since there were reports that oil had been "struck" on the Navajo reservation, and that country was promptly invaded by a crowd of excited prospectors. Of the trespass committed there was no thought. There was no more regard

for reservation boundaries than is entertained by Oklahoma Payne. Nor has there ever been in the face of rich "strikes" of gold or silver or the existence of coveted grazing lands within a reservation. In this instance the troops acted promptly, and the invaders were expelled. The expulsion was doubtless rendered more easy by the discovery that the oil was of poor quality, very thick, black and impure, much inferior to the oil in Southern California, and limited in quantity.

This is but a straw, showing the constant danger a reservation is exposed to when a railroad makes it easy of access. Had the oil strike proved genuine a cry would have been raised throughout the Territory that the reservation must be thrown open. It is a dangerous matter to trifle with, however, and a sound discretion will dictate to the neighbors of the Navajos a severely let-alone policy. For the Navajos are probably the only Indian tribe which is steadily increasing in number. Among these 15,000 Indians there are probably 4,000 warriors, and if they should be driven to take the war-path all the Apache outbreaks which the Southwest has known would be as a flea-bite by the side of their uprising.

THE ZUNI SPRINGS.

Not so with the Zunis. They are by nature men of peace, and whatever depredations may be committed upon their reservation, they would probably sooner starve than fight. And starvation has seemed imminent within the last year, for a powerful attempt has been made to secure the springs from which they irrigate their farm lands.

About a year ago a claim was filed to the Nutria spring, which the Zunis have used for generations and which was supposed to be within the reservation. But it was found that the spring had been inadvertently left outside the reservation lines. Dr. Thomas, the Pueblo Indian Agent in New-Mexico, says that this occurred through a mistake of the surveyor. Here comes the point of greatest importance, however. If the Nutria spring was declared outside the reservation and assigned to cattle men, the decision would affect in the same way the Pescadero and a third spring from which the Zunis derive the water essential for raising the crops upon which they subsist. Thus they would be deprived of their means of support. These facts were made known partly through the distinguished young member of the Smithsonian Institution, Mr. Cushing, who is still pursuing his valuable ethnological researches among the Zunis. An order was issued from Washington extending the line of the reservation to include these springs.

But it seems that the end is not yet. It has been publicly intimated within a short time that the attempt to secure the springs of the Zunis would be continued. Moreover, Mr. Cushing has been subjected to much vilification, absurdly unmerited, as any one who knows his life at Zuni must acknowledge, simply because he explained the facts of the case, believing that the squatters were acting under a mistake. Neither the efforts of Indians to become self-sustaining nor the labors of American scientists in home fields are likely to receive much encouragement from this experience.

THE INDIAN SCHOOL.

Dr. Thomas, late Indian agent, writes from Washington, with regard to the Indian school, as follows:

"The plans and specifications of a \$25,000 school building are just being finished here, and it is expected that the advertisement for proposals will be out in a few days. The building is to be of brick and a good one. Of course additional buildings will be added from time to time."

The building to be put up with the present appropriation, and for which the plans and specifications are now ready, is to be merely a wing, and it is the intention of the Department to have a building here ultimately, which will be one of the finest of its kind in the country, and one that will be an ornament to the city.

Under the competent and energetic management of Prof. Bryan the school is in a flourishing condition, and may now be fairly ranked with the very best of its kind. The time has come, it seems to us, when the entire charge of the institution should be assumed by the government, making it in all respects a government institution, and relieving it entirely of its present denominational character. We trust our Presbyterian friends will not regard this as any reflection upon them or their church, for as long as the school is to remain under sectarian influences, there is no denomination that we should rather see in charge than the Presbyterians; but as long as the affair is considered a proper matter for denominational management, it is as liable to fall into the hands of one denomination as another, and while it is in charge of the Presbyterians now, it may be in the hands of the Baptists, or Catholics, or Hebrews next year; and with the variety and contrariety of religious sentiments thus engrafted upon him, the "little Injun" will be liable to have no positive convictions of any kind upon religious subjects. And besides, it is wrong to impose upon any one denomination the expense of a work of this character; it is a burden that should be borne by the whole people, and the expenses should be paid, not only in part but in whole, by the public. Let the school be made a government institution, and be put under the charge of such a man as Prof. Bryan, and it will become more efficient than it can possibly be made while it remains in whole or in part under denominational control.

THE INDIANS OF SANTA FE.

BY HERBERT WELSH,
SECRETARY OF THE INDIAN RIGHTS ASSOCIATION.

It is generally supposed that but one sentiment exists in the minds of men in the far West regarding the Indian, a sentiment of hostility, tempered only by contempt. I have been strongly impressed, through recent experience in Santa Fe and Albuquerque, with the belief that this opinion is far from being correct; nor do I think it one that presents a just view of the best class of Western people. In both of the towns alluded to I have met many representative men. I have talked to them freely regarding the present conditions of the Indian problem, and have explained to them the views advanced by the Indian Rights Association as to the best methods of solving it. I have spoken with these gentlemen regarding the practicability of educating Indian children, the necessity of the advancement of agents' salaries, by which means alone the higher grade of men can be kept in the service; and, touching all these points, I have found no one who has differed materially from me. The work of our Association has been universally approved, and, unless I am greatly mistaken, both at Santa Fe and Albuquerque an organized effort will be made to aid the cause. I had an interview, on Saturday, May 10th, with Mr. Hayward, proprietor of the *Santa Fe New Mexican Review*, also with Mr. Cross, editor of that paper. Both these gentlemen expressed a deep interest in the work of our Association, and promised to use the influence of the *Review* in its behalf. Quite a long article has since appeared in this journal, giving an account of this interview, and calling the attention of the people of Santa Fe to the importance of the Indian work in which our society is engaged. A number of gentlemen have expressed their willingness to form a branch association of the Indian Rights Association in Santa Fe, and have given such encouragement to this project that it is my intention, upon our return from a careful examination of the Indian field, to stop at that town for the purpose of carrying this plan into execution. Santa Fe would, in my opinion, make an admirable center for an Indian industrial school, similar to that which has already been established in Albuquerque, through the generosity and enterprise of the citizens of that thriving town. The invigorating mountain climate of Santa Fe, and the fact

that this place has been known for many generations to the Indians of the Southwest, seem to suggest it as a place well suited to this purpose. Climate must be carefully considered in relation to the education of Indian children. Mountain tribes, such as the Navajos and a large part of the Apaches, cannot be advantageously removed from the cool, bracing air of their native hills to the more depressing atmosphere of the low country. Santa Fe, it appears to me, would meet precisely the exigencies of the case. The education of the Navajos and Apaches is now a matter of stern and immediate necessity. It is a very grave injustice, not only to the Indian, but to the worthy white citizens of the Southwestern territories, on the part of our Government to permit these tribes to remain longer in their present condition of ignorant savagery. None realize this fact more keenly than the most thoughtful and intelligent men in this region. Their present safety and future prosperity demand the vigorous prosecution of this work, and an awakening upon the part of the Government from its criminal apathy. Were an industrial school, under efficient management, planted at Santa Fe, in addition to many that should be speedily begun upon the Reservations of New Mexico and Arizona, the sympathies of the citizens of that place would become warmly enlisted in the work, and the wholesome influence awakened by their efforts would soon be felt throughout the Southwestern territories. But to continue the incidents of my journey. On Saturday, at noon, I left Santa Fe for Albuquerque, whither my companion, Mr. Gardiner, had gone on the day previous. The journey was slow and wearisome, and we suffered some annoyance from the fierce gusts of wind and dust which several times assailed us. We passed close to a number of Indian pueblos on our way, and I was interested in seeing the Indians laboring out in the fields, hoeing or directing the irrigation of their crops. I arrived at Albuquerque by six o'clock, and, during the evening, we received a visit from Professor Bryant, who is in charge of the Indian Boarding School. I learned from him that Mr. Gardiner was still at the school buildings, two miles out of town, where he had been busy all day taking photographs of the children and listening to the recitations in the schoolrooms. On Sunday, after we had attended service in the Episcopal Church, Professor Bryant called for us, in his wagon, and took us to the Indian School. Here we dined and passed the afternoon very pleasantly, being present at the Sunday-school exercises of the Indian children. Their power of memory is re-

ing cross, and after dragging their burdens around it, those who bore the heavy crosses from the council-room, lie prostrate and apparently lifeless, under them. Then each of the others, always lashing and striping himself, moves side-long till he reaches the upright cross, when, falling prostrate, he

Kisses Its Foot,

Rises again and continues his chant and lashing as he shuffles around it. When each one has done this, the return march is made just as the advance was, and the procession enters the chamber, whose closing doors shut in the ceremonies performed there. Day and night these performances continue. Bearing this in mind, let's hurry on to the last and greatest day, Holy Friday. All the members are there; great numbers of the faithful penitents, each surrounded by one or more counselors, with face hid and body mangled, singing the same strange song, tottering, sometimes sinking from loss of blood and sleep and the self-inflicted torture of the long season, are led out and face one way. The music seems stranger and the chants more wildly weird, as the cross-bearers are led to their places and the burdens laid upon their bruised and mangled shoulders: the solemn procession moves at a funeral pace toward the upright cross, at every step tottering beneath the lash that goes deeper and deeper into the chapped and lacerated flesh.

The Crucifixion.

And now comes the really typical ceremony; upon that upright cross Christ's crucifixion is about to be commemorated! The penitents cluster around the cross, lashing themselves and staggering at every blow; the cross-bearers lie like dead men beneath their weighty burden; each devotee is urged by word and song and gesture; if faint, he is forced to bear up and renew the self-chastisement. Presently a wild, strange wail breaks upon the ear, and high upon the cross, a worn, wretched, mangled man is placed and bound with strong cruel cords that bury in the flesh, as the helpless body sinks down. The head of the penitent droops; life, if life is left, is not apparent; the brow bleeds within its prickly crown; a low, mournful wail goes up and the penitents prostrate themselves about the spot.

There the crucified penitent remains;

how long I do not know. The ceremonies go on as before, and away in the night the chants and wailings are heard, chorused constantly by the sounds of the scourges that lash the writhing bodies of earnest penitents.

Who the Disguised Men Are,

Or whence they come, or how far, I know not. If they survive or perish, I know not, nor shall I ever make inquiry. Strange stories are told of many who have died and been secretly buried, but of this I know nothing, and I only write what I know.

X:

IN AN INDIAN PUEBLO.

BY HERBERT WELSH,
SECRETARY OF THE INDIAN RIGHTS ASSOCIATION.

On Thursday morning, shortly after ten o'clock, we started by wagon from Santa Fe for the old Indian village, or Pueblo, of San Ildefonso. Our party consisted of Professor Ladd, President of the University of New Mexico, who had kindly consented to be our escort, Mr. Reed, of the United States Indian Service, Mr. Frederic Gardiner, Alonzo Montoyo, a very intelligent Pueblo Indian, and myself. The landscape through which our road lay is one of peculiar beauty. The soil is sandy for the most part, apparently unfit for cultivation and, at present, after the long, dry season of many months, is almost unbroken by fresh vegetation. A species of white cedar grew on all sides, interspersed with the prevalent sage bush. We passed, occasionally, a Mexican farm-house, or group of cottages, built of adobe brick and from their similarity of color scarcely distinguishable from the soil on which they stood. That which gives dignity and beauty to the scene is the line of snow-capped mountains by which the table-land is encircled, and the extraordinary brilliancy of sky and atmosphere which hangs over and surrounds all. This is indeed the land of sunlight. From time to time we passed a Mexican mountaineer, driving a number of diminutive donkeys before him, with loads of fire-wood heaped high upon their backs, as he trudged down to Santa Fe. After we had journeyed nine or ten miles, we saw lying to our left the ancient Pueblo of Tesuque, and hard by a group of its Indian inhabitants plowing their fields with oxen. The occasional glimmer of a bit of scarlet drapery among them shone pleasantly against the dry, brown fields. These Indians are the descendants of those poor people whom the Spaniards conquered and enslaved more than two centuries ago. They and the residents of the other pueblos, similar to that of Tesuque, seem to get on very peaceably with the white people of the territory, by whom, so far as I can now judge, they are liked and respected. They are an agricultural people, receiving little or nothing from the Government in the way of rations. They earn a scanty living from the industrious cultivation of their own fields. About two o'clock in the afternoon we reached our destination—the Pueblo of San Ildefonso. It is very difficult for me to convey to another mind the impression produced upon my own upon entering this curious village. It seemed as though

in a moment of time we had stepped from the life of to-day and all the familiar features of our own civilization into some remote, unknown period. We drove through a narrow roadway into the center of the village, and found ourselves in a large open space or plaza, upon which every door and window seemed to open. The bare monotony of this square, formed by the adobe houses of the pueblo, was somewhat relieved by a few trees just coming into blossom and rough wooden structures for storing fodder. We noticed wooden ladders leaning against many of the houses, by which access might be had to the low, flat roofs. It seems to be a favorite amusement of the children of the Pueblo Indians to scamper over the tops of their dwellings or hide behind the little parapets by which the edge of the roof is defended. We seemed to be objects of universal curiosity upon our arrival, and a motley group of men, women and children, gathered round us and bid us welcome.

The Pueblo Indians are not beautiful to look upon. They are small in stature, but thick-set and strongly built. They wear their coarse black hair sometimes hanging loose over the shoulders, or bound in two plaits and fastened at the ends with a piece of bright colored stuff. The locks which fall upon the forehead are suffered to grow to a level with the eyes, and then are cut squarely off, precisely according to a fashion which has found recent favor among more civilized communities. With the men it is a common custom to bind a red handkerchief about the brows, leaving the top of the head uncovered. I found time to take a pencil sketch of the village from a point of view looking toward the northwest and showing the distant line of snow-clad mountains. This seemed to give great delight to the women and children, who gathered close about me, chatting and laughing merrily among themselves. Looking from where I sat to the northward I saw a lofty hill, like a battlemented castle, rising majestically above the roofs of the pueblo. This hill is called the Mesita (or little table-land). It is distant from the village about one mile and a half, forms one of the most striking objects within a radius of many miles, and has associated with it an event of historic interest. It was here that the united tribes of the Pueblo Indians, who had successfully broken the Spanish yoke by the rebellion of 1680, made their last stand against the conquering arms of Vargas. In the afternoon we visited the Mesita and climbed its highest peak. Its appearance is most imposing, as it stands

alone in the midst of the great plain, the waters of the Rio Grande crawling at its feet. The first approaches lie over sloping hills of sand, covered with a scant vegetation. These soon break into great, blackened masses of volcanic rock which must have afforded marvelous defenses to the Indians and sorely taxed the valor of the Spaniards. The upper ledges of the Mesita are so steep as to appear like artificial fortifications built by the hand of man. From the summit we enjoyed a grand view of the broad plain, with its boundary of mountains and the Rio Grande flowing through it until hidden within the distant cañons. When we reached the Pueblo upon our return, a full moon was high in the heavens, and stars were shining through the cloudless night with a brilliancy which I thought I had never seen equaled. That evening, under the porches of one of the houses of the village which faced the moonlit plaza, we held a council with the principal men among the Indians. The Governor, the Cacique, and a number of the chiefs were present. In the shadows of the porch we could distinguish the features of none: we were only able to descry dark figures leaning against the posts or seated upon the benches. An Indian woman came out from a neighboring doorway, bringing a little pan filled with live coals which she placed upon the ground. Near it was a package of cigarettes, to which any one present was at liberty to help himself. Professor Ladd, Mr. Gardner and I made brief addresses to the Indians, which were translated by Mr. Reed for them into Spanish. We explained to them the object of our visit, and how we had been sent out as the representatives of the Indian Rights Association, a society which had been formed for the purpose of securing their welfare. We then asked them explicitly whether they desired the education of their children, and if the opportunity offered, whether they would be willing to send them to school. After we had finished speaking, the Indians held quite a long conversation among themselves in their own language. They said that they appreciated our kindness in coming to visit them, and that they were glad to see us; they were anxious to have their children educated, and that they would be willing to send them to school in Santa Fe or to the north of that place. This they would do from September until planting time in the Spring. Then the children would be needed at home for farm work. Our reply was that we would tell the men at Washington what their wish was in reference to this matter. Before the close of our conference the Indians referred to another point, upon which they desired our opinion. They told us that an Ameri-

can, living some distance up the cañon, had done them much harm by killing and stealing their cattle. They had caught him in the act. Would they not be doing well, they asked, to kill this man? They had reported the matter to their agent; but he was absent at the time from Santa Fe, and they were afraid it might be a long while before justice would be done them if they awaited his return. I should here state that this very summary line of action proposed by the Indians is not uncommonly adopted by the whites of the territory as a punishment for the offense of cattle stealing. We strongly urged our friends, however, to a safer, if less expeditious, course; to report the matter to their agent, and to rely solely upon the slow process of the law. With this advice, which, I doubt not, was adopted, the council closed; and, accepting the hospitality of our host, Alonzo Montoya, we retired to pass our first night in an Indian pueblo.

SANTA FE, N. M.

GEN. ARMSTRONG AMONG THE INDIANS OF ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO.

Albuquerque, New Mexico, Sept. 12, 1883.

Dear Dr. Field: For the past three weeks I have been visiting the Indian reservations in this Territory and in Arizona, studying their condition and prospects, especially in respect to education.

The first thing that has struck me is the comparative simplicity of the problem here. The more vigorous and aggressive Indians of the Northwest have made peace with rations. The Sioux and others are, practically, hired not to fight, the country not having realized that to conquer is cheaper than indecisive fighting or feeding. But the nation is pledged to feed over twenty thousand of the Sioux alone, making it in their minds a needless and foolish thing to go to work.

Of the forty thousand Indians in these Territories, but about six thousand are wholly fed, and one thousand half fed, by Government. Only a small proportion are being demoralized by public bounty, and thus is eliminated from the Indian problem of the Southwest a most troublesome factor. The lazy and intractable who in the Northwest fare on the whole as well as the industrious, here suffer the natural consequences of their conduct.

The Apaches are fed like the Sioux, because we are afraid of trouble if they are not. Only last year the Cheyennes and Arapahoes of Indian Territory, by their threats compelled the Government to restore their full beef ration, after it had been cut down one-third for economy's sake. But of the five thousand Apaches in Arizona, about four thousand are thrifty river Indians, peaceful, industrious, irrigating and cultivating bottom lands on the banks of the San Carlos and Gila rivers, and raising or gathering from the fields a part, perhaps one-fifth, of their support. Under good management they could in five years entirely support themselves. A thousand or more, principally White Mountain Indians, are born mountainers, independent, never conquered, purer in blood and in character than those who mingle with the whites. They are now working well, and if not aroused to hostilities, are likely soon to need no more help.

The cause of raising up the Indians of New Mexico and Arizona is thus comparatively simple. We start with men in a natural condition instead of an unnatural condition.

The thirty-five hundred Pimas, eight hundred Maricopas, seven thousand Papagos, sixteen thousand Navajos, and nine thousand Pueblos, provide their own food and clothing. But they need a competent and large force of agents to introduce good seed for crops, modern tools and implements of agriculture, which they are glad to get in place of their Egyptian plows; to supervise their use of water, for all

must irrigate (and they are wasteful of it); to develop their various resources, to build up boarding and labor-schools on their reservations, and establish them each on his own farm.

The Pimas have long raised the best wheat in the Territory. It is their current coin; but it is too often used to buy whiskey from white men, who are everywhere pressing upon their borders. Whiskey is universally the Indian's greatest enemy; next to that is gambling.

Not only do they work for themselves, men doing the full share of the drudgery, but they are ready to hire out to white men, and are capable of becoming a valuable class of laborers in mines and on railroads. Only the Apaches refuse to hire out.

The Papagos and Navajos are a grazing people, making corn and vegetable crops wherever there are springs of water in the great riverless region they occupy. The latter are the wealthiest Indians on the continent, having in fifteen years increased from nine thousand to sixteen thousand, and owning an average of over \$100 apiece in silver and coral ornaments (they do not care for gold), having over twenty-five thousand ponies and a million sheep. The women are the principal property holders, and retain their wealth after marriage.

The only boarding-school I saw in operation in Arizona, is the one at the Pima agency, in charge of Dr. Jackson, agent, through whose vigor and efficiency great improvements have been made, and a commodious two story adobe building, square, with an inner court, has just been fitted up and opened with nearly one hundred children of both sexes. He has enclosed by a wire fence a school farm of seventy-five acres, irrigated by a ditch nine miles long, five by five feet in size, from the Gila river, built wholly by Indian labor; the farm to be worked by the school-boys as part of their education.

Instead of giving away the yearly supply of annuity goods (some \$5,000 worth), Dr. Jackson issues them only as an equivalent in labor has been rendered by the Indians; thus the ditch was dug and other improvements made. Such wisdom is rare and should be encouraged.

The Rev. Mr. Cook, Presbyterian missionary at the Pimas agency, has for many years been laboring for their conversion with but little result in church organization so far, though he feels that there is a marked difference among them, the more superstitious class avoiding and opposing Christian teaching, while others seem attentive and correct. There is much difficulty from their habit of changing homes: in Summer they live in "keys" (brush huts) by the river, cultivating their crops; in the Winter they collect on the uplands in similar huts with mud plastered over the loose brush. They will not be easily accessible till they shall build better and more permanent homes.

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Those who live in colder climates are more readily persuaded to build good houses.

At the Navajo agency there is a substantial stone school building three stories in height, soon to be completed, to accommodate about one hundred boarders of both sexes—a long delayed and much needed aid for this tribe. Some good work has already been done there by the Presbyterian Church, but nothing well appointed and sustained. The present agent, Major Riordan, is energetic and able, and will make every effort to build it up.

The Navajos sent fourteen children to the Carlisle school, but the death of a few of them produced a panic, making them fear that education is "bad medicine." Time will overcome this feeling. This powerful people needs the leaven of Christian education, which has been sent to the heathen ten thousand miles away far more effectively than to these our brethren. The position of their women is better than among many tribes, and is an encouraging feature. That they are not altogether savage, is shown by the beautiful and costly blankets which they weave. I saw elegant fabrics being made within brush huts covered only on the north side. The best of their blankets are worth \$150 apiece. Secretary Teller proposes to help them materially by supplying several hundred blooded rams to improve their poor stock of sheep, which should be reduced in quantity by half, and in quality be made twice as good; the annual clip of wool is very large.

I visited the Papago reservation, nine miles from Tucson, where the Presbyterians are to send a missionary this Fall. From the tower of St. Xavier Church, built by Spanish priests a hundred and fifty years ago, I saw the square, flat-topped, adobe dwellings of seven hundred Papagos, which cluster around this most remarkable and interesting old shrine.

Everywhere in this region the land is bare and desolate, unless refreshed by irrigation. The view was sombre and cheerless, except for the valuable forests on the reservation, which if sold for the benefit of the Indians who own it, would net an annual revenue of \$2,000, and easily support an excellent school.

There is a strong Roman Catholic influence here, there being regular worship in the cathedral, which by its rich gilding, numerous wooden statues, beautifully carved by pious artists, representing Christ, the Madonna, and many saints, appeals strongly to these natives.

I was sorry to find that the Apache school at San Carlos was closed, though now doing good service as military headquarters where soldiers are needed on account of the late disturbances. The buildings are adobe, and that kind need constant repair; cheap to build, they are costly to keep up, and need frequent attention, or will soon become worthless.

The Indian agent, Judge Wilcox, in his last annual report takes ground against schools for the present. A sufficient answer to his argument is, I think, the motto "Where there's a will there's a way." I spent part of three days

there, and never saw a better field for educational or missionary effort than among the four thousand people cultivating the river bottom from ten to fourteen miles in three different directions from the agency: the San Carlos river enters the Gila from the north, the agency being at their confluence.

The people are quiet enough to have raised extensive crops, and seem open to ideas as much as they ever could be. The objection on account of danger from Indian outbreaks is answered by the claim that Indian teachers can be found who will run as much risk as Government officers in doing their duty to the Indians.

These, like all the Indians I have seen, need more outdoor helpers. There should be, instead of one farmer, not less than five here; or say one to every hundred families, to aid them in selecting and improving their farms. Assistant farmers are perhaps the teachers most needed in these Territories. Missionary farmers and mechanics should be sent by the Churches.

Rev. Dr. Menaul of the Laguna pueblo, says that missionaries to these people need not necessarily be clergymen. Intelligent men and women with a knack at acquiring languages and managing people, used to practical life, can do great good. Without certain faculties that do not come by the study of books, the best of men are well nigh useless out here. Something should be done promptly for these four thousand Apaches.

I spent a day at the Laguna pueblo with Dr. Menaul, the Presbyterian missionary who has been stationed there for seven years. Owing to the advanced condition of his eight hundred people, six hundred of whom have abandoned their now meaningless village life (originally for self-defence), and built better homes out on their farms near the rivers, his school is small; and it is, I think, unwise to keep him teaching a mere handful of children. He should be appointed mounted missionary-physician—to go about on horseback among the Indian farmers, ministering to both souls and bodies. This is needed far more than his present work; many of the children go to the Albuquerque school. A young lady teacher might well take his school and leave the Doctor free for more important duties.

A few of these Indians have recently taken out patents of government land off their reservation, thus entering into full citizenship. The entire nine thousand Pueblos are already on the edge of it; the process should be hastened, but more education is indispensable. They are considered superior to the common class of Mexicans who vote and rule the Territory.

The school work for them is weak. Their agent, Maj. Pedro Sanchez, a Mexican, is active and earnest in the matter, a liberal Catholic, who believes in popular education and equal justice to all sects, and seems to have the confidence of all. Religiously they are devil-wor-

shippers, that is, they believe in a dual God, man who lives in heaven and is good, and woman who lives below and is bad, the evil power dominating. They worship everything in nature, from stones to stars, and are exceedingly superstitious, but quite reticent, if not ashamed of their numerous mysteries, their confidence in which has been shaken by contact with the Spanish and other white men.

Dr. Menaul reports of the Pueblos, as Rev. Mr. Cook does of the Pimas, but little gain in church membership, but a decided improvement in morality and abandonment of many heathen practices. He is doing a good work with a small printing-press: self-taught, he has published a valuable set of English-Indian readers, a sort of lexicon for the school children, and a number of tracts in Spanish for the Mexicans, who have a scant supply of reading matter, and are glad to get them. Having for a nominal price sold his outfit to start a religious paper in Colorado, he now wishes to renew it, and needs for that purpose a job press that will cost, second hand, \$150, and a new supply of type that can be bought for \$150. The latter he can pay for from the proceeds of his little vegetable garden, worked with his own hands—one of the objects of his varied and incessant industry. A hundred and fifty dollars could hardly be better invested than in a printing-press for Dr. Menaul.

For the forty thousand Navajos, Pimas, Papagos, Apaches, Pueblos, and other Indians in the Southwest, there should be, besides the local boarding-schools, a large, well-appointed institution, for which I think no point offers better advantages than the town of Albuquerque, already chosen by the Presbyterians as a point for special effort. I have been here three days, and the impression strengthens that the conditions are most favorable.

There is a local sentiment in favor of it, expressed by the fact that the citizens have contributed \$4,500, and purchased and turned over to the Government sixty acres of excellent land close to the town for an Indian school. Congress has already appropriated \$20,000 for a building for one hundred and fifty pupils. The plans are very nearly ready, and the school should be opened by October, 1884.

The present school averaged last year one hundred boys and girls, under the charge of Prof. Bryan and a corps of twelve assistants, appointed by the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions; the pupils mainly Pueblos and Utes, maintained by a Government allowance of \$125 apiece (\$167 a year having been given for the thirty Utes). The school is occupying rented buildings of adobe which are wretched, but the best to be had; and the best has been done, but the place is a miserable make-shift. I admire the pluck of the teachers in enduring it; good work is being done, and better things are coming.

Albuquerque, from its climate, its railroad advantages, its local sentiment, and the good and hopeful start already made, ought to be-

come the centre of Indian education in the Southwest.

Under President Grant's peace-policy, to the Presbyterian denomination was assigned the care of the Pueblos, and the Presbyterians have occupied the field at large, and have put the entering wedge of Christian teaching into the leading tribes of New Mexico and Arizona. Government, as a rule, provides the buildings and supports the pupils, the denominations appointing the teachers and paying the salaries and miscellaneous expenses. But the Presbyterian Board is, so far as I know, doing no such thorough work elsewhere, other points being missionary stations, several of which I did not visit, and the boarding-schools wholly governmental. Last year the Navajo school was under its care, which is now withdrawn.

These schools need the watchful care and interest of Christian people. Much can be done at small expense for their efficiency and religious influence. Neglect of them is a fatal blunder in the campaign for Christ in the West.

Much depends on the wisdom and tact of the missionary. Sending unfit men is a blunder which is as bad as a crime.

Let the Government boarding-schools at the Navajo and Pima and San Carlos and other agencies, feel the helping hands of Eastern friends, who shall, besides aiding poorly-paid teachers, supply books, pictures, games, and many other things that affect life and atmosphere—say a box at Christmas—and the results will be beyond all estimate, the cost moderate.

There is no occasion here for denominational friction. When one Church takes hold the others leave the field to it. Catholics and Protestants divide the reservations, and do not seem to conflict.

Albuquerque School, like Carlisle and Hampton, will have its best help and life from the popular interest in it. Like them, it will always need appliances not allowed by official routine. The heart and the help of the people must be put into it. For this some thousands of dollars a year would be required. Salaries must be increased beyond those allowed by the department, to get the best teachers; apparatuses and outbuildings not covered by appropriations, but indispensable, must be provided.

Christian results must be worked out by Christian people. There is work enough for all churches among the Indians; denominations are an advantage; the red race is widely scattered, and there need be no mixing of differing men and methods.

The Presbyterian Church has a wide and hopeful field in the Southwest; not the least encouraging fact is the general good character of the Indian agents in that region. Most of them I have met personally, have inspected the reservations under their care, and cannot but confess surprise to find them as a class so worthy of confidence, in such good repute, doing work for which they are very poorly paid. The

SUPPLEMENT to THE SPANISH TRACT WORK.
SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT
OF THE
SPANISH TRACT WORK.

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO, JANUARY 1st, 1891.

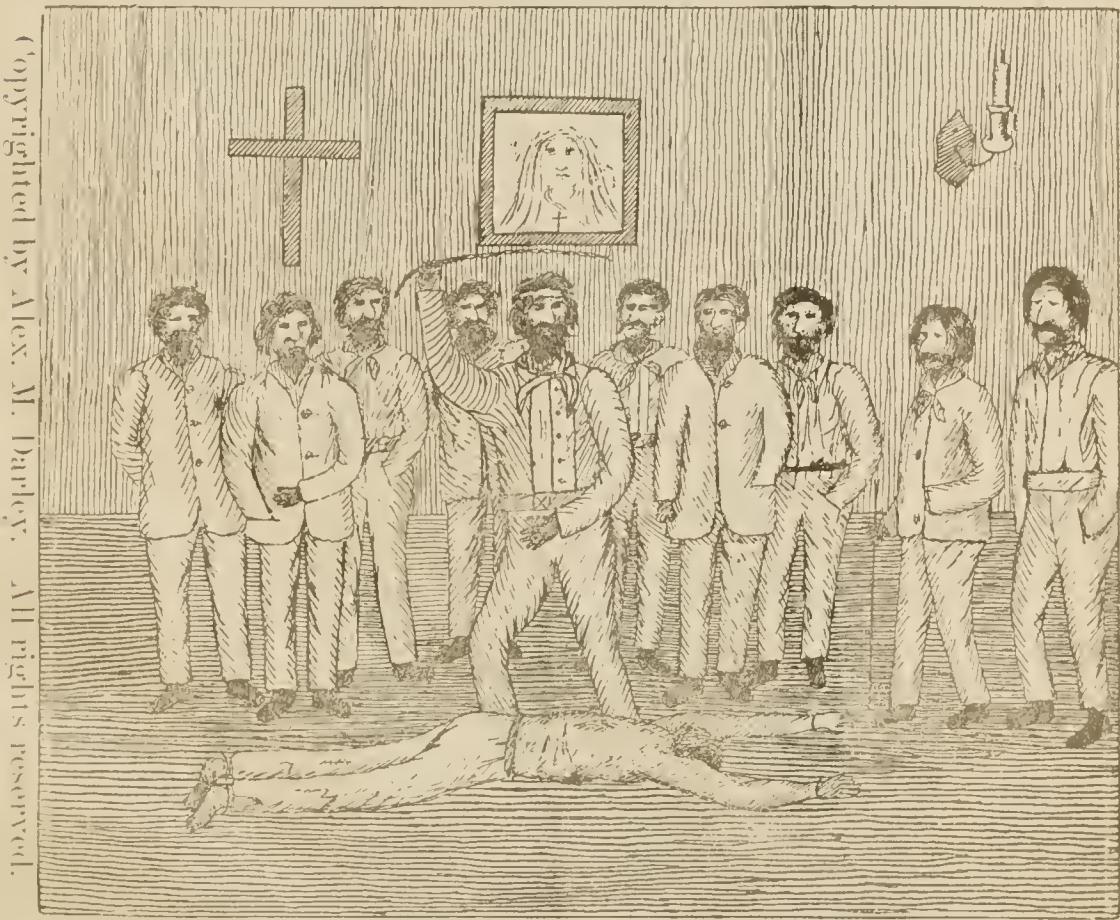
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BOARD OF HOME MISSIONS, PRESBYTERY OF RIO GRANDE,
AND FRIENDS OF THE SPANISH TRACT WORK:

AS THE Spanish Tract Work has passed through another year, we again convey to your prayers and sympathy the burden of its joys and sorrows; its triumphs and its struggles for God and an open Bible in this broad and difficult field of Mexican Evangelization.

In place of attempting to place the needs of our work and field before you in a verbal description, we have taken a briefer and, I trust, a better way of enabling you to understand both our work and the field by casting a ray of light across a few objects as they actually exist on the field, and as they have been picked up by the unerring camera of Photography.

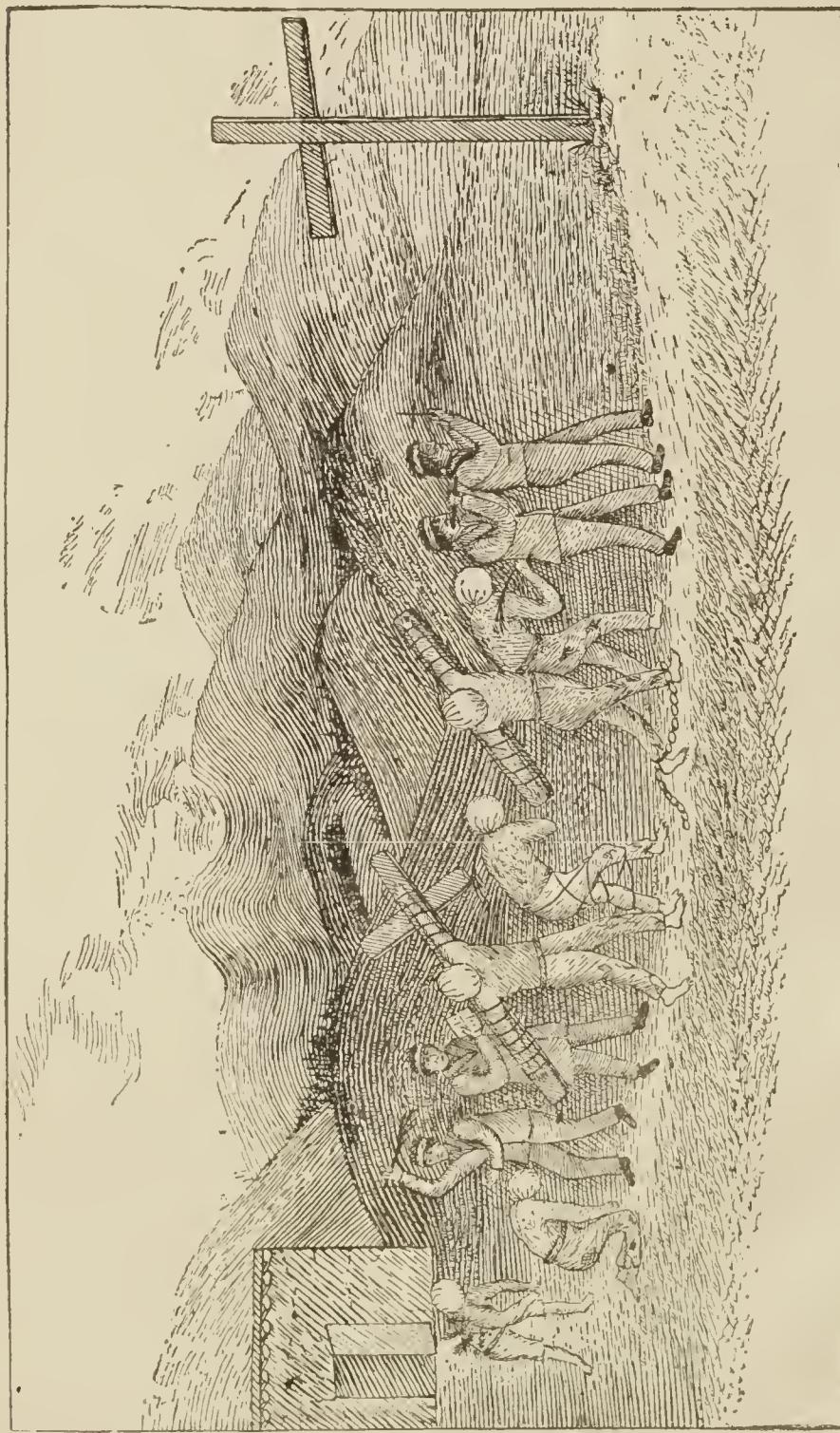
The following Cuts are kindly loaned to us by Rev. A. M. Darley of Pueblo, Colorado. Brother Darley is getting out a book entitled, "Passionists of the South West; a descriptive history of the 'Penitentes.'" This book will be sent to any address, by Mr. Darley for 25 cents.



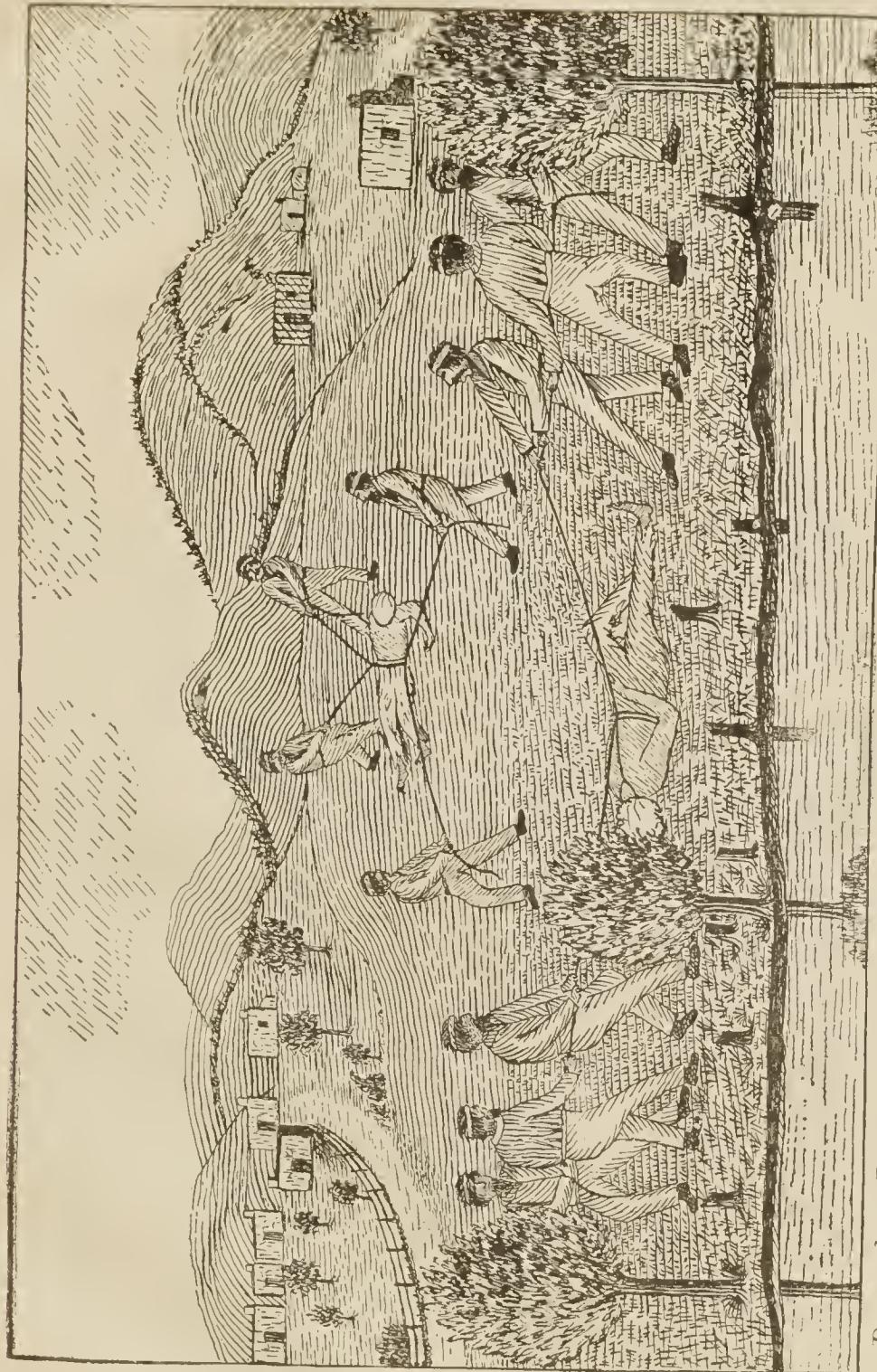
The Sealer and the Unfaithful Penitent. (description next page)

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The "Sellador" is also called the "Brother of Charity." The victim has become heretical, drunkard, adulterer, thief, etc., or has violated some rule of the Order, and is being whipped with a rope. The harder the Brother of Charity hits "without malice," the more loving he is considered. The blows are on the naked back. Other punishments are also inflicted.



All Go Out. The Processions are generally to a cross or some lodge (morada). Morada at left—cross at right. This includes the various specimens of the "exercise." Wearing Cacti—voluntarily allowed whipping by others—the cross tied to the arms—the legs wrapped with rope. The two men in full attire with bandanas around their heads are officials—a Reader, and a Fluter. A third one is bearing a cross.
Scenery of Las Animas River, (Purgatorie) Southern Colorado, east of the Range, above Trinidad.



ACTION OF THE SYNOD OF NEW MEXICO.

Silver City, New Mexico, October 2, 1890.

WHEREAS, the Synod of New Mexico is well acquainted with the work of Rev. John Menaul, M. D., known as the "Spanish Tract Work," and:

Whereas, this work has been specially blessed by our Father in Heaven;

Dragged to Death. The case in the foreground occurred in 1866 at Costilla N. Mex. The one in background, at Los Sones, Colorado N. W. of Range in San Luis Valley. The first is tied round the body and neck, forming the knot in two opposite pulling ropes. The men were dragged over stumps, cacti, stones, thrown into the river and pulled out again. The dead were never found. Those dying during this "Exercise" are buried for a year before their relatives know their graves.

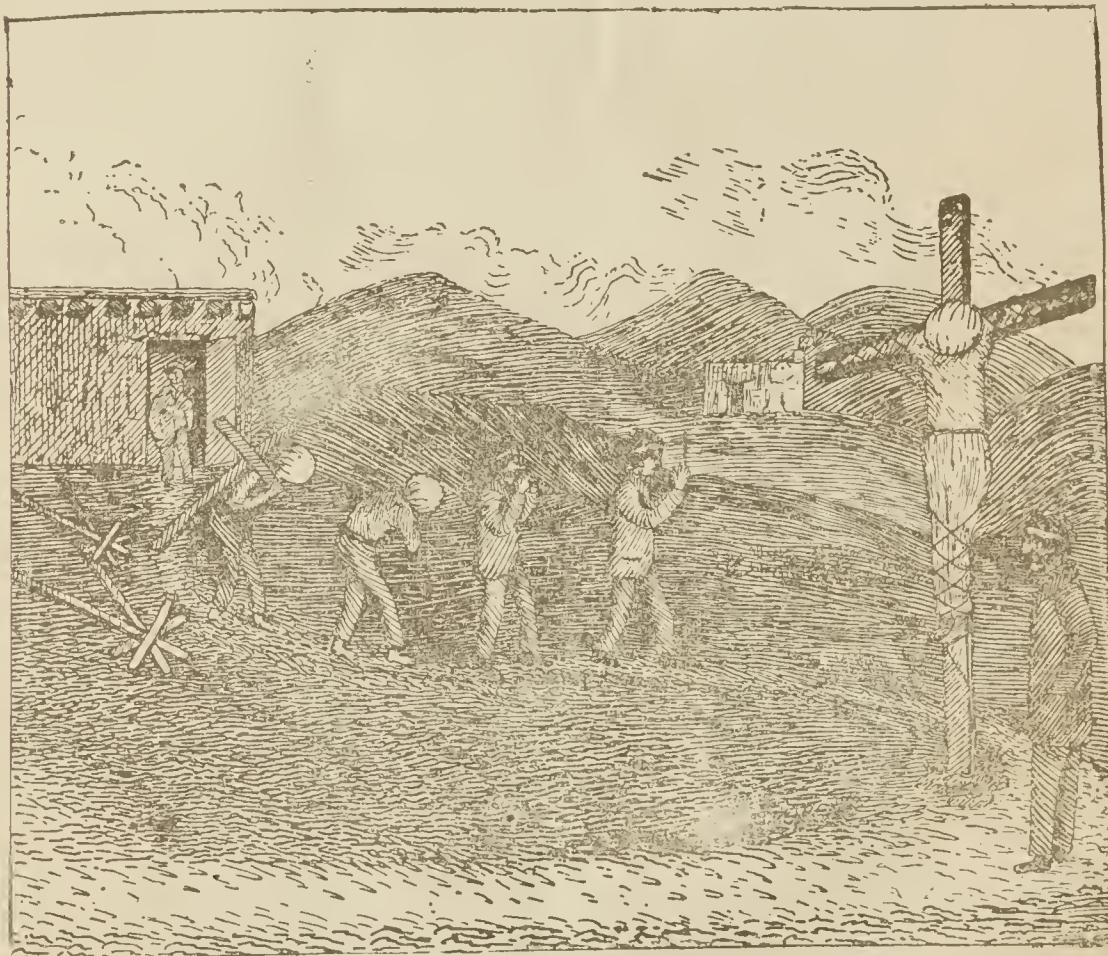
therefore,

Resolved, that this Synod earnestly approves the above mentioned work, and commends it to the confidence and benevolence of the Presbyterian Church at large.

Resolved, that Synod recommends that a *special collection* be taken by the churches of this Synod on a Sabbath of one of those months in which no collection is called for by the General Assembly for one of its Boards, said collection to be devoted to this Tract Work, and sent to Rev. John Menaul, M. D.

Resolved, also, that Synod recommends that the Board of Publication be requested to aid, financially, the Spanish Tract Work, as carried on by Rev. John Menaul, M. D., as *Special Publisher of Religious Literature in the Spanish Language.*

Attest: I. T. Whittemore, Stated Clerk.



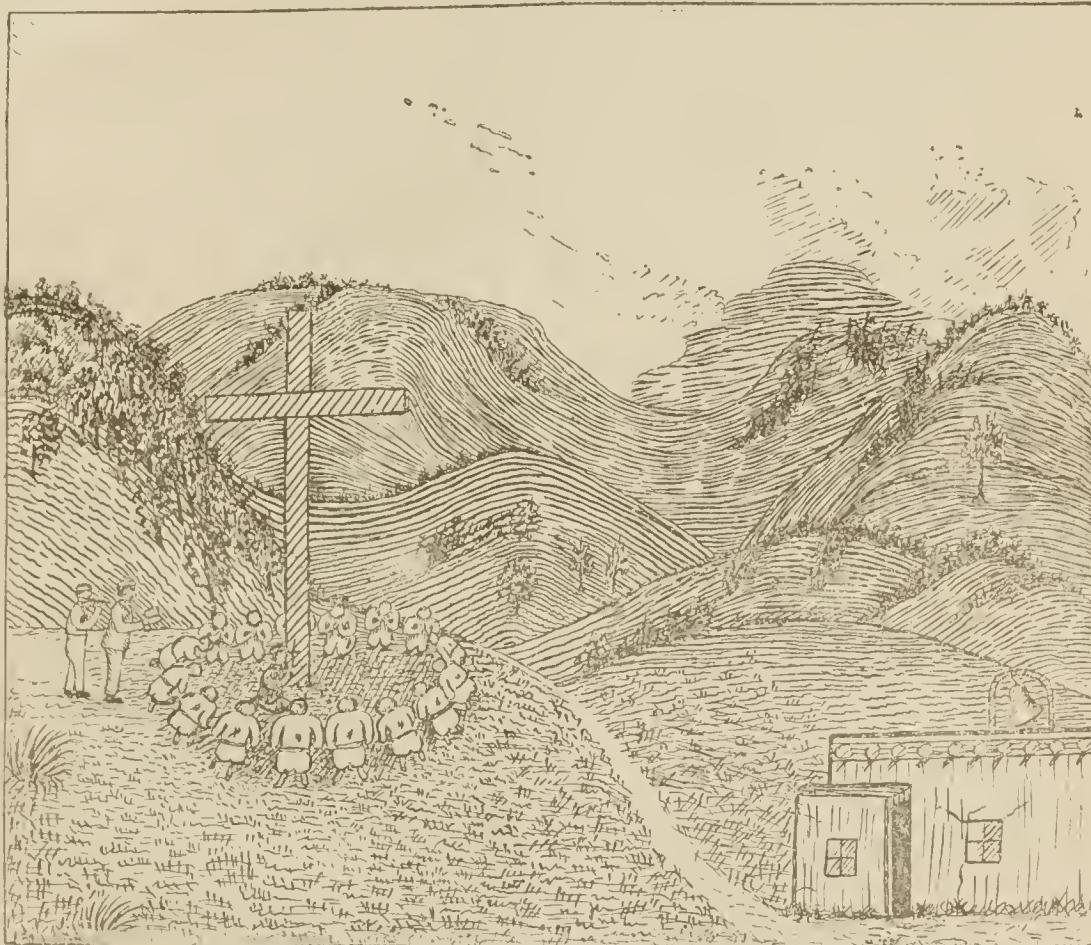
The Crucified. The Coadjutor is watching a "crucified one"—others go to meet him with cross and discipline, etc. A number of these "crucified ones" actually die from cold and exposure of the naked body, if not by being "nailed to the tree." Crosses lay piled up near the lodge for further use.

ACTION of the PRESBYTERY of SANTA FE
in regard to the
SPANISH TRACT WORK.

Santa Fe, April 4th, 1890.

RESOLVED:—That in view of the wide usefulness of the Spanish Tract Work, as conducted by Rev. John Menaul, M. D., and of Dr. Menaul's admirable qualifications for carrying on this work, this Presbytery earnestly recommend it to the liberality of the Church at large, and to the attention and aid of our Board of Publication in particular. etc.

Attest: J. McGARGHEY, Stated Clerk.



Around the Cross. The Penitentes, with bleeding backs, kneeling around the Cross, to which they may have crawled on bare knees or walked on bare feet over a field of Caeti. The Fluter and Reader are outside of the circle. The reader reads the prayers while they make the "Stations" of the "Via Crucis" in this faithful and painful manner.

ACTION of the PRESBYTERY of the RIO GRANDE,
concerning the Spanish Tract Work.

Socorro, N. Mex., March 19th, 1890.

Your Committee on The Spanish Tract Work to whom was referred the Financial Account and Report of Rev. John Menaul, M. D., would respectfully report: That they have carefully examined his financial report, and compared the expenditures with his vouchers, and find the same correct, every receipt and expenditure being neatly and properly entered.

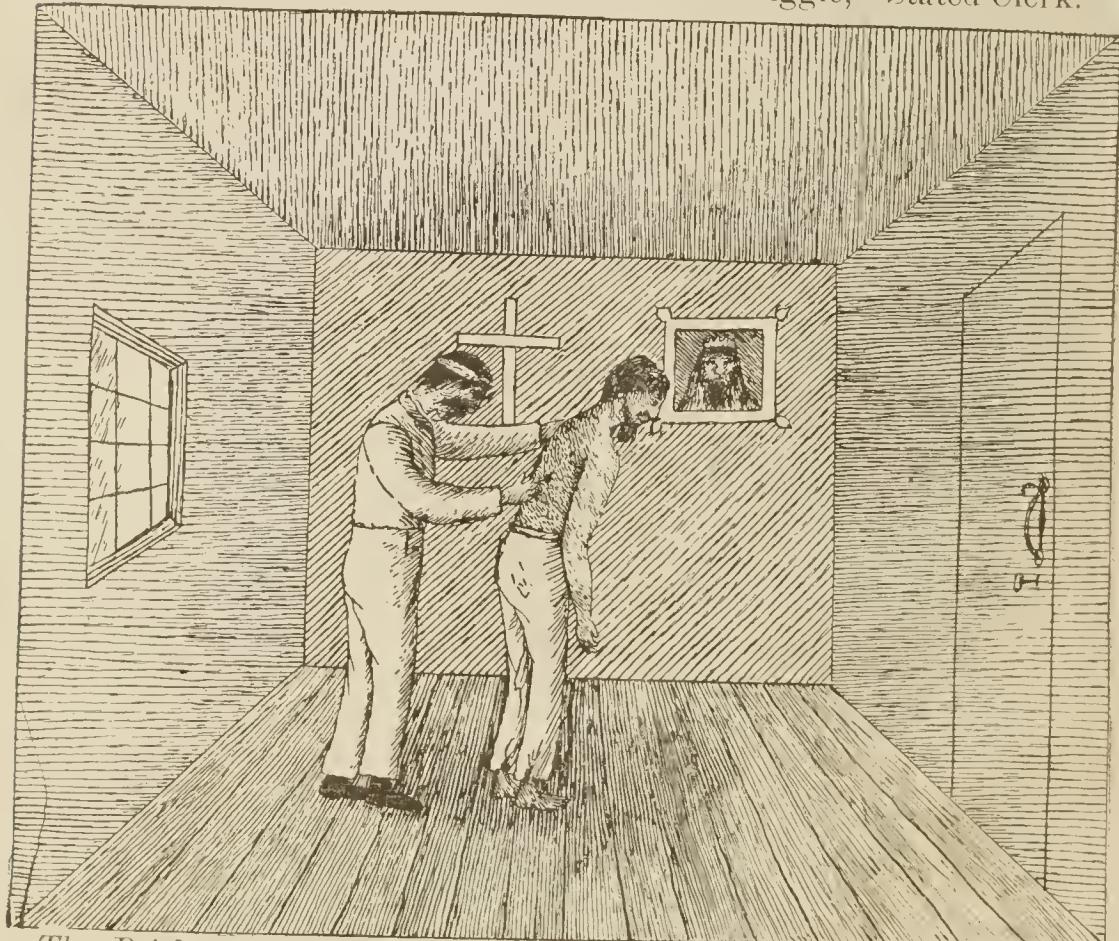
In view of the large amount of work done during the past year, and the wonderful accounts that reach us of the increasing eagerness with which the tracts are received and read by the Spanish speaking population, your Committee earnestly recommends the following:

I. That Brother Menaul be continued in charge of this great and important means of spreading the true light of the Gospel, in order to dispel the darkness so long maintained through the ignorance and superstition of the Romish Church and Priesthood.

II. That the Spanish Tract Work be heartily recommended to the support of friends of the cause both at home and among the churches of the country at large; and in order to secure this result, that each member of Presbytery be urged to do all in his power to interest others in the continuance and increase of this great and growing work. The great and signal results which, in the providence of God, have been witnessed during the past years are the best evidences of the usefulness of this means of reaching a large population, who can not be reached so effectually in any other way. Etc.

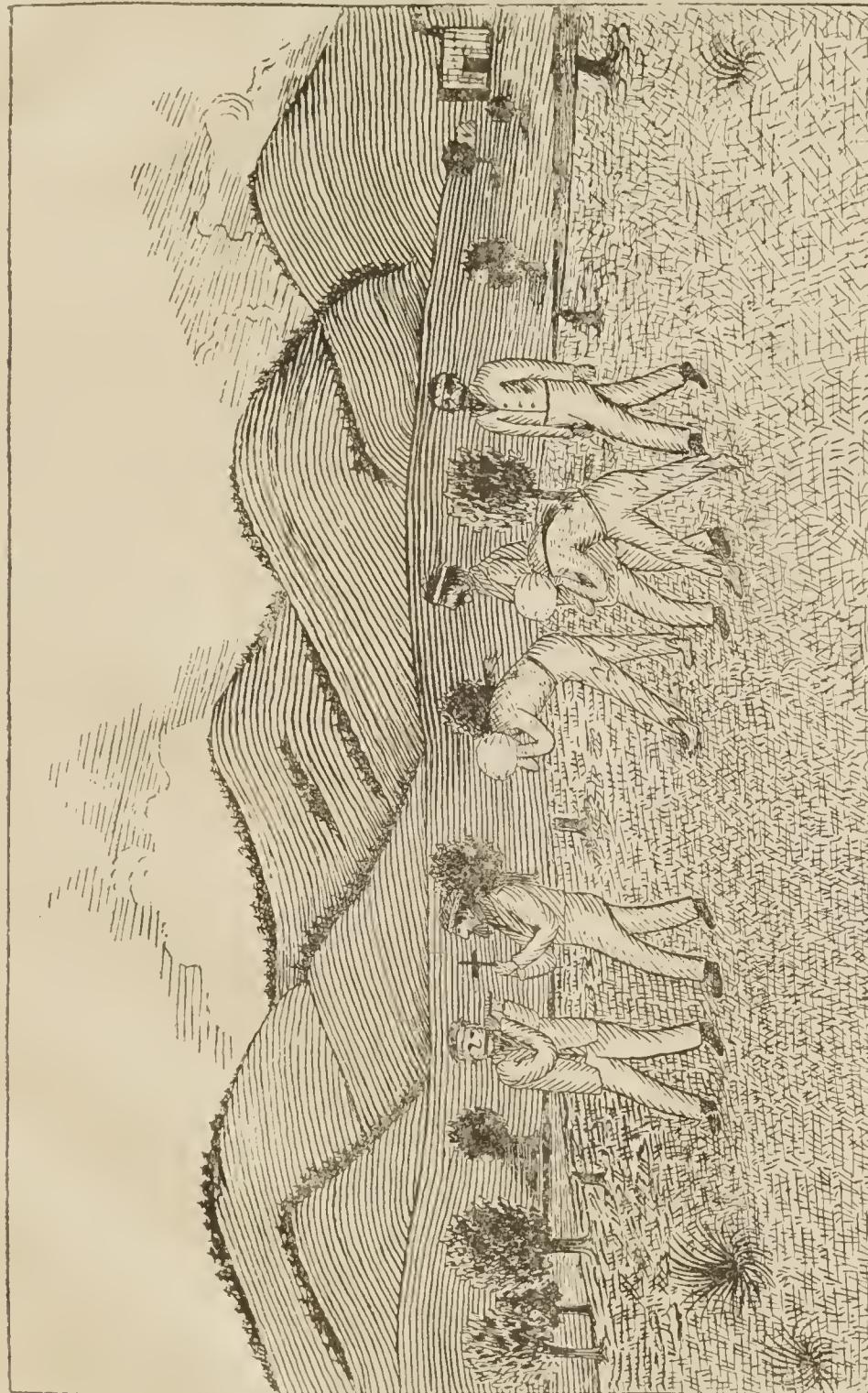
Robt Coltman,
J. K. Livingston, } Committee.

Attest: G. W. Riggle, Stated Clerk.



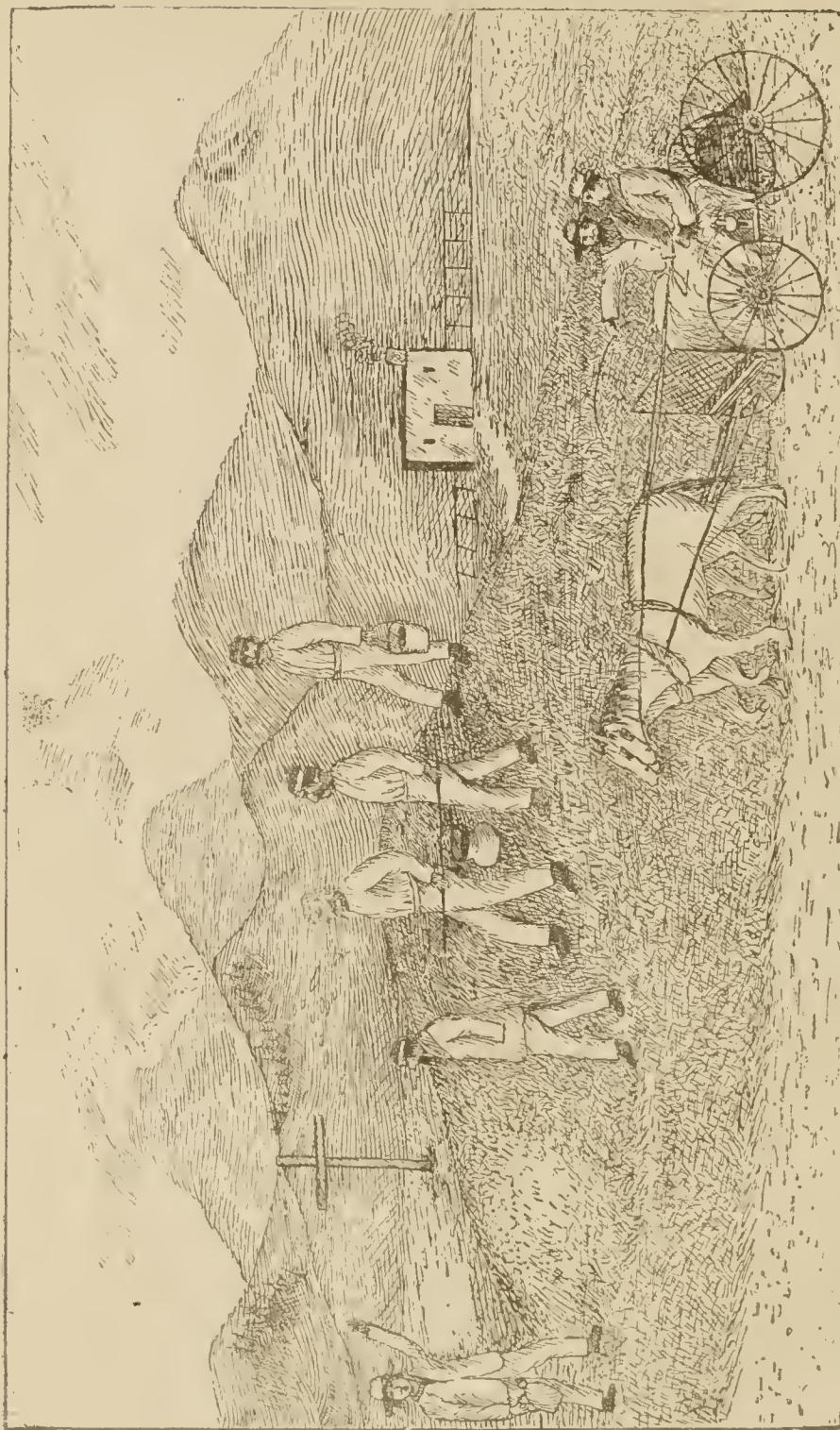
The Pricker and the Faithful Penitente. The Penitent says to the

"Picador" (Pricker) "For the love of God give me the five wounds of Christ, the seven last words of Jesus, the ten Commandments, the forty days in the wilderness." Having received the wounds, he then goes forth whipping himself. The bleeding and whipping are repeated many times, and a variety of other horrid tortures gone through with as strength and zeal endure.



The Thing of Obligation. These two masked Penitentes having had their backs cut with stone or glass, are now using the "Discipline," which is made of "Spanish Bayonet," etc. This is the mildest form of the "Penance" and is absolutely required of each penitente as a thing of obligation.

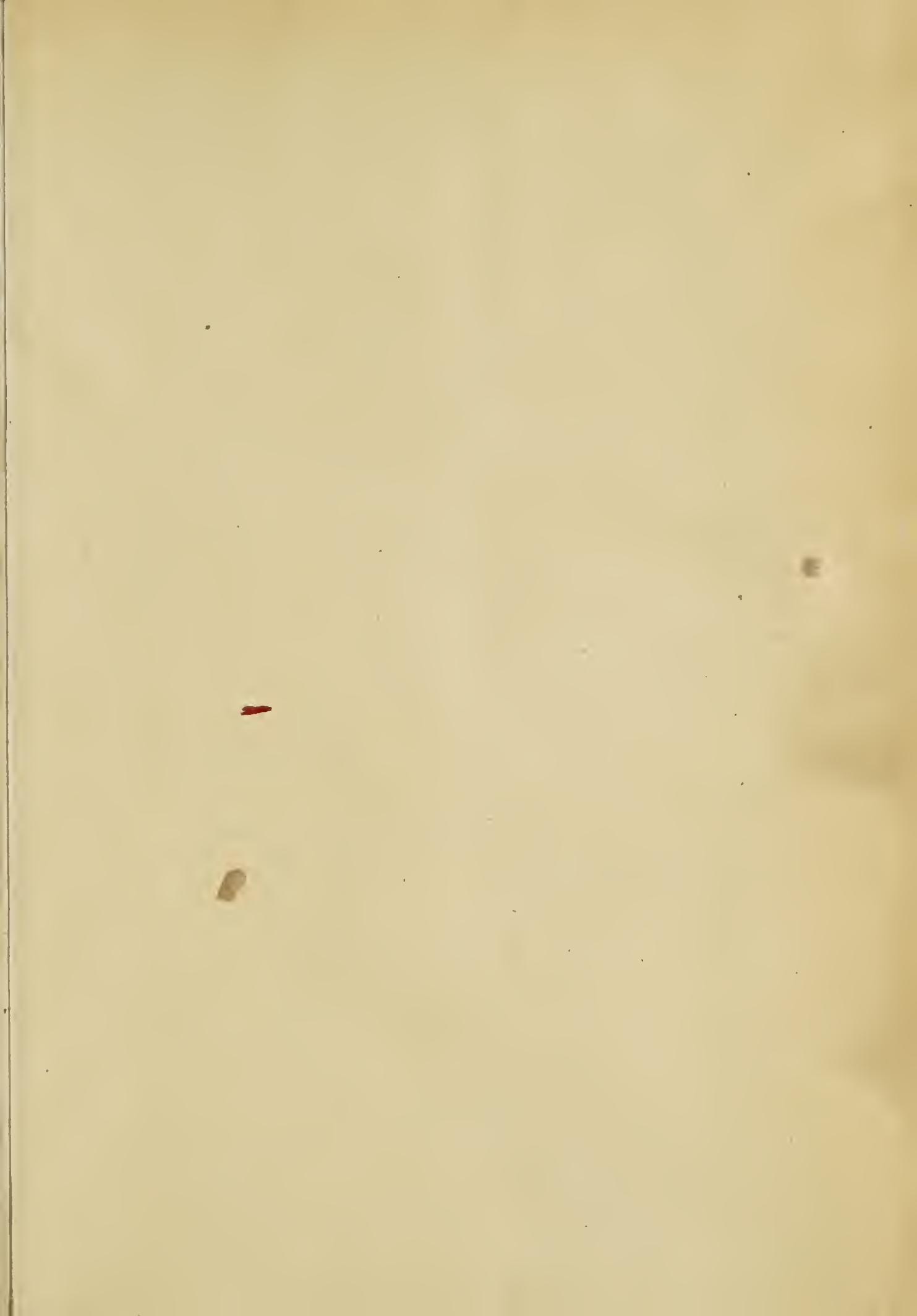
The Cut on the next page represents Rev. A. M. Darley and assistant in the foreground, and the Penitentes carrying coffee and beans to their lodge for supper. Raton Peak in the distance.



These Cuts will, I trust, enable the Friends and Supporters of The Spanish Tract Work to apprehend, not only the need of enlightening these people, but the absolute necessity of following up the mission work done for them with a pure, plain and accessible Gospel Literature. This the Spanish Tract Work is doing to the utmost extent of every cent contributed to this cause of Christ for the Mexican people. Our work is limited only by our means; but God is very abundantly blessing what is being done, and to His Holy Name be all the glory of The Spanish Tract Work. Blessings for this work may be sent to John Menaul, 112 N. Walter St. Albuquerque N. Mex., or

to Mr. O. D. Eaton, 53 Fifth Avenue, New York City, as special for the Spanish Tract Work.

Total receipts for 1890 have been \$221.26. Total expenditures, \$243.77. By Office account, \$21.51. Office rent (\$48.) met by John Menaul. For the itemized account of 1890, see the enclosed sheet.



THE HOLY BROTHERHOOD.

A Correspondent Traces the Origin of the Penitentes to St. Francis.

Some of Their Religio-Tragical Penances.

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, March 25, 1878.

This is the season of Lent and of the "Penitentes" or "Holy Brotherhood"—so called in the Southwest and in Spanish America. Many stories, taxing to human credit, have been related from year to year of these religious enthusiasts, about the terrible scourgings sanguinary and self inflicted; of literal crosses made of heavy timbers under which the faithful Penitente staggers up the steep and rugged way; of the thorny stinging eactus chained to bare backs; of tragical penances too great for human endurance and under which the penitent frequently yielded his life and even of re-enactments of veritable crucifixions. All these and more are true among the Mexican people, both men and women, living in the more retired settlements south of the Arkansas river and west of the Staked Plains, and within the bounds of the United States. Penitenteism shrinks from the civilization advancing from the East and North. Illustration, however, is not the purpose of this letter. It is with its origin, about which current writers have speculated much and to little purpose so far as our observation extends, upon which we propose to offer some historical gleamings, and a few words obtained from one who has been among them and at one time of them, whose observations extend to Europe as well as America, and who treats intelligently and reasonably that of which he speaks. They may serve as a starting point upon which others, more familiar with religious history and possessed of more time, may extend and build. Persons familiar with the practices of the Penitentes will recognize much in common with the Franciscans. A fanaticism and ascetic bigotry, at once so terribly dramatic and tragical in self-injuries, manifestly has much of sincerity at its bottom, and cannot fail as an interesting theme for the metaphysician and philanthropist.

AMERICAN HISTORY.

Among the first pioneers who found their way to New Mexico—to the center of the American continent—only a few years after the capture of the City of Mexico by Hernando Cortiz, were the Franciscan friars. Marcos de Niza, the Spanish historian, records as visiting, in 1539, the Cibola country, now known as Zuñi, and situate about forty miles to the southwest of Fort Wingate. Next we read of Coronado's expedition, accompanied by a number of Franciscans who likewise visited Zuñi and extended his explorations to Jemez, crossed the Rio Grand, swept over the plains to the northeast to the Nepesta (Arkansas) river, as claimed, and then southerly to the grand Indian city of the west, subsequently named by the Spaniards Grand Quivira, situate a few leagues to the east of the Rio Grande. Coronado's expedition, however, was without practical results. Augustin Ruiz and two others,

all Franciscan friars, sought to establish a mission in the Rio Grande valley at the old pueblo of Paura, to the north of Albuquerque in 1581, but all succumbed to the hostility of the natives. Oñate followed in 1597, bringing with him twelve or more Franciscans, and made the first permanent settlement in New Mexico near San Juan, in Rio Arriba county. The Spanish occupation of Tegua, an Indian pueblo, followed in a short time. Here the first church edifice was erected and mission established, and to which point the Spaniards subsequently gave the name of Santa Fe (holy faith) of San Franciscos de Asis, in honor of the founder of the Franciscans. The Archbishop's principal church or cathedral of to-day bears the same name. In 1608, the number of baptisms and conversions reported among the Indians at Tegua was eight thousand. The Franciscans were thus the pioneers in the Roman Catholic faith in New Mexico, and continued to exercise a powerful influence over religious matters for about two centuries, and controlled, in some degree, up to the American occupation. The college at Durango, in Mexico, remained under their control until their suppression a few years since. Durango was the metropolis of the sea to which New Mexico belonged, was where Vicario Ortiz and Priests Martinez, Leyua, Gallegos, and all the better educated priests and politicians known to early republican New Mexico attended school. Father Martinez was in his time the Superior of the Penitentes in New Mexico. The old Mexican priesthood at the time of the American occupation was in sympathy with the Franciscans, and at that time unsuccessfully sought to have New Mexico erected into a diocese under the Franciscans, to the exclusion of the present Archbishop, then Bishop, and the French priesthood, who first came to the Territory in 1851. The Franciscans, it may be stated as a historical fact, bore the reputation among Mexicans generally as self-sacrificing, charitable, humble and humane—as especially liberal in their charges for clerical services; while the new priesthood enforced, so far as possible, the collection of tithes, and were very exacting of fees for marriages, baptisms, burials and other sacraments, besides other clerical rites under an established scale of prices. This, it may be also stated, was the basis of the historical feud, by no means obliterated to this day, which existed between the natives and the foreign priesthood, and of which the older files of the American newspapers give ample testimony. The Penitentes of New Mexico it is believed, are the Franciscans, of what is known to that society, of monastics and mendicants, as of the third order.

FRANCIS ASSISIUM,

a saint of the Roman Catholic church, and founder of the order which bears his name, was born in Assisi, near Perugia, Italy, in 1182, and died near that city in 1226. His father, a wealthy merchant, afforded him advantages for a superior education, and in youth he led a gay life. At twenty-four he exchanged his gayeties for a life devoted exclusively to works of piety and charity. He was shortly joined by others who received the dress of Francis, a coarse robe of serge girded with a cord, August 16, 1206, and dates the founding of the order. His rules found in him a consistent observer. He inculcated strict poverty, slept on the ground with a block of wood or stone for a pillow, ate his scanty food cold,

with ashes strewed upon it. Sewed his garments with packthread to make them coarser, bathed himself in snow to extinguish the fires of sensual pleasure, obeyed the orders of his novices, fasted long and rigidly, and shed tears so freely that he became nearly blind. He preached wherever he could find an audience, and would never take priests' orders. He forbade, too, the spirit of controversy, and inculcated peace as the spirit which all Christians should labor to establish. The order was formally approved in 1223. Two years after the death of Francis, he was canonized. Among the Franciscan priesthood, none but the Superior, under the rules, are permitted to receive money.

CROSS-BEARERS.

In 1260, only thirty-four years after the death of Francis, and in Perugia, the scene of his labors, and where he was born and died, it was that the flagellantes, also called whippers (*verberantes*), brethren of the cross (*crucifratres*), cross-bearers (*cruciferi*), penitents who, in the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, went about in processions day and night, naked to the waist, with heads covered, singing penitential psalms, and whipping themselves until the blood flowed. They were incited to these practices partly by the zeal of monks and clergymen. Originally they whipped themselves for thirty-three days, in commemoration of the number of years which Christ lived upon the earth. The order extended over Europe quite generally, and women and boys were found in the processions. They seem to have declined in the fifteenth century, and were variously disengaged and suppressed by both civil and religious authority, including prominent Dominicans and Popes Clement VI. and Gregory XI. We may add that the Archbishop of New Mexico is credited with discouraging the Penitentes in his diocese.

Now as to information received from our New Mexican informant. From him we learn the Franciscans proper, less known to the present generation, are composed of three orders:

First—Those who are of the priesthood and say mass daily before breakfast, confessing to one another.

Second—Those laymen who have taken the three common vows entered into by every priest, of obedience, poverty and chastity, use the gown and following the same fasting and penances, but do not say mass, and are made up commonly of illiterate men.

Third—Those composed of persons of both sexes, whose meetings are separate and who live outside of the convent and follow the common avocations of life. The special obligation being to confess themselves often, generally once a month. Its technical name is "The third order of the seraphic Father Saint Francis Assisium."

All three of the orders use the lash or discipline during lent; those of the first and second orders living in cloisters and being under more severe discipline, use it more frequently.

THE "DISCIPLINE."

One informant describes the discipline as from eighteen inches to two feet in length made of from five to twelve thongs of hemp about an eighth of an inch in diameter, all wound solidly together for four inches at one end for a handle, and with the end of each

thong doubled back an inch and wound, by the more faithful with fine wire like broom wire—otherwise wound with a coarse thread. The discipline, a human skull and a cross, are the embellishments of each monk's cell, hung at the head of his bed. His bed is composed of a narrow straw mattress laid on three boards, these in turn resting on two wooden horses or benches; the more ascetic using a stone for a pillow. These, with a small, plain, unpainted table, and a very common chair, constitute the entire furniture of a Franciscan monk's cell. The dress of the Franciscan is of coarse material, his outer garment a cassock or robe held to the waist by a cord, having at the ends five tassels, the latter being in memory of the five wounds of Christ at the cross.

The members of the first and second orders, under the rules, are required to use the discipline every evening during Lent and Advent, and every Friday evening during the year. Our informant thus describes a scene under this rule of which he was an eye witness in a church in Spain.

SCENES IN SPANISH CHURCHES.

After a frugal supper of a piece of bread and some one vegetable, commonly boiled cabbage or lettuce, the monks form in procession, double file, discipline in hand, and march to the church; entering the church they take position in two lines, from principal entrance to choir, a few feet apart one from the other, their guardian or Superior of the convent taking his place at the head just in front of the high altar. Each, in imitation of the Superior, then unlooses his garment and casts it upon the floor in front of him and kneels thereon, kissing the floor. The Superior then addresses the Deity extemporaneously in utterances at once extremely solemn, deliberate, distinct and pathetic, upon the shortness and vanity of life, the certainty of death, the true mission of man on earth, etc. A few minutes at this devotion and the Superior, in solemn intonations, chants in a leading voice, a Psalm of David—*Miserere mei deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam*—and continues to the end; the monks repeating and keeping time with the discipline, the lash falling alternately over each shoulder, and thus to the end of the chant, which commonly lasts fifteen minutes, and leaving some of the more penitent in a bleeding condition. They then re-adjust their cassock, re-form in procession and return to the convent. The discipline is used in a similar manner by the orders known as Trappists, Capuchins, Alcantarites, the Nuns of Santa Clara, Barefoot Carmelites of both sexes, and probably others which he knew not of.

CRUCIFIXION.

Another of the ceremonies or customs of these Franciscans is the crucifixion, which is appointed for Good Friday. He thus describes one that he witnessed at a Franciscan convent in Barcelona, Spain. Three large crosses are erected on an elevated platform just in front of the high altar, the platform being decked in black. Three monks are chosen as the representatives of Christ and the two thieves and crucified. The surroundings and settings were very elaborate with priests and acolytes in attendance. The formal services of music, prayers and a sermon are seven in number, the text for each being one of the seven phrases or expressions of the Savior at the cross, the whole service usually occupying from 12 m. to 3 p. m.

After the services stated, the form of unloosing the limbs of the Savior from the cross, a priest mounting a ladder with hammer in hand, draws the nails, each arm dropping in a lifeless manner to the side of the body, while acolites, using long towels or sheets, support the body of the, shall we say? Muldoon Christ, reposing the apparently lifeless body on a velvet cushioned form. Then the procession is formed and marched through the principal streets of the city, and the body laid in a sepulchre, in this instance made of crystal rock.

The same ceremony is gone through in country churches in a much less elaborate manner, substituting the cross in the procession. The ceremonies are commonly open to the public.

IN THE SOUTHWEST.

Something of this same character, it will be remembered, was reported one year ago by a TRIBUNE correspondent, as occurring on a hill in a retired spot near Conejos.

A similar custom, our informant assures us, is still remembered by the older people of New Mexico and by the younger ones, through tradition, as among the celebrations of Good Friday in the church at Santa Fe, and that only about sixty years ago.

Among the ceremonies observed by every well informed and faithful Franciscan is the kissing of the floor whenever, at mass, the sacred wafer and the chalice is elevated by the priest. Our informant reports having seen at one time in the San Miguel churches a response or observance of this ceremony by two well dressed and intelligent looking Mexican ladies. He argues from this the presence of nuns of the Franciscan order in New Mexico. He likewise says that there are regular organizations of women among the Penitentes, who of course meet separate, and who pass through their self-inflicted scourgings inside the churches, but with closed doors.

Our informant is very confident that the Penitentes of New Mexico are nothing more than the lineal descendants of the third order of Franciscan monks introduced into Mexico by the Franciscan missionaries, with an intensification of the penances during Lent, and doubtless with a large letting down of the moral forces during the balance of the year.

K1P.

1426. Aztec Confederacy founded.

1497. America discovered by Cabots.

1520. Death of Montezuma.

1526. The name of Don Joseph de Basemzeles appears inscribed on "Inscription Rock," near Zuni.

1530-36. Alva Nunez Cabeza de Vaca journeyed across the continent through New Mexico.

1539. Expedition of Narcos de Niza, a Franciscan friar, to the Cibola country (Zuni).

1540. Expedition of Coronado to Zuni, and to the plains to the N. E. of Ft. Union and the Grand Quivera.

1540. Grand Canon of the Colorado visited by Fernando Alarcon.

1542. Abbe Domenech states that the Spaniards had possession of numerous towns distributed among the following named provinces: Cevola (Zuni), 7; Tucayan, 7; Acuco (Acoma), 7; Tiguex (Otherwise Tegua, Santa Fe), 13; Cutabaco, 8; Quivix, 7; Sierra Blanco, 7; Ximena, 3; Cicuye, 1; Jemez, 7; Ojo Caliente, 3; Yuque or Yuenque, 3; Braba 1, Chia (Zia), 1.

1582. Expedition of Friar Augustin Ruiz, via the Rio Grande valley, settled at Paura, a few miles north of Albuquerque; but was subsequently killed by the natives.

1581. Captain Francisco de Leyva Bonillo returned to Mexico from a reconnoissance of the country, and from the mineral wealth discovered called the country New Mexico.

1581. Expedition of Antonia Espejo to rescue Friar Ruiz. Visits Zuni and Moqui. Returning attempts to visit Santa Fe; meeting 40,000 native warriors, journeys back to Mexico via the Pecos and Concha Rivers.

1581. Introduction of sheep into New Mexico (according to tradition) by Augustian Ruiz, a Franciscan Friar.

1585. Expedition of Humana.

1585. El Paso settled.

1597. Juan de Onate founded a colony near the junction of the Chama with the Rio Grande. Santa Fe, then an Indian Pueblo, was first settled by Europeans about this date.

1600. Pedro de Peralto, first Governor.

1658. Eusebias Francis Kino, a Jesuit, visits Arizona.

1694. Reconquest by Diego de Vargas and peace established.

1694. Famine and Rebellion.

1709. Three campaigns into the Navajo provinces by Marques de la Penuela.

1710. The San Miguel church of Santa Fe destroyed in the revolution of 1680—rebuilt by "El Senor Marques de la Penuela."

1793. January 17. Antonio Jose Martinez, Cura and school teacher of Taos, born at Abiquiu.

1799. Governor Chacon reports total mission population of New Mexico, Indians, 10,369; Spaniards, 23,769.

1800. Private school taught at Abiquiu by Don Geronimo Beeera; Cura Martinez a pupil.

1804. First goods brought overland from Kaskaskia, in Illinois, in the United States, by Baptiste La Lande.

1806. Capt. Z. M. Pike, U. S. A., discovered Pike's Peak and was captured while on exploring duty on the Upper Rio Grande, by order of Gov. Allencaster, held a prisoner and sent to Chihuahua.

1822. Virtual commencement of overland trade from Missouri River by the Robideaux brothers, centering at Taos. Amount of trade \$15,000.

1822. April 27. First public school law; action of the Provincial Deputation. Here it is complete: "Resolved, That the said ayuntamientos be officially notified to complete the formation of primary public schools as soon as possible, according to the circumstances of each community."

1835. Nov. 29. First printing press brought to the Territory by Cura Martinez, of Taos: El Crepusula (The Dawn), the first newspaper. Issued for four weeks. Size, letter cap.

1846. "Adobe Palace," said to be the only building in New Mexico having window glass.

Sept. 22. Proclamation of civil government issued from "the old Adobe palace," and Charles Bent appointed civil Governor.

1847. Jan. 19. Governor Bent assassinated at his house in Taos.

July 24. Mormons first enter the northern portion of the Territory known as Utah country.

Sept. 4. First English newspaper—Santa Fe Republican.

1848. Feb. 2. Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo signed. Population of Territory, including Pueblo Indians, 62,298.

Aug. 28. First English school started at Santa Fe.

1849. Rev. Henry W. Reed, Baptist Missionary, opened an English School at Santa Fe.

1850. Rev. E. George Nicholson, first Methodist Episcopal Missionary in the stationed at Santa Fe; mission abandoned after two years.

1851. W. J. Kephart, first Presbyterian Missionary sent to New Mexico. Subsequently editor of the Santa Fe "Gazette," in anti-slavery interest.

1852. Oct. 9. Rev. Samuel Gorman (Baptist), missionary to the Laguna Indians for seven years.

1852-53. First English school for girls kept by Mrs. Howe, wife of a United States army officer.

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1854. Jan. 15. First Protestant Church (Baptist) dedicated in the Territory at Santa Fe, Rev. Louis Smith, pastor. Property purchased by Presbyterians in 1868, rebuilt in 1881, Rev. J. McGaughey, pastor.

1860. Feb. 2. Act authorizing all clergymen and civil magistrates to solemnize marriages. The Baptists withdrew their missions.

1863. July 5 and 12. First Protestant Episcopal service held in New Mexico, at Santa Fe, by the Right Rev. Joseph C. Talbot, Missionary Bishop.

1866. Oct. Rev. D. F. McFarland opened the Presbyterian Mission at Santa Fe.

1867. Miss Charity A. Gaston reached Santa Fe in the fall, as teacher in the Presbyterian Mission school established by Rev. D. F. McFarland.

1869. Oct. Rev. J. A. Annin commenced the Presbyterian Mission at Las Vegas. Miss C. A. Gaston opened a school at Fort Defiance, in the fall, for the Navajo Indians.

Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., Superintendent of Presbyterian Missions for the Rocky Mountain Territories, visited New Mexico by stage from Denver.

1870. Rev. John Menaul joined the Navajo Mission, remaining until the spring of 1875. In March the Presbyterian Church at Las Vegas was organized by Rev. J. A. Annin.

1872. Aug. Presbyterian Mission School started at Taos, by Rev. James M. Roberts.

1874. Dec. 27. Rev. George G. Smith, Presbyterian Missionary, came to Santa Fe. Transferred to Helena, Montana, 1879.

Rev. Sheldon Jackson made a missionary tour through the entire length of New Mexico, from north to south, and as far west as Silver City.

1875. Feb. Rev. W. W. Curtis commenced work at Silver City, remaining one year.

March. Rev. John Menaul went to the Hot Springs Apaches, remaining until Dec.

Sept. 14. Rev. F. J. Tolby, a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal church, murdered on the highway east of Elizabethtown.

1876. March 23. Presbyterian preaching at Albuquerque by Rev. Sheldon Jackson and Rev. George G. Smith.

March 25. Establishment of a Presbyterian Mission at the Laguna Pueblo by Rev. Sheldon Jackson, Rev. John Menaul, Rev. Geo. G. Smith, and Elder B. M. Thomas. Rev. John Menaul was left in charge of the mission.

March-May. Rev. Sheldon Jackson made a missionary tour by stage, from Colorado through New Mexico and Arizona to California.

Sept. 15. A Presbyterian Church was organized at Laguna Pueblo, by Rev. Sheldon Jackson, and Rev. John Menaul, and a day-school commenced.

"Revista Evangelica," started at Las Vegas, Rev. J. A. Annin, editor. Discontinued 1879.

1877. March-April. Rev. Sheldon Jackson made a missionary tour among the Zuni-Navajo, Moqui and Jemes Indians, arranging for the establishment of Presbyterian missions.

Oct.-Nov. Missionary tour of Rev. Henry Kendall, D.D., and Rev. Sheldon Jackson, among the Mexican villages as far south as Albuquerque, and to the Indian Pueblos of Taos, Laguna and Jenicz.

Oct. 17. Dr. Henry K. Palmer and family reached Zuni Pueblo and opened the mission previously arranged for by Rev. Sheldon Jackson. Dr. Palmer resigned May 28, 1878, on account of health.

Nov. 11. At a meeting of the Presbytery of Santa Fe at Taos, the following Mexicans received licensure, Jose Y. Perea, Jose D. Mondragon, Vincente Romero and Rafael Gallegos.

1878. Presbyterian Church organized at Agua Negra.

March 6. Dr. J. M. Shields and family reach Jemes, and open the mission.

March 18. Open a day school with fourteen pupils.

May. Commence a Sabbath-school.

Aug. 31. Ordination of J. M. Shields, at Santa Fe.

Sept. 8. Church organized by Rev. Sheldon Jackson, and Dr. J. M. Shields.

Rev. Sheldon Jackson raises money for the erection of mission buildings at Jemes and Zuni Pueblos.

Oct. 20. R. W. Hall and wife reach Ocate, and open a mission school, Oct. 27.

Nov. 8. Mrs. J. M. Shields died at Jemes. Rev. T. F. Tayler and family take charge of the mission at Zuni, Pueblo.

Dec. 7. Mission building at Jemes occupied.

Dec. 8. Mission chapel at Jemes opened for public service.

Dec. 25. Rev. Jose Y. Perea and Miss Susan E. Gates married at Zuni Mission.

1879. Miss Lora B. Shields and Miss Belle R. Leech join the Jemes Mission. Miss Jennie Hammaker joins the Zuni Mission.

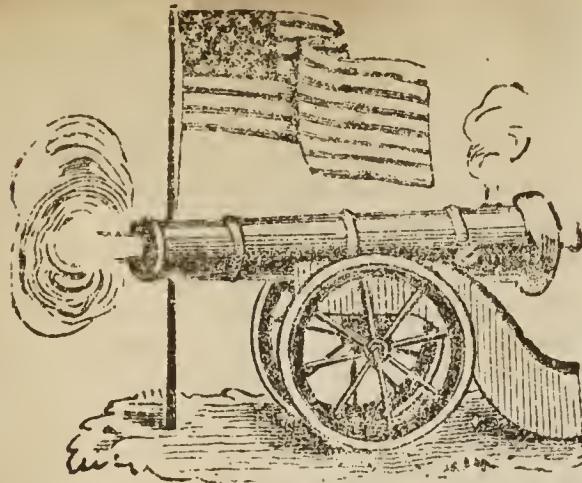
Aug. 22. Presbytery of Santa Fe at Las Vegas, license to preach Romaldo Montoya and Feliz Maes, and arrange for the licensure of Lauriano Vargas. Rev. Geo. W. Riggle takes charge of Presbyterian Church at Santa Fe.

Sept. 25. Mrs. J. M. Sharon joins

the mission school at Santa Fe. Mrs. M. E. Griffeth opens a Presbyterian Mission School at Albuquerque.

1880. Feb. 11. General Incorporation Act authorizing local corporations to hold property for churches, parishes, educational, literary, scientific and benevolent associations. June 11. Rev. J. C. Eastman and family reach Las Vegas. June. Rev. Thomas Thompson and family reached Messilla and opened the mission. July. "La Solona," a Spanish weekly newspaper, started at Laguna, Indian Pueblo, by Dr. John Menaul, Presbyterian missionary. July 15. Rev. Charles A. Tayler reaches the Moqui. July 18. Rev. S. D. Fulton and family reach Socorro, and open a Presbyterian Mission. Sept. 1. Rev. Thomas Thompson purchased mission property at Messilla. Sept. 4. Licensure of Juan Pablo Ortega at Jemes. Sept. 5. Ordination of Jose Y. Perea at Jemes. Sept. 14. Mrs. Ada A. Fulton opened a mission school at Socorro. Sept. 15. Miss Anna M. Ross opened mission school at Messilla. Discontinued Sept., 1881. Rev. John Menaul opened a 2d school among the Laguna Indians. Presbyterian Church organized at Messilla by Rev. Thos. Thompson. Oct. 1. Mrs. L. J. McMahon joins the Santa Fe Mission School. Oct. 13. Presbyterian Church organized at Socorro by Rev. S. D. Fulton, with 14 members. Oct. 25. Mr. Wm. E. Taylor joins the Moqui Mission. Oct. 26. Arrival of the family of Rev. Charles A. Taylor at the Moqui Mission: Rev. Sheldon Jackson made a mission tour among Pueblo and Navajo Indians. Nov. 2. Rev. C. A. Taylor commences the erection of a temporary stockade house for the shelter of his family, which was ready for occupancy Dec. 1st. Nov. 6. Rev. J. McGaughey reached Santa Fe. Nov. 10. Rev. J. M. Shields and Miss Belle R. Leech were married at Jemes Mission by Rev. Sheldon Jackson. Nov. 13. Mrs. J. M. Sharon, of the Santa Fe Mission, and Mr. J. D. Perkins, were married by Rev. Sheldon Jackson. Dec. 15. Rev. Sheldon Jackson, accompanied by Miss Lora B. Shields and Miss Fletcher, opened the boarding-school for Pueblo children at Albuquerque. Dec. 24. Anthony M. Conklin, Ruling Elder in the Socorro Church, assassinated by three men named Baca at Socorro, while leaving church accompanied by his family.

1881. Jan. Prof. J. A. Shearer took charge of the Pueblo School at Albuquerque. Jan. Rev. and Mrs. Sheldon Jackson and Mr. E. Conklin took a number of Indian children from the Pueblo, Apache, Pima and Papago tribes to the Industrial Training Schools at Carlisle and Hampton. Jan. 3. Rev. J. McGaughey took charge of the Mission School at Santa Fe. Mr. H. D. Elliott taught from Jan. 4 to Feb. 14. Mr. W. E. Ward from Feb. 15 to April 9. Miss M. A. Everett April 12 to April 30. Miss Nettie Mills May 3 to June 1. Feb. 5. Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Perkins opened a Mission School among the Navajo Indians. April 1. Miss Mary M. Holbrook joined the Moqui Mission. April 5. Miss Mary M. Harris joined the Jemes Mission. April 10. Presbyterian Church organized at Shakespere by Rev. Thomas Thompson. April 13. Wm. E. Taylor and Miss M. M. Holbrook were married at the Moqui Mission. May 22. The 2d Presbyterian Church organized at Agua Negra Valley by Rev. J. C. Eastman. May 28. Miss M. L. Allison joined the Santa Fe Mission, and commenced teaching June 6. June 6. A 2d department was commenced in the Santa Fe School with Miss Belle Everett in charge. June 6. Work commenced at Santa Fe on a new Presbyterian Church, which was completed in the spring of 1882. June 19. Rev. S. A. Bentley, with his family, reached Zuni Pueblo. June 21. Rev. T. F. Ealy and family left Zuni. July 11. A Mission School was opened with 19 pupils at Jemes Hot Springs, with Miss Harris as teacher. August 9. Miss Jenny Hammaker left Zuni, and died at the Albuquerque Mission Sept. 29. August 15. Rev. Janies A. Menaul took charge of the church at Albuquerque. Sept. 18. Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Perkins opened the Navajo Boarding School. Sept. 22. Miss Maggie Fleming opened a Mission School at Anton Chico, with 10 pupils. Sept. 27. Mrs. L. F. Tibbals took charge of Mission work at Glorieta. A school-house was erected and school opened Oct. 24 with 25 pupils. Sept. 28. Mission School at Las



F-a-a-ar-well !!!



GOVERNOR AXTELL SUSPENDED!

WASHINGTON, September 3.—The charges against Gov. Axtell, of New Mexico, have resulted in his suspension from that office and the appointment in his place of Gen. Lew Wallace, of Indiana. The President, before he left here Saturday for Minnesota, determined on the change, which was made at the suggestion of Secretary Schurz.



Our colleagues of the *News & Press* felt so jubilant over the above news, as well they may, that they issued an extra informing their readers of the rejoicings in Cimarron and announcing that fifty guns were fired in honor of the event. In order that they may not get the better of us in saluting, we have hauled out our ordnance and set the thing a-going as may be seen in the above illustration. It was our intention to build a coffin for his ex-Excellency, but when the labor was taken into consideration, it seemed to us the corps was not worth the trouble; besides, it occurred to us there were sundry other victims of the political guillotine whose decapitation may be hourly expected; therefore, it seemed best to wait for the demise of the whole lot in order to inter them all in the same box.

It is really consoling indeed to witness the deep sorrow and profound affliction as well as the edifying gratitude of some of ex-Governor Axtell's friends and instigators to evil, represented by the ministers (!) of the Presbyterian church in New Mexico. At a meeting held by that body [some 25 or 30 persons in all] in Santa Fé, Aug. 30th, presided over by Rev? Dr? Sheldon Jackson (the defamer of female virtue in New Mexico and Arizona,) resolutions were passed thanking Mr. Axtell for every thing

he should not have done. Our late Delegate, *de facto*, Hon. Trinidad Romero, came in for a share of their dreadful praises, for having, as they untruthfully say, scoured "the repeal and nullification" of the Jesuit College Bill. The noodles composing this "Presbytery" ought to have known better, but it is probably expecting too much to suppose they know anything. When we look over some of their names and mention them, our readers may think we are as big a noodle as any of them for even hinting at finding any intelligence or common sense in such men as the Revds. (?) J. A. Annin, Sheldon Jackson, and oh! the "Reverends" I. Pereira, of Las Vegas; Rafael Gallegos, of Mora; Vicente Romero of Taos; D. Mondragon, of Los Ranchos; F. Maes, of Ocate; R. Moutoya and F. M. Romero, of Jemez, and a few others *et id genus omne!*

1889

Cave Dwellers in Mexico.

A letter from Deming, New Mexico, says: "Lieut. Schwatka has arrived here. His party has been successful beyond expectations in their explorations, and especially in Southern Chihuahua, where living cliff and cave dwellers were found in great abundance, wild as any of the Mexican tribes at the time of Cortez's conquest. The abodes they live in are exactly similar to the old, abandoned cliff dwellings of Arizona and New Mexico, about which there has been much speculation. It was almost impossible to get near them, so wild and timid were they. Upon the approach of white people, they flee to their caves by notched sticks placed against the face of the cliffs, if steep, although they can ascend vertical stone faces if there are the slightest crevices for their fingers and toes.

"These cliff dwellers are sun worshippers, putting their new-born children out in the full rays of the sun the first day of their lives, and showing many other forms of devotion to the great luminary. They are usually tall, lean, and well formed, their skin being a blackish red, much nearer the color of the negro than the copper-colored Indian in the United States.

"Schwatka claims that nothing has heretofore been known about these people, except by the half-Indian mountain Mexicans, and thinks his investigation will be of immense anthropological and archaeological value. He estimates the cave and cliff dwellers to be from 3000 to 12,000 in number, armed only with bows, arrows, and stone hatchets."

Las Vegas Gazette.

J. H. K O O G L E R,
Editor & Publisher.

RANDOM NOTES.

Under the above heading R. S. Elliot, Esq., of Kirkwood, Missouri, under the *nom de plume* of John Brown, contributes to the March number of the *Inland Magazine*, published at St. Louis, some very readable notes of his travels through New Mexico, last fall, and also some interesting reminiscences of the early history and the conquest of the country, by Gen. Kearney.

Mr. Elliot belonged to the army of invasion and says, at that time, in 1846, they had not seen an inhabited house from the time they left the Missouri river, until they arrived at the Mora, a distance of 775 miles, and then there were only two houses there. He says: "On my recent coach trip I had not been twenty miles from a house, settlement or town, from Las Animas, on the Arkansas—the end of the railroad—to the Sapello, and there I found ranches and farms spread in every direction, through the wide reach of arable and pasture lands. The old town of Mora is away in the hills to the right, where a small valley has been under irrigation for perhaps a century; but in the plain, we find only the civilization introduced since the conquest. It is charming to visit a country which you have conquered in early days, when it had no people in it, and find happy homes and increasing population."

Kearney's army came into New Mexico by the Raton Pass and followed down the eastern slope of the mountains, on what is now the stage road. They made their first camp on this side of the Raton, on the ground where now stands the Red River House.

Gen. Armijo, at that time Governor of the Territory under Mexico, was making such resistance as he could, to the advance of Kearney. The following is the description of the reduction of the then small town of Las Vegas and also some criticism upon the manner in which the promises then made, have since been kept:

"Our camp," says Emory, extended for a mile down the valley. On one side was the stream, on the other the cornfields, with no fence or hedge interposing. What a tantalizing prospect for our hungry, jaded nags! The water was free, but a chain of sentinels was posted to protect the corn, and

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strict orders were given that it should not be disturbed." Some idea of the discipline of Kearney's army, regulars and volunteers, may be had from the fact, that, although we had marched eight hundred miles, crossing the "Great American Desert," and were in the enemies country—which we were conquering—yet not one plant or blade of corn was injured. I have always looked back to the forbearance exercised on that memorable night, as having sublimity in it. It was the heroism of self denial, and respect to orders,

"At 12 o'clock last night," Emory notes under date of August 15, "information was received that six hundred men had collected at the pass two miles distant, and were to oppose our march. In the morning orders were given to prepare to meet the enemy. At 7 o'clock the army moved: and just as we made the road leading through the town, Major Swords, Lieutenant Gilmer and Capt. Weightman joined us, and presented Col. Kearney with his commission as Brigadier General. They heard we were to have a battle, and rode sixty miles during the night to be in it."

Now it looks queer that men should ride sixty miles in the dark just to get into a fight; but ride they did. What fate befell Maj. Swords and Lieut. Gilmer I have never learned. Capt. Weightman, in a gray uniform, gave his life to the Confederate cause at the battle of Wilson creek, where Lyon fell in blue, in 1861. The Laclede Rangers, on the 14th, had some six or eight men on sick report; but on the morning of the 15th, they were all in the saddle. "marching on" to the expected battle. There seemed to be a kind of exhilaration pervading the ranks as the cartridge boxes were being filled for the expected conflict.

At 8 o'clock we took the town of Las Vegas, not with shooting of guns, but by quietly marching in. The General ascended to the roof of one of the houses—one story—to swear in the alcalde and make an American citizen of him, in the bright sunshine, and in full view of all the people; while the unterrified soldiers sat on their horses in the plaza, or public square, calmly looking on. The reader, who has never seen war, may perhaps think it a small matter to take a town in that way; but I can assure him it is a very comfortable way for both the takers and the taken; and the reduction of Las Vegas was an important incident in view of the ceremonies indulged in.

The General made a speech, and very well meant, but without any fault of his, it turned out, in some important particulars, to be somewhat of a delusion, if not a snare. To understand this, I quote a few passages for the use of historical students.

"Mr. alcalde, and people of New Mexico. I have come amongst you by the orders of my government, to take possession of your country, and extend over it the laws of the United States * * * * * We come amongst you as friends—not as enemies; as protectors—not as conquerors. Henceforth I absolve you from all allegiance to the Mexican government, and from all obedience to Gen. Armijo. * * * * I shall not expect you to take up arms and follow me to fight your own people who may oppose me; but I now tell you that those who remain peaceably at home, attending to their crops and their herds, shall be protected by me in their property, their persons and their religion; and not a pepper or an onion shall be disturbed, or taken, by my troops without pay, or without the consent of the owner. But listen! he who promises to be quiet, and is found in arms against me, I will hang."

So far; so good. From the American soldiers, (as I can vouch for the ten months I remained in the country) the people were protected, and the General's words were made good. We paid for everything, and I never heard of a case of theft or outrage. But he promised more.

"From the Mexican government you have never received protection. The Apaches and Navajoes come down from the mountains and carry off your sheep, and even your women, whenever they please. *The government will correct all this.* It will keep off the Indians, protect you in your persons and property, and I repeat again, will protect you in your religion."

These were brave words, authorized by orders from Washington. The General believed what he said, and so far as religion and the general treatment of the Mexicans by Americans are concerned, the promise has been tolerably well kept. But the protection against the Indians, so solemnly promised, and which caused the Las Vegas alcalde to grin with satisfaction, has never, until within the last four or five years, been realized.

For nearly a quarter of a century the people of New Mexico "never received protection" against the savages. The promises made by General Kearney were practically repudiated by the authorities in Washington. Yet the people remained loyal to the government. Only a few individuals manifested any hostile feeling in the trying years from 1861 to 1865.

The Indians are now subdued and on reservations, where they can be kept in order. But the failure for so many years to restrain them, was not only a monstrous wrong to the people of New Mexico, but also did much to retard the growth of the Territory. Ignorance; stupidity, conceit and red tape at Washington—perhaps with a little spice of fraud thrown in—have caused many a life to be sacrificed, and many a home to be desolated.

The government has also failed to execute fairly the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, made with Mexico at the close of the war. This provided that Mexican citizens who remained in the ceded country should have their possessions secured to them. This meant that Mexican owners of lands should hold their property without disturbance. The belief was that if the government should claim any part of the Territory as public domain, it would, at its own cost, find out what it might be entitled to, and in doing this, necessarily ascertain the boundaries of private estates. But Congress has required all claimants of lands under Spanish or Mexican grants, to pay for the surveys, and after this is done, cuts down the boundaries and reduces the estates to suit the whims of the gentlemen who manage the General Land Office, and those in the capitol who pass the acts. The result is, that Mexicans, whose families have had undisputed possession of lands for one or two centuries, have no assurance that they can continue to hold an acre. They do not find exactly that protection in their "property" which Gen. Kearny promised.

Good faith to the people of New Mexico, as well as to those who may desire to migrate thither, requires that the government should at once appoint a commission of eminent men to settle all questions growing out of Spanish and Mexican grants of land. This would ascertain the boundaries of all valid private land claims and at the same time let us know what is, and what is not, public domain.

Las Vegas is not now the same town it was in 1846. It has increased greatly in population, and does a large business in the purchase of wool, hides, and other products for export, as also in the importation and sale of merchandise. It has many new buildings, some of large size, and has public schools, and churches of several denom-

These men are like the people
of old, and sleep generally in
the open air with no sheltered
and just in Pagan male & female
use to prostrate. The man would
lie on the grass before the fire & sing a hymn
and pray & a suitable & personal
intercede. He goes as he devotes
earliest to the God of gods & sacreale
These men are called old & not
as been a man in a big girl state
and will run & fly to be killed for thick
water & reefs in without a big
the fire before until the thick
and reefs are stuck in places
on which they are prepared.

So old man had but 3 feathers he
striking off the fire two.

These trees and bushes are just on the
 ground like oil paint which is good for
 town & town is as to leave the trees
 sticks and bushes away. They are
 planted at the close of the names, and
 may be a short time. These I found
 to do Sept 28th 1876. They seem to
 have been just put in. I made the
 bank & to below the town about half a
 mile by the river bank. I saw one
 spot where a spade had been used
 near by. I think suppose the sticks
 and bushes had been planted &
 had been pulled up. The boy & the
 Preacher who don't treat each other
 with the reverence the older people do.
 There is hope for the youth.

J. Greenleaf
 Town September 28th 1876.

These feathers are ones left by the
spirit of the dead主人. The report
from come usually in the fall & are
there, the crop have been usually
gathered or not to infect things
generally. Three or four of the tallest
Kotoni Cranes live up with
masts 300 feet high and come
into the Pueblo from toward the little
Colorado where under an old lake
at Punta Ranch all the dead
Yankees are supposed to live. These
men eat & drink & have it from dogs
and without fear present in lacuna
the town with a lot of feathers.
These feathers are put in up above the
atches in the roof of the house and are
most precious and sacred and with
the destruction of the house or the death

taken out of it.

All this rather business seemed to
be in pairs, i.e. male & female and
I think that the third left indicated
the offspring or product.

The little mound with the stones on
the top of the town contains many
scalps. Mr. Burgess has seen them.
They are consulted at night
in questions relating to rain, but at
other times of dry weather the
Caciques and I suppose their slaves
and subordinates go to the place and
consult the Tawapi Scalp about
rain.

J. Greenbank

LA AURORA.

VOL. IV.

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO, JUEVES, MARZO 26 DE 1903.

NO. 8.



GIRLS' HOME.

LAUNDRY.

BOYS' HOME.

English Number

INDIAN TRAINING SCHOOL AT TUCSON.

The Indian Training School at Tucson was opened Jan. 8, 1888, in a large adobe building which had formerly been devoted to the use of the public schools of the city. About a year and a half previous to this four blocks, or some seventeen acres of land in the northeast part of the city, had been leased to the Board of Home Missions through Rev. T. C. Kirkwood, D. D., who was the Synodical Missionary of the territory at that time. A two-story frame building was erected upon this site, and in November, 1888, the school was removed to this building, now known as the Girls' Home.

The school was organized for the Pima and Papago Indians. The tribes were originally one, and the difference in language is slight. These Indians are gentle, brave and industrious, and they have always been friendly to the whites. As early as 1866 the Catholics had opened a day school for the Papagoes; also shortly after his arrival on the Pima reservation our brave pioneer missionary, Rev. Chas. H. Cook, opened a day school among the Pimas which he maintained until the boarding school was established at Sacaton.

Mr. Cook soon won the love and confidence of the Pima Indians and they were ready immediately to heartily co-operate with his friends when the plan to organize a school at Tucson became known. The records show that ten pupils were enrolled on the day in which the school was opened. Two of these were the grandsons of the Pima chief and another, Lillie Roberts, was the granddaughter of Joseph Roberts who was the first Pima elder in Mr. Cook's church.

Little more was done the first year, which consisted of a term of six months, than to make a beginning. Thirteen pupils were enrolled before the close of the year. At the beginning of the second year the contract with the government allowed for seven, fifty-five pupils but, as the school was still occupying the rented property, only forty could be accommodated at the beginning of the year. Three months later when the new home was completed the enrollment increased rapidly to eighty-four, and the Superintendent began to turn applicants away. On the third year we find the following from the records: "The average at entrance, which may stand as an

indication of the general prosperity of this year, is, I suspect, almost without parallel in an Indian school or any other school. We enrolled the first day seventy-eight pupils, forty boys and thirty-eight girls. One girl was added a few days later. The roll remained without addition or subtraction to the end of the year, and the average attendance was above seventy-seven."

In this short account we will not attempt to give the history of successive years. It is now a little over fifteen years since the date of opening. The school has always held a high place in the estimation of the Indians. In fact, its growth was phenomenal from the first, and, in consequence of its early popularity, the non-reservation schools soon became popular among the Indians. It is noticeable that the school has retained not only the original members, but entire families, the best on the reservation, have been its patrons. Lillie Roberts, one of the first pupils enrolled, died a little over a year ago. In a letter which notified us of her death, one of our missionaries wrote: "It is very hard to give her up. You know how much Lillie has helped in these churches here, playing the organ and in other ways. The Roberts family are one of our mainsprings, and the Tucson school has been the chief means of leading their young people to better things."

Too much can not be said of the untiring zeal and consecration of the early workers. Mr. Chas. E. Walker was acting superintendent for the first six months. Miss Mary J. Winkler and Miss Elizabeth Rowland were teachers; Miss Esther G. Brown was matron; Miss Jessie Brownell was sewing-teacher, and Mr. W. J. Thompson had charge of the farm.

On Oct. 19, 1888, Rev. Howard Billman, a Presbyterian minister from Cincinnati, arrived on the field, just a month before the school was removed to the present site. Mr. Billman was in charge of the school from the time of his arrival until 1896, when, upon his resignation, the present superintendent was placed in charge. Endowed with splendid judgment, tact, energy, and a keen sympathy for fallen humanity, Mr. Billman was a maneminently adapted to the work to which he had been called. Not only did Mr. Billman lay a foundation for the work which has stood the test of time, but he and his excellent wife labored diligently to discover ways and means of helping the Indians in their homes.

Two of her teachers who are still in the school arrived shortly after Mr. Billman, Miss North and Miss Pieron. They have pressed forward unfaltering-

ly, and have given their time and strength unrevealed to the cause. Their lives have been a great blessing to scores of young men and young women whom it has been their privilege to teach.

There is ample room on the school campus for all the buildings we need for the prosecution of our work, and a large playground. The Girls' Home is a two-story frame building about 100x80 feet, built of California redwood and pine. At the rear there is a two-story adobe building which contains a kitchen and store-rooms. The Boys' Home was erected in 1890, and is a group of one-story adobe buildings. Space was left between the dormitories for a school building proper, which has not yet been erected. In 1891 and 1892 a laundry and a hospital were erected, the Synodical Society of Illinois furnishing the money for the former and the Synodical Society of New Jersey furnishing the money for the latter. On account of the crowded condition of the dormitories, the hospital is now used for the superintendent's home, and a room in each of the dormitories is now set aside for the use of the sick.

The school also owns a farm, or a ranch, of forty-two acres in the Santa Cruz valley, about a mile west from the school proper. The farmer's home is here and a cottage for an Indian family.

The scarcity of water has made farming less profitable for the past five years than it was formerly, but a pumping plant will shortly be installed, which will furnish abundant water for irrigation. Barley and alfalfa are the principal products and with plenty of water at our command, we are now planning to cultivate a garden. The boys do the work on the farm and meanwhile they receive such instruction in the cultivation of the soil as the opportunity affords. Most of the boys become farmers when they quit school and these practical lessons in agriculture are very helpful.

The school is a home. The girls, under the supervision of teachers, do all the housework, the cooking and the washing and ironing, and they make and mend clothing for themselves and the boys. Opportunity to work in every department of the home is furnished during the school year. Thus, if a girl remains in school for one year only, she receives training which usually transforms her character as a housekeeper. The boys do the chores which naturally fall to the boys of the household, and keep the school campus in order.

Near eight hundred pupils have been enrolled since the organization of the school. There are one hundred and thirty in attendance this year. Four boys

comprise the graduating class—one from the Papago tribe and three from the Pima tribe. All are professing Christians.

The work of the school has been most signally blessed. Probably two-thirds of the pupils are professing Christians. The Pimas have united with the churches on the reservation, and the Papagoes are uniting with our newly organized church in the city. There has not been a communion season since the organization of the church which has not witnessed the public confession of Christ of some member or members of the school.

ELSIE PRUGH HERNDON.

OFFICERS:

Frazier S. Herndon, superintendent; Miss Mary McCarle, Miss Minnie Shaver, Miss Laura Picson, Miss Dorothy Venable, teachers; Miss Florence Dilley, Miss Mattie Hunter, Miss Lillian North, Miss Sophia Ostermeier, Miss Amanda Bumquest, industrial teachers; Mr. S. L. Palmer, farmer; Mrs. Jesse Juan Pedro, native Bible reader.

THE TAOS FIELD.

(A SKETCH.)

We may truly call it a field—a battlefield, where earnest battles have been fought. Here has been witnessed courage, devotion and self-sacrifice on the part of many workers, and fierce heart struggles on the part of many seeking souls.

Taos has its place in the civil history of the territory and no less a place in the Protestant movement in New Mexico and Southern Colorado.

The present field embraces the churches of Taos and Ranchos of Taos in Taos county, and the church at Embudo in Arriba county, 30 miles southwest of Taos, with numerous preaching stations grouped about these points.

The Taos and Ranchos churches worship in the mission school buildings owned by the Woman's Board of Home Missions. The Embudo church has its own chapel. Regular services are maintained at these points, also at Cieneguilla Prado of Taos, Arroyo Seco, Arroyo Hondo, New Colonies and Ranchito, and occasional services are held at Cañon de Taos, Los Cordovas, Rio Chiquito, Upper Cañon and San Cristobal. English work has also been carried on at the mining camps of Armizt and Twining located about twenty-two miles northeast of Taos. Monthly visits will probably be made at these points.

The missionary is assisted in the work by two native evangelists, V. T. Romero of Taos, and Eliseo C. Cordova at Embudo. We also have the co-operation of eight mission teachers who are located at the following points:

(Continued on page 3.)

CONDITIONS.

LA AURORA is a weekly (bi-weekly for a while) religious newspaper published in Spanish for people living in New Mexico, Arizona and Colorado, and is an organ of the Synod of New Mexico and managed by its committee: Rev. Henry C. Thomson, D. D., Rev. T. C. Beattie, Rev. John Menaul, Rev. Norman Skinner, Rev. Gabino Kendor, and Rev. T. C. Moffett.

The Synod elected H. C. Thomson Editor, Rev. T. C. Beattie, Treasurer, and Rev. John Menaul, Publisher.

Price, 50 cents per annum.

Office, South Sixth Street, No. 11, Albuquerque, N. M.

All financial matters to be addressed to Rev. T. C. Beattie, 115 S. Walter St., Albuquerque, N. M., and editorial matter to Rev. H. C. Thomson, D. D., Menaul School, Albuquerque, N. M.

OUR SYNOD.

The Synod of New Mexico embraces the two territories of Arizona and New Mexico. The region occupies an arid and sterile part of our country, but is of vast extent, including 236,557 square miles, of which nearly half or 122,687 are in Arizona. This is 50 per cent larger than the Synod of California. It covers a space equal to the whole of the original 13 states, leaving out West Virginia and the two Carolinas, and enough over to duplicate Delaware and Rhode Island, or in other words, all of the United States East of Ohio and West Virginia to the Atlantic Ocean. Much has been done to open this country, and it is being developed and settled rapidly. Treasures of gold, silver, copper and coal are found. With the aid of Congress vast tracts of fertile lands will be irrigated and become gardens producing in abundance. The Indians have about ceased their wars, and are slowly learning the arts of peace. The Mexicans are apparently more full of vitality and are willing to improve, and make rapid strides in advance of former conditions. The Americans work on the Railroads, manage the mines and are also investing in cattle that are scattered on these "thousand hills." There are grave questions yet to be settled in regard to the Indians. The Government evidently endeavours to do the best that can be done for them, but the problems that arise are difficult. They ought not to be settled in the same way in different places, and so uniform laws and regulations that work well in some places, do great harm in others. Who has the consummate wisdom necessary to solve these many sided and knotty questions? But in spite of mistakes, blunders and bad management in some places, the Indians, as a whole, are on the road to better things, and the time has come to send the Gospel to them with all the energy of which our church is capable. The grand results already obtained show what a little work will do with God's blessing. If we multiply our labors we may expect to see the results quadrupled.

The case with the Mexicans is, if possible, more encouraging still. Through the schools the good seed is being sown in the best soil. They are clamoring for our schools. In spite of the energetic opposition of the priests the people will send their children to our plaza schools, and

even pay, out of their deep poverty, a fair portion of the expenses. Had we twice as many schools as at present, they would be full; and had we three times as much room in the Boarding Schools, they would be crowded to the utmost. What better field could Presbyterians ask? In our own country, people accessible through education, less and less prejudiced by the false teachings of Rome are opening their hearts and homes to us. And, we are proud to say, this is distinctively Presbyter-

ian work. The field in great measure has been left to us, and the call that we hear is for Presbyterian teachers, for just such excellent ones as they know in our noble band of teachers now at work here. This precious fruit is thrown into the lap of the Presbyterian Church, and will be ours if we but accept it. No period could be more promising for a forward movement than the present. See the telling figures given by our active and efficient Synodical Missionary, Rev. R. M. Craig, in

the November number of the Assembly Herald.

The work among the Americans is, in most places, making fair progress. The principal towns in the two territories have self supporting churches, and new fields are constantly opening up. The adventurers from Christian homes that have come out here to seek their fortunes on the Railroad, in the mines and with cattle, are being hunted up, and we hope, little by little, they will be gathered in.

The climate, or rather climates, of this region are especially good for consumptives, and for many other classes of invalids, and these come pouring in and some of them, or their families embark in enterprises and aid in church work.

We therefore present our church with a most hopeful mission field, one in which we find it a delight to labor, and to which we invite our Christian workers, and our people with consecrated means, to enter with the brightest prospects of filling the land with gospel light and blessing.



Officers and Teachers of Menaul School.

The present force consists of six persons. Mr. J. Chalmers Ross, Superintendent, has occupied this position since August, 1897. He is a native of E. Tenn. In 1894 he graduated at Greenville and Tusculum College, Tenn; taught one year in Obion College, Troy, Tenn. and two years in Good Will Indian Mission School, S. Dak.

On his left in the picture is Miss Nellie Bishop, whose native place is Little Prairie, Wis. She was educated at Whitewater Normal School, Wis., and after teaching several years, took charge of the advanced classes in Menaul School, Jan. 1903.

On his left sits Miss Sarah B. Sutherland, who was born in Hanover, Ind. and graduated at our College there in 1894. She spent two and a half years as missionary in Utah, six months as Matron in Logan, and two years as teacher in Mantai, and came to Menaul School as teacher of the Primary Department in 1899.

Mrs. Eliz. B. Ross, née Baskerville, a native of Mecklenburg Co., Va., stands in the centre of the upper row. She was educated at Lake Forest University, Ill., and taught three years in the Good Will School. She has been Matron in Menaul School since 1898.

On her right stands Miss Sarah Ross of E. Tenn., who received her education at the University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark. She has been a missionary two years amongst the Seminole Indians, I. T., and four years amongst the Creeks. She came as Assistant Matron to Menaul School in 1900.

On the right of Mrs. Ross stands

Miss Sibella E. Rutherford, whose native place is Toulon, Ill. She graduated at Knox College, Galesburg, Ill., in 1893, and spent five years teaching in Academy and High School in Toulon. She began as assistant Matron and Teacher in Menaul School in January 1901.

Space (and words) fail us to describe the good work done by this excellent band of officers in Menaul School. We could ask no more of them than what they do so efficiently.



Rev. Robert M. Craig.

We are happy to present a likeness of our worthy and efficient Synodical Missionary to our readers, even though it be so imperfect.

His native place is in the North, in Oxford county, Ontario, Canada. His collegiate course he completed in Toronto University, and his theological studies in Knox College in 1883. The same year he was licensed by the Presbytery of Huron, and also (a rather unusual circumstance)

he was ordained to the ministry that same year by the Presbytery of Whitby and began his pastorate of six years in the church at Dunbar, Ontario. The six succeeding years he was pastor of the two churches of Melville and Fergus, Ontario. While there he was secretary of the Board of Education, and also member of the Synod of Knox College.

In 1895 he retired from the Queen's Dominions and came to our territory. For two years he was pastor of the First church in Santa Fe, and for one year he was the chaplain of the legislature.

Since 1897 he has been our Synodical Missionary. We need add nothing more. All our readers will recognize the familiar face, and can, from their own personal knowledge, furnish material for a long article, telling in detail the arduous and successful work he has done for our Synod.

A large number of new churches have been organized, and are now enjoying regular services in their own neat edifices that owe much of their prosperity to his fostering care. Many flourishing schools have been in the same way brought into successful operation by his unwearied exertions. He is now making a heroic effort to double the capacity of our Menaul school and has succeeded.

The General Assembly.—Meets in Los Angeles this year. It is expected that a car-load of worthy delegates will pass through Albuquerque, and stop over the Sabbath, May 17th, and visit the Menaul School, Training Class and Evangelistic Conference. We hope their hearts may be drawn towards the needs of our Synod.



TAOS SCHOOL.

(Continued from page 1.)

Miss Alice Hyson, Ranchos of Taos; Miss Anna Krohn, Taos; Miss E. W. Craig and Miss Lucy Craig, Prado of Taos; Miss L. C. Galbraith, Miss Isa E. Dwire, Arroyo Hondo; Mr. Jacoho Mondragon, Arroyo Seco; Miss M. B. Leadingham, Embudo.

Over four hundred pupils have been enrolled in these six schools this winter.

School grounds and buildings are owned by the Board at Ranchos, Taos, Prado and Arroyo Hondo. Sabbath-schools are maintained at these six points, and also at New Colonies and Ranchito. The last school was organized this winter and promises great usefulness as we have many children at that point. The communicants in the three churches number 180.

We will go back now to the beginning of this work and summon before us a portion of God's soldiers who have battled here.

The first to have a place is "Padre Martinez," a liberal priest who separated from the Romish church in 1858. Padre Martinez never identified himself openly with the Protestant church. However, he built his own chapel and gathered a large following, many of them belonging to the more intelligent and influential class.

Padre Martinez not only preached the gospel, but opened his church to a Protestant Episcopal clergyman, and stood committed to identify himself with that communion. This act was not consummated because the Episcopalian missionaries failed to fulfill the necessary conditions. Padre Martinez also believed in education and maintained a school for boys, himself teaching the advanced pupils arithmetic, grammar, logic, philosophy and religion. He was born at —, New Mexico, educated at the City of Mexico, and died at Taos, 1867, at the age of seventy years. He was a man of strong personality and his name is honored by many.

After his death, for lack of a competent leader, his followers became

scattered. Some continued to live separate from the R. C. church, some returned to Romanism, and a few in after years became the first Protestants of Taos; among them are their sons, Vicente F. Romero and Jose Domingo Mondragon.

Some years after the death of Padre Martinez, the Rev. James Roberts came to Taos as a government teacher to the Indians of the Taos Pueblo. Mr. Roberts was debarred access to the Indians because he was a Protestant. This rejection of priceless good was due to priestly interference.

Mr. Roberts was not one to be idle, and grasping the fact that education was the door of entrance to the hearts of the people about him, opened a school for the Mexican people. The following year he began preaching the gospel and gradually gathered a few followers, who united Nov. 15, 1874, in forming the Spanish Presbyterian church of Taos. There were but ten original members, including Mrs. Roberts; among them Jose Domingo Mondragon, Julio Vigil and Vicente F. Romero. Mr. Mondragon and Mr. Romero were chosen the first elders of the church. Later both of them were employed as evangelists.

Mr. Mondragon labored at many points in Southern Colorado and Northern New Mexico. He now rests from his labors and his works do follow him, as he passed to his reward June 3, 1902.

Mr. Romero also worked in Colorado and New Mexico and is yet among us as evangelist in the Taos field. More than a double portion of the spirit of his father, Padre Martinez, fell upon him, and multitudes have heard the message of salvation through faith in Jesus Christ from his lips.

Mr. Roberts labored as a missionary in the Taos field for eight years, and during this time seventy-nine persons united with the church. Ill health required a removal to California where he also passed to his reward.

Of the 79 enrolled very few remain. Some removed and were dis-

missed to other churches; through the disaffection of a Mr. Jacobs, who was excluded from work in the Presbyterian church, a number withdrew to the M. E. church; a few proved unfaithful and others are now enrolled among the redeemed in heaven.

Others, however, have been called to take their places, and during the ministry of Rev. Maxwell Phillips, 1883-84, sixteen new members were added to the church.

The Rev. D. M. Haslett was the third minister in charge, but as he remained but six months there was but little growth. After his departure the field was vacant for eighteen months.

Evangelist Romero continued his work under the direction of the Home Mission Committee of the Santa Fe Presbytery.

On the coming of the Rev. S. Warner Curtis to the field in 1886 a new chapter was opened in the history of this work. He labored faithfully about four and one-half years, making the gospel known at many neglected points. He did thorough, careful work and was instrumental in adding twenty-three new members to the church, and the influence of his life is yet felt at Taos. Mr. Curtis was also instrumental in the organization of the church at Embudo. From Taos Mr. Curtis removed to Las Vegas, where he continued his work until called to rest from all earthly labor June 23d, 1902.

Again the Taos field was without an ordained missionary for eighteen months.

In April, 1892, Rev. John M. Whitlock was appointed and began work here. He brought with him a thorough knowledge of the people and their language. During the six years of his labor here there was steady growth. Forty new members were added to the Taos church, and there were many received into the Embudo church.

The church at Ranchos of Taos was organized by him. Mr. Whitlock is now located at Lumberton laboring among the people in the

country of Tierra Amarilla.

During the years 1898-1899 Rev. E. W. Fenton and Rev. C. E. Lowrie had charge of the field for a few months each.

Mr. Lowrie was followed by the writer, who came to Taos in May, 1900.

The field at that time also included the church at Rincones, but in April, 1901, the Rincones church was detached and became a part of the Santa Fe field.

The growth has continued and over seventy have identified themselves with the churches during the past two years and ten months.

The Taos church has received a total of two hundred communicants since its organization, and now numbers seventy-seven members. The members are scattered, living in the valleys and canyons about Taos and some of them are without services for weeks at a time.

The Embudo church was organized by Mr. Curtis about fifteen years ago.

This church has been greatly blessed and has become a flourishing congregation of seventy-eight communicant members. A weekly prayer service is maintained and a C. E. organization is sharing in the work of building up Christ's kingdom there. The work is in a very hopeful condition.

As has been said the church at Ranchos of Taos was organized under Mr. Whitlock's administration. Its membership was mostly composed of members dismissed from the church at Taos.

Rauchos has been highly favored as the location of one of our best mission schools. For nineteen years Miss Hyson has given her best strength, devotion and talent to this people and is held in the highest esteem by them. The church has also been blessed in its eldership, and especially in its senior elder, Señor Felix Cordova, whose daily life has won for him the confidence of all classes. However, the church at Ranchos has not prospered, due in part to removals, but more to a large percentage of people described by the Savior in the gospel according to Luke 8:30. God's word has come to them in its purity, but it has been rejected and despised.

However, we may not hope for the same results in all places; neither can we judge of the extent of the work by local fruit.

Taos has been a center of influence that has extended not only to Embudo on the south and Ocate on the east, but also into Colorado on the north. The flourishing work in Southern Colorado has its source here.

This sketch would not be complete without some mention of the evangelists who have occupied the field in years past. The names of some of them are Lucas Martinez, Juan Quintana, J. J. Vigil and Julian B. Torres.

Mr. Romero has been with the work almost from its beginning. He has been a helper to all the minis-



V. F. ROMERO.

ters who have labored here. May he yet see a harvest that will bring him great joy.

Much less would our history be complete without a tribute to the band of noble mission teachers who have shared in this work. Let Mrs. Roberts, Miss Mary Perse, Miss Brown, Miss Jennie Ordway, Miss Kennedy, Miss Rowland, Mrs. Ada Cutler and others whose names are unknown, with these who now continue this Christ-like work, count it a joy and an honor that they have a part in this work of quickening the mental life of a nation and illuminating the souls of men and women bound by error's chains.

Thus many have contributed prayers and tears, labor and suffering. Many have experienced grief, loss and disappointment, sacrifice and bereavement have been the portion of some.

There have been many gifts of love to support this work. Offerings that have cost sacrifice have been gathered up from many sources and been poured out freely for the uplifting and enlightenment of a needy people. As we turn from the past let it be with thanksgiving to the Lord for his blessing, and for the army of faithful witnesses he has raised up to honor His name. And let it also be with uplifted hearts for the future.

O, people highly favored of God! Let it not be in vain that the "kingdom of God has come nigh." Let it not be in vain that these workers have loved and served and battled. "Arise, shine, for thy light is come."

W. C. BUELL.

Taos, New Mex., Feb. 18, 1903.

TRINITY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF TUCSON.

BY REV. T. C. MOFFETT.

The organization of this church, May 28th, 1902, was under special circumstances of interest. For nineteen years Presbyterianism had been unrepresented in Tucson by a church of our polity. In 1879 such an organization had been effected. It was an isolated organization of eleven communicant members, without pastoral services much of the time. There was no railroad, and the Mission Board in New York, and the Synodical Missionary who covered Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Montana and Utah could not be expected to care for this frontier or-

ganization very effectively. After a few years, during a time when the pulpit was unsupplied, the Congregational Missionary Society provided a minister and by agreement the organization became Congregational, and the adobe building facing City Park was sold to that denomination.

The number of Presbyterians in Tucson increased in later years, and became largely identified with the work in the different evangelical churches in the city.

The Indian Training School of our Woman's Board of Home Missions spent some \$20,000 annually in educating the children of the Pima and Papago tribes, following up the work of our missionaries on the reservations.

After several requests had come to members of Presbytery from residents of the city for the organization of a Presbyterian church, but no action had been proposed in the Presbytery, a petition signed by seventeen persons was presented last April. The advisability of granting the request, the interests of the common cause represented by all of the evangelical churches in the city, and the matter of comity and missionary co-operation with the denominations were carefully considered. The pastors of the Methodist and Baptist churches strongly advised the organization, and a conference was held with the Congregational pastor and members together. Presbytery then heartily approved the effecting of an organization, and authorizing a committee of five to confer with the Congregational Association of Arizona in session at Tempe, instructed the committee to proceed if the way were clear. At the time set for organization sixty-five charter members were constituted and five elders and three deacons were elected.

Nine months have passed since the congregation was organized, and seven months of regular services, the elders having maintained one meeting a week during the mid-summer months. One hundred and six communicant members have been enrolled. Twenty baptized children are on the Covenant roll. Two of the charter members have been called from the fellowship by death; Mrs. W. H. Bayless having passed away the same day that she was received into the new organiza-

tion; and Mrs. Julia A. Simpson, the oldest member having departed from earth at Los Angeles, January 16th, in the 84th year of her age.

The Sabbath school was organized September 7th and 150 names have been entered. The Women's Aid Society with over 40 members has been especially active in missionary zeal and in providing for pressing needs of the new church. The individual-cup communion service is silver-plate, and the linen for the communion table were the first gifts by the women to the congregation. The Indian pupils are the object of the prayers and watchful care of the church and session, and nothing has indicated this spirit of the Aid Society more clearly than the decision reached at one of the early meetings that the Indian Training School would be the special and direct object of the Home Mission offerings.

The infancy of a church is chiefly interesting to the denomination at large for the indications of its spirit and promise, and for any marked characteristic which may guide others taking their first steps. The following facts are notable in the Tucson church: From the first it has attained self-support. Served for a few months by the Presbyterian Missionary during the hot summer weather, the congregation sent its offering to the Home Mission Board for this short period, and then calling a pastor, renting the largest and most convenient hall in Tucson, providing its own hymn book and supplies, it relied wholly upon the free-will offerings of the people, and supported the ordinances without any debts or arrearage. No entertainments have been given with a money-making object or admission charge. The church is recognized by its members and in the community as a spiritual organization. And this has made the members more prayerful and devoted.

When the church was organized three of the Sabbath schools of the city had former Presbyterians for superintendents, and four or more of the officers of these churches were from this membership. Several of these have remained in the same relations until the time should come when they felt that they should enter the communion of their own denomination again.

Of the 106 names entered upon the communicant roll of Trinity church less than one fifth came out of the membership of churches already established in Tucson.

The general religious interests of the city have been very decidedly quickened during the past year. The Presbytery and Synod will be especially glad to learn of this as the desire to advance the common cause was made prominent when the petition for organization of a new church was considered. To be blessed and a blessing was the hope which has been already realized.

A notable accomplishment has been the high standard of music which has been maintained without

any desire for pay on the part of accompanists or singers. From willing hearts all have given freely of their services "as unto the Lord." At each of the five services of the week a different accompanist is at the piano or organ, and no failure to meet this responsibility has occurred at a single service. The ideal has been kept in view by the seeking of the devotional and spiritual rather than musical art as the main object, and the music is not advertised as an attraction which would divert from the religious purpose.

The church is united and there has been no tendency to seek praise or individual mention where all have been intent upon one high aim. Ten ordained officers constitute the helpers together who guide the spiritual and benevolent interests of the church. The deacons have entrusted to them the preparation of the communion table, and by vote of the session the direction of all the missionary and charitable offerings has also been committed to them. Two classes for Bible study are conducted during the week, and an adult Bible class on Sabbath has enjoyed the leadership of Mr. A. W. Wight, a graduate of the San Anselmo Seminary.

The great desire has been to emphasize the service of Christ and with this motive and not seeking praise of the world, the church has been blessed. In this spirit and with this high aim the organization was expected and has now firmly started in its work. By the grace of God it expects and purposes to go forward to fresh conquests for the Master, winning souls as trophies of His redemption, and abiding yet more and more in the unity of the Spirit and the bond of peace.

GOOD NEWS.

We are happy to report that Mr. Craig has sent us a telegram saying that the \$7,500 needed for the new building for Menaul School are all contributed. We give thanks to God for this great blessing, and heartily congratulate brother Craig on the good success of his mission East. We hope to be able to give the names of the generous benefactors to whom we owe this new building.

The Allison School.

Miss Matilda L. Allison, who now completes 22 years' service in the mission in Santa Fe has resigned, and severs her connection with the school the first of April 1903. We scarcely knew how to express our regrets at seeing her leave us. Her work in New Mexico speaks for itself, and will endure through coming ages. We hope to speak more about this hereafter. We now announce that the Boarding and Industrial School for Mexican Girls in Santa Fe is hereafter to be called the "ALLISON School." A fitting honor to whom honor is due.

Our obedience is the evidence of the Holy Spirit's indwelling.

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